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THE GERMAN ENIGMA

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BEING

AN INQUIRY AMONG GERMANS

AS TO WHAT THEY THINK,
WHAT THEY WANT, WHAT
THEY CAN DO

BY

GEORGES BOURDON

Translated by Beatrice Marshall
With Introduction by Charles Sarolea

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INTRODUCTION

By Charles Sarolea

I

The present investigation into Franco-German relations conducted on behalf of the *Figaro*, is the work of one of the ablest publicists of modern France. It is the work of a good European who wishes to put an end to the senseless competition in armaments, and to the international distrust and nervousness which are the main causes of such armaments. The book is also the work of a good Frenchman who realises that no settlement can be durable which does not safeguard the sacred rights of the conquered peoples of Alsace-Lorraine, who were the first victims of outraged justice. There lies the originality of the book. It reveals the new direction which public opinion and political thought are taking in contemporary France. The whole question of the relations between France and Germany is lifted to a higher plane. We hear no more of the humiliation of France, of her pride and dignity, of her rancour and revenge. We hear less of the balance of military force. The main question which is raised is a question of moral principle and of international right.

II

The work of Monsieur Bourdon is not only a good book, it is also a brave deed. Too long has it been the fashion

for French publicists to entrench themselves behind Gambetta's phrase: "N'en parler jamais, y penser toujours!" Silence may have been the best policy on the morrow of the catastrophe of 1870, when one single indiscretion might have set Europe aflame. But after forty-four years, and under entirely altered conditions, an ostrich policy of reticence, a cowardly policy of mental reservation, cannot be the best means of bringing about a settlement.

Monsieur Bourdon has, therefore, chosen the bolder course, which happens also to be the wiser course. He has broken down the barrier of fear and distrust. He has taken the first step. He has gone to the Germans in a spirit of frankness and conciliation. He has tried to get at their thoughts and after-thoughts. He has cross-examined the German people, and he has cross-examined them with consummate tact and skill. An unofficial ambassador of peace, he has revealed all the qualities of a diplomat, and he has added qualities which the diplomat does not often possess, outspokenness and uprightness, a loyal regard for truth, and that moral preoccupation and that delicate sense of international honour which are generally alien to the official diplomatic mind.

III

And the result of this searching inquiry is most satisfactory. Quite apart from the value of the opinions expressed, and of the author's own opinion, the inquiry in itself is an historical document of prime importance. Here we have before us at first hand the public opinion of Germany. Nor is it the irresponsible opinion of anonymous

scribblers, or the opinion of party politicians, it is the deliberate, reasoned opinion of some of the most distinguished German leaders in thought and action. Statesmen and diplomats, captains of industry and army captains, editors and financiers, all the professions, except the Church (a significant omission!), are represented in this survey of German opinion. After reading Monsieur Bourdon's book, no politician will henceforth be allowed to plead as an excuse that he does not know what official and unofficial Germany thinks and what she feels on the vital question of foreign policy.

IV

And perhaps the readers may carry away the impression that Germany *feels* more than she *thinks*, that she is carried away by prejudice, by currents and cross-currents of emotion, rather than led by general principles and clear and sober thinking. I had asked one of the most eminent British publicists living to write the present introduction. My friend answered that he would willingly have written such an introduction, if he could have agreed with the ideas of the French writer. Unfortunately he did not see his way to agree with Monsieur Bourdon. No purpose, he argued, could be served by cross-examining German opinion, for there was no German opinion. In vain did Monsieur Bourdon claim to tell us what Germany thinks, the Germans were not educated to think politically. And there was the rub. There was no organised public opinion, and even if there were, it could only express itself, it could not press its demands upon a despotic government.

V

I do not here examine how much truth there may be in my friend's contention. But one fact must certainly strike the readers of Monsieur Bourdon's book. The present position is as ominous as it is bewildering and unintelligible.

Monsieur Bourdon has proved once more the tremendous power of German militarism. German militarism seems to be bred in the bone of the Prussian people, and the microbe of militarism has been inoculated into the German people. The army is the most popular service in the country. It provides an honoured career to tens of thousands of young men of the middle classes and of the aristocracy.

At the same time Monsieur Bourdon points out that from the German point of view it is one thing to be militarist, and another to be warlike and bellicose. The Germans hold that the most confirmed militarist may be a convinced pacifist. The father of Frederick the Great, the greatest militarist of the Hohenzollern dynasty, the Sergeant-King, was so attached to his army that he never employed it in active warfare, he never allowed it to fight a single battle for fear of losing or spoiling so perfect an instrument.

But even granting this paradoxical thesis of the pacifism of German militarists, the situation remains sufficiently contradictory and distracting to the ordinary mind. Every representative German consulted by Monsieur Bourdon proclaims that Germany is pacific, that she wishes for peace, and that she needs peace for her industry and commercial expansion. Yet we see her making gigantic preparations for a possible war: with restless endeavour and at tremendous cost we see her developing her warlike resources. Every representative German insists on making

platonic professions. Yet we do not hear of a single statesman daring to take the necessary step or to make the necessary heroic sacrifices. No one seems to understand that peace demands sacrifices quite as heroic as war. No Bismarck of peace seems to be strong enough to-day to put an end to the insensate waste of national resources and misdirected energies.

VI

The *German Enigma* of Monsieur Bourdon is mainly an objective, impartial, and impersonal study, and the author has been careful not to obtrude his own private views. It is only in the last chapter that he attempts to draw the lessons and draw the conclusions of his own inquiry. And his main conclusion is an eloquent though restrained plea for a Franco-German *rapprochement*, and in favour of the only policy which will bring about that reconciliation. France, he argues, does not want a revision of the Treaty of Frankfort. She does not want compensation or revenge. French history contains a sufficiently brilliant roll of military achievements that the French people may afford to forget the reverses and humiliations of 1870. A French statesman on the eve of the Treaty of Frankfort, made the rhetorical statement that France would never surrender one stone of her fortresses nor one inch of her territory. Modern French statesmen, animated by a very different spirit, would not claim back to-day one inch of lost territory. All that the French people demand is that the claims of justice shall be heard, that Alsace-Lorraine shall cease to groan under the heel of an arbitrary despot, that Alsace-Lorraine shall be governed according to her own laws, that their people shall be treated as a free people, and not as a conquered territory.

VII

And that one possible solution is also the only simple solution. That solution would involve no sacrifice of pride or dignity to either nation. France would not make any surrender to Germany, and Germany would not make any concession to France. Both would surrender to the demands of international justice.

And the solution of the autonomy of Alsace-Lorraine would be in the interests of all parties concerned, as well as of European civilisation. France and Germany would be delivered from a nightmare which for forty-four years has paralysed their higher activities. One hundred and ten millions of the two most progressive nations of the Continent would cease to oppose each other in every quarter of the globe.

Alsace-Lorraine would cease to be the festering wound on the open frontier of the two countries, and would once more discharge her historical function as the connecting link between Latin and Teutonic peoples.

And the whole of Europe would be delivered from the crushing burden of military expenditure. Hundreds of millions at present wasted on armaments would be devoted to productive purposes. Commerce and industry would receive an impetus which in one generation would renew the face of Europe. Reaction would collapse with the disappearance of military predominance, and European governments could devote themselves whole-heartedly to the anxious problems clamouring for a solution, and to the momentous tasks of popular education and social reform which are waiting to be accomplished.

PREFACE

Last Autumn when the *Figaro* published a part of this inquiry, the various readers who commented on it drew contradictory conclusions. Instead of being careful to seek for information, it seemed as if each had unconsciously read into it his own ideas, and exacted from it evidence in support of a judgment already formed. "Most men," Pascal has said, "are nearly always prevailed upon to believe from agreement rather than conviction."

I am not surprised at this, neither do I complain. To stimulate contrary arguments on questions so hotly discussed, testifies to their impartiality, and far from being annoyed I am near to experiencing satisfaction from it.

These questions touch on a subject of the gravest importance, a subject which embraces our immediate past, and without doubt, our future. It is the veil behind which is hidden peace or war; the great Enigma in the heart of which the destiny of Europe is at stake, and by Europe is understood the most brilliant portion of the human race. Delicacy and tact are essential in dealing with it, but above everything a purging of the mind of passion and prejudice is necessary, and an unerring devotion to the truth.

On my departure for Germany I made a great effort to shake off and cast from me all my preconceived opinions. I confess that my experiences afterwards showed me the error of some of these which I shared with many other Frenchmen. How wrong we have been in not trying to

see things as they actually are. In spite of all our excellent and just estimates of her, we know nothing of Germany, neither does she know anything of us. I do not propose to relate what I have discovered there; I only hope to be able to shed, following in the footsteps of others, a ray of light amidst the dense shadows. However feeble the ray, it will at least be light.

I have had no other hope or ambition than to gather together here the fragments of a brief; I don't pretend that it is complete, but I know that it is genuine. It is not the brief of an advocate, nor of an attorney. It is an instructive document, and as far as I have been able to make it so, a living one.

It has been drawn up with an ardent desire to ascertain and understand certain human sentiments, facts, and intentions. I can only trust that it will be consulted in the same spirit that inspired it. If it should only succeed in inflaming passions and reviving old prejudices then I shall have laboured in vain, worse than in vain.

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THE GERMAN ENIGMA

I

QUESTIONS AT ISSUE

When shall we cease to be satisfied with illusions and pompous speeches?—Colonel Stoffel, *May* 31, 1871.

France and Germany—An Old Quarrel—From Cæsar to Bismarck—From Jena to Sedan—The Burden of a Blunder—Races that are Historically and Diplomatically at Variance—A Searching of Conscience—Peace or War—Civic Education—Military Strength—Financial Power—The Germany of Madame de Staël—Glory or Profit?—Hereditary Enemy (*Erb feind*)—France a hostage between England and Germany—What does the Government want?—The Press and Public Opinion—Liberals, Pan-Germans, Socialists—The Universities—Eagerness of all to explain—A Prophet of Forty Years Ago.

France is celebrating a revival of public spirit, what M. Raymond Poincaré, then President of the Council, and Minister of Foreign Affairs, once called "the country's vital energies," and for which this man of caution found a definition and a proof in the return to a "political confidence" and to an "unanimous accord of national sentiment"; at the same time, it is believed that beyond the Vosges and the Rhine the first manifestations are to be discerned in Germany of an opinion tending towards inquiry and restlessness which may seek its solution in action. Emotional vibrations of this kind are ominous when they attack all at once two races who are not in harmony, who but yesterday were confronting each other in the most serious conflict in which, for forty years, their

passions and interests have met, and fearful events may arise out of the situation should one day, in contemplating it, reason be cast to the winds.

It was this thought which took me to Germany.[1] There, on the spot, I have listened attentively to both illustrious and humble authorities, and have followed a course of investigation scrupulously conscientious and absolutely devoid of bias. My sole ambition has been to arrive at the truth, and here my notes are collected, without any attempt being made to arrange them in systematic order.

France and Germany are heavily handicapped in their relations by the burden of their past. Geography, ethnography, history, all have made of them often enemies and always rivals. When Rome, intoxicated by Imperialism, and when later the Latin races, in the glow of their early morning vigour, were inspired with the idea of expanding their civilisation, it was Germanism, the newcomer and already the invader, who stood in their way. And when the turn of Germanism came to develop into an imperial and flourishing power, what was the first obstacle she had to encounter? The barrier of Latinism.[2]

Napoleon was a continuation of Cæsar, but Bismarck was Cæsar reversed. How could civilisation be expected to thrive during a period which was nothing but a long history of violence, rapine, and conquest? It engendered spite, hatred, envy, and malice, fatal fruits which have

[1] I was sent to Germany by the *Figaro*, and in the *Figaro* the greater part of this inquiry was published. Nevertheless, what has previously appeared has been recast, and this book is very far from being a mere *réchauffé* of articles.

[2] The alliance between Italy and Germany can hardly be cited in contradiction of this historical fact. It was simply a piece of diplomacy whereby Latin Italy safeguarded itself against the aggrandisement of its neighbour—German Austria.

poisoned the two races against each other for centuries, ever since the Oath of Strasburg in 842, but which has rankled longest in the gorge of conquered Germanism. For fifty years scouted by Louis XIV., subjugated by Turenne, trampled on by Napoleon, what sort of sentiments were the Germans likely to entertain for their conquerors? They had been treated by them without mercy and never forgot it.

In the Palatinate two hundred and thirty-eight years have not yet wiped out the bloody memory of those fierce troopers who, in the words of Turenne, "devastated and devoured" the land. And Jena? Jena was the ghastly test; the dregs of the cup. The crushing disaster and worse, the humiliation, left behind it a bitterness and rancour on which have been nurtured during a period of sixty-four years the energies of a proud people. For two-thirds of a century the Prussian mind, stimulated by all whose position entitled them to fan the flame, by civil and military magnates, professors, teachers, ministers, land-owners, functionaries, was fixed day by day with enthusiasm on the work of revenge to be accomplished. The whole history of modern Germany was sketched out on a canvas stretched between two dates in the past and the future, 1806, the year of defeat, and the unknown day, the glorious day of revenge.

When would it come? No matter when, it was sure to come, and it came. The day was Sedan. It was something more than a victory, it was the dismemberment of France, and this was bad for the conquered, but worse for the conquerors. For forty years since the world has gone on, and the laborious muse of history, indifferent to the passions of men, has appealed to their reason by setting them fresh questions. It asks, What is the irreparable blunder which

permits their stumbling at every turn of the road on the past? Politics tend more and more to be based on questions of economy, questions of social import and the welfare of the state, and yet all the time the network of frontier continues to entangle friends and foes in its meshes. There is the Far East that would like to take a hand in the universal rubber; there is Russia rebuffed in Asia, overflowing in the direction of Europe. Finally there is the Slav question, and recently that of Austria which has cropped up again and threatens to become a disquieting preface to a great problem of to-morrow. Europe for twenty years has been occupied by keeping watch on the quarrels between the victor and the vanquished and accommodating herself to them. But it was hardly to be expected that the world would come to a standstill till the hour when the quarrel should cease to exist.

When, with Bismarck's encouragement, France opened up for herself fields of colonisation, when Germany began her career on the seas, and England, tired of her term of isolation, looked round for friends to whom she might offer her hand; when Japan, only the other day regarded with contempt, stepped forward into the position of a young and vigorous power and China began to shake off her lethargy; when Bismarck pointed out to Austria the moribund body of Turkey expiring on the purple horizon of the Orient and showed her Macedonia as her domain, Salonica as her propylæum, the Ægean Sea a magnificent avenue to glory, riches, and power, and when suddenly this avenue was closed and a spasm of the coveted soil flung Austria outside the compass of that dream, could any nation afford to ignore such stupendous facts? None but those with a fatal lack of foresight could be deaf to the mutterings that came from every quarter.

It is not granted to any nation to live wholly for

itself. Neither in Europe nor in the world at large is there a single action but sets in motion silent and formidable waves, which spread farther than eye can reach. Dangers arise which threaten not merely this man or that, interests are at stake which involve men, whether they like it or not, in unexpected co-operation. While the universal understanding is being awaited, the universal fusion is taking place, stimulated by the glow of action.

Meanwhile we have just had the portentous revelation that goodwill on both sides of peoples and governments is not sufficient in itself to avert war, for the two great military nations of Europe, both equally anxious for peace and both equally free from self-interest in the Balkan conflict, were in danger of being made to fly at each other's throats by diplomatic moves in a murderous game over which they had no control. Both, too, uneasy at the disorder into which their united efforts were only needed to establish order, justice, and peace, hung aloof, facing each other in an attitude of hostility and suspicion. So the mistake of those who negotiated the Treaty of Frankfort, vitiated from its premises throughout, hindered the solution of far-reaching problems which ought to have been settled by reason alone.

The moment is ripe for self-examination, and for finding out in what direction the desires, interests, and passions of each side tend. I flatter myself that, in the course of these pages, it is possible to obtain an idea of Germany's answer.

But before listening to the answers one ought to know what the questions are. Any speculation with regard to the horrible possibility of a war will first take into consideration the moral probabilities, and next calculate the chances of the adversary. This brings us to inquire in the first

place, What in reality do Germans feel about our country and a war? To-morrow is no less important than to-day, and what is being taught in the schools has as much significance as what is being discussed in the Council Chamber, where the education of the young is reflected. A study of Germany—civic and patriotic conditions—widens our knowledge of modern Germany, and at the same time enables us to forecast something of the Germany of the future, and this is also part of the object we have in view.

What are the forces at the disposal of Germany in the case of war? We know that she will require money and men, and questions of military strength and financial power must naturally form the basis of a methodical inquiry.

Our interrogations are classified under the four heads of national tendencies, education of the young, military strength, and financial capacity.

On June 14, 1912, the Reichstag passed a military law which was a complement and strengthening of the law of March 27, 1911, already significant enough. In March 1913, yet another vote was carried. Why? Why, we may ask, should any of these measures have been necessary? Why is Germany, formidable already in the numbers and organisation of her forces, always wanting more? Why does she never cease to arm? Eleven months after the Agadir incident she was arming again, when only seven months before her signature had been appended to a contract which to all appearances had concluded pacifically and irrevocably a dangerous dispute. And eight months after this new effort she was meditating arming once more. Again we ask, why?

There are many good reasons that prompt a nation to bristle with bayonets. It may be afraid of an attack, and arms itself from motives of self-defence. It may wish to base its diplomacy on a solid foundation, and to preserve for itself the rôle of supreme arbiter in negotiations. Or equally well it may have a long tradition of military glory, and may maintain its cult of an army to which it owes its power and splendour. Or again, it may consider military efficiency the foundation of a civic education, and the barrack as the best training-school. Still, on the other hand, it may be merely preparing for aggression and conquest. Which of these reasons is the true one? Can the truth be that Germany is being lured on by the vice common to victorious peoples for whom power is only an instrument of oppression, and who do not know how to consolidate it, except by an attempt to tie the whole world to its chariot wheels? Does no remedy for this vice exist other than revolt and the brute force of a hostile army?

But vital and to the point as these questions are, there is another which comprehends them all, and to which it is as expedient to find the answer. Is there behind this Germany of fortresses, manœuvre-fields, this Germany of iron discipline and thundering cannons a warlike spirit? Does it take pleasure in thus dressing for a bellicose part because it creates a feeling of security and implies a wholesale submission to the ideal of nationality, the ostentatious fetish on whose altar it offers up unceasingly all that is grandest and strongest in the German race? Does she, devoted to the exploded phantom of a martial Europe which no longer exists, love war as the most rigorous and glorious of sports, for the sake of its mad adventure, for its risks and the glamour it invests her with? Or is she ready to plunge into war for mere profit and gain? Is

she destined to court war, or to have it thrust upon her?

It must not be thought that the Germany with which French intellectualism was so enchanted of old, the Germany painted for us by Madame de Staël, on which our budding romanticism was fed, is no longer in evidence. The whole of Germany is not composed of such types as the cute, hard-working manufacturer, the commercial traveller and engineer, enterprising, tenacious, and obliging; and the "good fellow," who, arrogant at home, but abroad struggling against foreign competition, seems cut out to be the successful business man. Although realist Prussia encroaches more and more on her, Germany remains much as we have known her in the past, sentimental, yet unimaginative and normal, dreamy without idealism, ingenuous and credulous in all things that do not affect her interests. But while she has preserved her historic characteristics, one sees her becoming more and more attached to a materialism which threatens to enslave her. She is importunate of enjoyments and pleasure, devoured by that unsatiable appetite which prosperity and riches, when they come, give to a people to whom victory has long been denied, and with it all she remains cautious, energetic, obstinate, and patient. When such a people becomes ambitious and avows itself so, there is no saying to what lengths its ambition may lead.

One wonders if Germans really meditate hurling themselves on their neighbour what plan of campaign they have formed and what do they expect to gain by their victory, if victorious? A supremacy without opposition, the acquisition of more territory, or of colonies on which Germany's heart is set, of which she stands in need, or thinks she does? Finally, is the temptation a matter of

territorial, political, and economical advantages, or of an increase in prestige generally? What results did Germany promise herself in 1911 for the crises into which she so wantonly plunged Europe? But did she realise at the moment, does she know to-day, what she was then risking?

What motives lie behind lust of glory, martial arrogance, and greed? If such a war breaks out it is certainly against us that it will be waged; and what are the sentiments with which the German will enter the lists against us? Do they honestly want this renewal of the struggle? Will it be popular among them or merely accepted as inevitable? Are they obsessed with the idea that it is Germany's fate to be eternally up in arms against France? Are we always to be for them the ravagers of the Palatinate, the conquerers of Jena, execrated oppressors, the hereditary enemy, the *Erb feind* as we have for so long been depicted by their schoolmasters, professors, and students, as the Emperor William described us in 1910, when he gave his annual address to the troops in the presence of Colonel Pellé, the French attaché. And will they never have done proclaiming as they did in 1870, according to Colonel Stoffel's report, "the decadence of the Latin races"?

On the hypothesis that these questions could be disposed of, would the coast be clear for an advance of civilisation? Not yet. Even if peace between France and Germany were assured another task presents itself, and that is the maintenance of peace between English and Germans. Prophets foretell an Anglo-German duel, and it is not forgotten in France that some one at Cologne has taken care to inform us that should the catastrophe come to pass, France will not be allowed to shirk her part as "hostage."

How do Germans regard this talk of a "hostage," and the prospect of a struggle predicted by some?

In order to get at the truth to whom should we apply?

To the government? We shall see that through the voice of its Minister of Foreign Affairs it has not turned a deaf ear to our solicitations, and we have been told what it thinks. But in a country like ours the government is nothing but an echo; is it the same in Germany? Do you find there a party and a press that are absolutely independent? Is any influence exercised on the main current by opinions of the press?

For instance, there are Liberals, but have these Liberals a policy? What principle have they in foreign affairs? Then there are the Pan-Germans, whom we know because they apparently read French newspapers, which no one does in Germany except Pan-Germans. What exactly is a Pan-German? Does any one listen to him or care what he says? Then there are officers at court, in default of other conquerors, who insist that, without waiting for the reorganisation of Russia, the hour has sounded for Germany to assert her superiority in arms, and who would be qualified at a crisis to determine the supreme decision. Should the increase of Socialism continue, will not the temptation occur some day of seeking a foreign distraction, a time-honoured resource of governments that imagine they are in danger? The universities, who share with the military the respect which every German feels bound to bestow somewhere, and who, it has been repeatedly stated in Germany since 1866, won the battle of Sadowa—are they still the narrow-minded, self-sufficient, aggressive, patriotic bodies that we have been accustomed to think them?

In reality the main question in this examination of

conscience is to get at Germany as she actually is. The phrase is significant, and having written it, I am almost inclined to ask myself whether it would not be wiser to lay down my pen and proceed no further. Yet my plan was never meant to cover such extensive ground. I have not laboured under the delusion that it was possible to state the entire truth—that is a work beyond human power; but even a *little* truth, a *little* light, can achieve wonders in dispelling a fog of delusive errors. This book has no other aim than to gather together a few examples of the elements from which I have been permitted to draw my material. The majority of the problems dealt with contain the solution of the future in their answers. If these answers are not always direct, I have at least tried to make them suggestive and sufficiently accurate. They will succeed each other in the course of numerous conversations, as I did not wish to put them in any didactic sequence. Those who were most willing that their names should appear in connection with this inquiry will be left oftenest to speak for themselves. Among the personages I interviewed were politicians, professors, military men, financiers, diplomatists, artists, manufacturers, solicitors, and officials; any one, in fact, who was likely to throw light on the character, temperament, and moral tendencies of modern Germany.

One and all accorded me the same courteous reception, and displayed an equally gratifying desire to instruct me. I should like to bear testimony to this at the outset. But it is not saying enough. The greatest surprise of all that awaited me was the sympathetic eagerness shown to talk of the subjects that I introduced as a Frenchman speaking on behalf of the French. We wished our researches to be of an objective kind, with no preliminaries like the historian's and biologist's, but it so turned out that the

unfailing and almost universal willingness of my interlocutors to give me help and information made of this inquiry a *modus operandi* between French thought and the real German mind.

"Shall we never arrive at an understanding?" was a phrase often let fall at our conferences, and another echoed it, "Alsace-Lorraine." Then we talked frankly of the Treaty of Frankfort, brutal and iniquitous as it was futile and impolitic; under the oppression of which Europe has not yet ceased to groan. We shall see if the Germans have at least made the effort to understand how much resentment and ill-feeling it has left behind.

In whatever sentiment one may receive a German utterance, it is worth while listening to it. If I had doubted this, something I read afterwards would have assured me of the benefit of an undertaking such as mine. On my return from Germany I chanced to take up the collection of military despatches written from Berlin between 1866 and 1870 by Colonel Stoffel, and published in 1871. The lamentable blunder which afterwards, in the stormy days of the Dreyfus case, numbered Colonel Stoffel in the lists against a vindication of justice, should not cause us to overlook the remarkable clear-sightedness he was capable of exhibiting at an earlier period.

These pregnant pages were penned by a fervent patriot possessed of great sagacity and the gift of prophecy: for here the forecast of our disasters is written large between each line by a trustworthy and keen observer. A soldier who disdained subtleties of language, the war of 1870 was to him the combat of unpreparedness, ignorance, and ineptitude against all the qualities diametrically the opposite, *i.e.* preparedness, education, and intelligence. He denounces the vicious method of instructing the youth of France as

" exclusive, deluded, and wrong," a method by which our faults are developed instead of corrected. He points out the perils of a factious and self-deceptive education, bolstering up a " monstrous and perpetual delusion, which continues when we reach manhood, and only terminates with our existence," which in giving us an inordinate admiration for ourselves and France, excites and increases our natural failings, and extinguishes in us the desire to improve and perfect ourselves. He bids us look at Prussia, serious and careful of her interests, for whom the Great Frederick drew up the programme, " Prussia must always be *en vedette*." He shows her to us since 1815 exalted by an impassioned force of will which twice in a hundred years has surprised and astonished the world (two years after this was written she was to astonish it for a third time), and shows us France ignoring her neighbour's existence till the moment when she was awakened by the thunderclap of 1866 too late, for by that time Prussia numbered " 30,000,000 souls, and was mobilising 1,000,000 soldiers." " Ignorance and presumption," each contributing to support the other, were the two faults in which for Stoffel lay the bane of France.

" She deceives herself instead of learning better." " She lies to herself in her presumption, and the mob is only too inclined to believe those who flatter it."

He wrote these things in 1869; he had written the same in 1868 and 1867. He never ceased Cassandra-like to repeat them up to the last moment. It was not he who flattered the mob, and his vigorous character contained more force than nuances. But when his harsh voice called on his country to glance at the progress made by the young nation across the frontier, the nation which had been preparing itself for so long with such endless patience and

energy to play its rôle, it was an alarm sounded by a true Frenchman, and it fell on deaf ears.

" Ah! " he wrote, " I could wish that the French of their own free will, with an open mind, would come to visit and study Prussia. They would quickly recognise a nation in earnest, strong and sinewy, devoid, maybe, of any attractive gifts, devoid of all charm, delicacy and generosity of sentiments, yet endowed in compensation with many most estimable qualities, love of work and study, application, the spirit of order and economy, patriotism, a sense of duty, and respect for the dignity of the individual, and lastly, respect for authority and obedience to the law. They will see a country ruled by a supreme administration, governed by strong institutions, sane and moral; a country where the most exalted classes prove themselves worthy of their rank and preserve the influence which is their due, by being the most enlightened and by setting an example of self-sacrifice and unremitting devotion to the service of the state. A country, in short, where everything is in its proper place, and where the most perfect order reigns in all the organs of the social body. Perhaps these observers would involuntarily liken Prussia to an imposing edifice, massive and superbly constructed from top to bottom, in which each brick is placed in the most convenient position for contributing to the solidity of the whole; an edifice to be admired for its majestic proportions, but where nothing charms the eye, nor provokes the least emotion."

It was on August 12, 1869, that Stoffel, vigilant and courageous patriot that he was, wrote these admirable lines. In the same despatch, which is one of the most memorable of any that he had composed, he said again, " Prussia has no intention of attacking France. She does not want war, and she will do anything to avert it." But

at the same time he asserted, " War is inevitable, and at the mercy of an incident." Nearly half a century has passed over and transformed Europe. She has, since those lines were written, seen a great war, the war foretold in vain by Stoffel; she has also maintained forty-two years of a fragile though stubborn peace. But there are many people in France to-day asking anxiously, " Have we gone back to the days of 1869? " And when Germans shall have replied to this question, very likely the French in their turn will have to ask themselves if they have not something to say.

II

AGADIR

Character of the Agadir Affair—Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, its Promoter—The March on Agadir, a Brutality but not an Unprecedented One—The Understanding of 1909—Morocco Railways—The History of a Negotiation—Everybody in Agreement—M. Cambon insists, but M. Cruppi takes his Time—The Fez Expedition decided on—Regrets, Excuses, and Bad Feeling in the Wilhelmstrasse—Herr Bethmann Hollweg to the Rescue—His Uneasiness—The Fundamental Misunderstanding at Kissingen—The Reason for Agadir—Reaction against the Policy of Count von Bülow—Encroachments of Germany on Morocco—How the Emperor was made to decide.

The Agadir dispute is not yet closed. A threatening movement on the part of Germany set with one blow the whole diplomatic round table trembling. It roused a ferment in France, and public opinion generally could not conceal its indignation.

Agadir was an act of violence, an outrage which demonstrated the true Prussian manner of precipitately resorting to force in the solution of a difficulty, and never dreaming that there are other ways of entering a discussion than by threats and intimidation. Nothing could be more mistaken. It is not with impunity that a proud people is to be coerced into dragging on a tedious negotiation almost in the jaws of loaded cannons. If it had been intended to sow dissension among the sincerest friends of peace, could a more effectual method of attaining this undesirable end have been found? And does any one really believe that France has forgotten it? On November 5, 1911, the day after the agreement was signed, M. Cambon, who bore the brunt of a disagreeable task with an unpretentious dignity,

good-humour, and fertile wit characteristic of him, said, "When the dust of controversy is laid, each of the two countries will realise the importance of the objects obtained." The dust is laid, but the root of bitterness has not been removed from the heart of either nation; one deplores being frustrated in acquiring the booty it desired, the other is saddened by what it has had to give up, but more so by the wound its pride has suffered, while both are unreasonably attached more to what they have lost than what they have gained. Besides, who at this hour would defend the Agadir action?

Nevertheless, it is probable that history will regard it gratefully in the light of a surgical operation, which had, at least, the merit of averting fatal results. It was sudden, brutal, and performed without skill, the operator having no idea of any gentler methods which would accomplish the same purpose. But it settled the question of Morocco for ever, the bitterest quarrel envenomed by its lasting nature, that received fresh aggravation every day—the most galling difference that had arisen between France and Germany since the Treaty of Frankfort seemed terminated by it; excited appetites and unbridled greed were checked, and finally, if the treaty of November 4, 1911, sanctioned France's efforts of eighty years to found an empire in Africa, Europe found in it, according to Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, "an assurance of peace." So certainly it was; and who can calculate the dreadful alarm and consternation which would have been created at the end of 1912 in an Europe already anxious and distracted over the Balkan embroglio, by a sudden renewal of the Morocco question? "It is not in the thing itself that the danger lies," wrote the French ambassador at Berlin, on August 20, 1911, "but in the view that the two countries take of it."

The chief figure in the Agadir affair is the late Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, Secretary of State for the empire's foreign affairs. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter wished for Agadir, and he wished it in the teeth of everything. We shall know soon how he explained his action, and shall become acquainted with his opinions as to the relations of his country with ours, for he was gracious enough to consent to take part in this inquiry, and pleased to explain himself with singular lucidity. But before hearing what the German Minister of Foreign Affairs had to say, it will be well to know the events which preceded Agadir; events which have been unfortunately unknown to the French public.

The sending of a second-class gunboat into a port of Morocco became known in Paris on July 1, through a communication from Herr von Schön, the ambassador from Germany to the French government. The news caused a universal stupefaction, and newspapers and the man in the street could talk of nothing else. Ministers and diplomatists were not less taken aback. The German Emperor was at Kiel, Herr von Kiderlen at Kissingen, M. Jules Cambon taking his holiday in France, and M. de Selves, only appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs five days before, was getting ready to accompany the President of the Republic to Holland. The act, the moment, the circumstances, and the place chosen, all combined to produce a disquieting effect, not to say a shock, of surprise. Yet after all the mission of the little gunboat *Panther* was nothing but part of a sequence, a measure following other measures, an argument added to other arguments, more direct in this case, but not by any means isolated. Violent it certainly was, but from the German government's point of view, premeditated. And later,

when an understanding was at length arrived at, the Chancellor recalled to M. Jules Cambon the motives which had prompted the Wilhelmstrasse diplomacy. The latter was able to write in an official despatch, "The tone that prevailed to-day in the Chancellor's office elucidated the past and gave me the key to the despatch of the *Panther* into Moroccan waters." [1]

The agreement of February 9, 1909, on the supposition that both sides were equally anxious for a settlement, was perhaps mostly due to exertions on the German side, but its main element could not be anything but difficult for the French to understand, and the truth is, that it was not understood. It represented an extraordinary jumble of diplomacy and business affairs, in which questions of procedure and prestige were noted in a cashbook, so that in the end it was hard to distinguish between a chapter of accounts and a moral interest, a mistake in addition and a scruple in policy, a condition of contract and a diplomatic agency, and which would have reduced the Minister of Foreign Affairs to discussing nothing in his Cabinet but contracts and tariffs and to making himself a diligent referee and broker of rival societies. Our political customs adapt themselves badly to such practices—a suspicion with regard to its principle handicapped the agreement, and one is bound to admit that the Germans in what they attempted to carry out were not followed up by France.

The question of the Morocco railways in connection with public contracts, which chiefly engaged the joint attention of the two governments on behalf of the property of their respective nationalities, is a case in point.

At the end of 1910 the French military authorities meditated the construction of two railways in Morocco,

[1] Yellow Book, section 653, p. 640.

one running east through Chaouia, the other west to Oudjda. Immediately the German government intervened, demanding a public contract for the second of these lines, the first being constructed on more exclusively military territory. Thus was the question started and it developed rapidly. It was discussed simultaneously in Paris and Berlin, and soon the diplomats were busy with the question of all the railways to be created in Morocco. M. Cambon with his usual sagacity grasped the situation. On February 3, 1911, he wrote to M. Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, "The German government continues to be preoccupied with the question of railways in Morocco, which it is thought here will have a great importance in the future," and he warned him of the dangers of "mistrust" which might provoke an abuse of the arrangement of 1909.[1]

A memorandum from Herr von Schön, issued on February 26, contains these words:

"The Cabinet of Berlin will attach great value to the approaching regulations of questions relating to the railways." [2] M. Pichon was far from wishing to place obstacles in the way. On the contrary he was all attention. He made it known at Berlin, and on March 2 the question was definitely and practically dealt with in a note of five paragraphs that Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter sent to M. Cambon at the same time that he addressed one to Herr von Schön. This note formed a basis of discussion and henceforth things could proceed rapidly. But the same day M. Pichon left the Quai d'Orsay and was succeeded by M. Cruppi. From this moment the Agadir rumpus became visible on the horizon. While M. Pichon, like M. Cambon, went straight ahead towards the solution claimed by Germany according to treaty, M. Cruppi ushered in an

[1] Yellow Book, section 57, p. 87. [2] *Ibid.*, section 85, p. 117.

era of delays, wrangles, and evasions. He said it was necessary to appeal to London or to Madrid. He must be given time to reflect again on this or that point, and so reopened the whole question. In vain M. Cambon interfered. This is what he urged, "From my point of view many inconveniences would arise if the agreement relating to the railways in Morocco were not signed." In the same despatch he added, "If we give Germany reason to believe that we are going back on our word and shirking our joint responsibility with her in Morocco, as confirmed by our agreement of February 9, we shall be creating for ourselves endless trouble."

What answer did he get? He was told to propose a new revision of the second paragraph of Article 4. M. Cambon saw Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter and submitted the correction to him. Herr von Kiderlen accepted it, the same day M. Cambon sent to M. Cruppi a complete text of the plan, and there was nothing left to do but to sign it. M. Cambon asked that this proceeding should be authorised, but M. Cruppi replied, "I will refer the matter to the President of the Council."

Another day passed. Herr von Kiderlen came to see M. Cambon to converse on the same subject. The ambassador profited by this visit to obtain from the minister another advantage to which the latter graciously assented. All was thus completed. The copies were ready and about to be signed. But on March 4 the following laconic despatch from M. Cruppi reached Berlin—"The agreement to be concluded on the subject of railways in Morocco is of the utmost importance, and the terms must be well weighed. I shall be happy to talk the matter over with you as soon as it is possible for you to come to Paris." What, we may ask, had the Quai d'Orsay been doing for six weeks

if it had not been considering the terms? The ambassador, who was not at liberty to quit his post at a moment's notice, asked what the terms were that stood in the way, and the reply he received was to the effect that it was difficult to arrange these matters by telegram! He would not, however, confess himself beaten. He pressed urgently for quick action, and pointed out the advantage to French interests if a general understanding with Germany was concluded, and the question of the railways settled once for all. He said this on March 9, and repeated it on the 10th, when the rumour reached him of a projected military expedition against the Zaers. "In the circumstances I believe that it would be practical to sign as soon as possible our general settlement with regard to the railways." Two days had scarcely elapsed when events bore witness to his perspicacity. The projected expedition gave ever-vigilant Germany a motive for demanding her rights, and Herr von Kiderlen, writing to M. Cambon, did not omit to remark, "Through this succession of small military operations we may be drawn progressively into a more extended occupation, which will end by annulling the Algerian Treaty." This sentence is noteworthy and the date on which it was written, March 13. Agadir was by this time a step nearer, probably the *Panther* had begun to load its guns.

But M. Cambon in vain restated the case, for the Quai d'Orsay scarcely disturbed itself at all. The only thing that could be thought of now was to consult England. Sir Edward Grey, lacking a knowledge of the details, gave his approval, and our ambassador in London, M. Paul Cambon, joining his efforts to those of his brother, wrote: "We may conclude with Germany without encountering opposition here." It would seem that the Quai d'Orsay paid no heed to this approbation, and from that moment

the affair was in reality ended. It turned up again two or three times afterwards, but was then nothing more than a subject of conversation between diplomatists whose thoughts were set on something else. For from this time forward there were other things to think about than Morocco railways.

The beneficent works of peace must yield to the business of war. All the talk now was not so much of punishing the Zaer tribe—but of occupying Rabat. An expedition to Fez was in contemplation to protect European colonies which were in danger, according to the reiterated information of the French and English consuls, who were hostile to the German consul and his government. Germany's practical instinct prompted her to gain advantage from the new situation. The agreement in relation to the railways, which had been ready to sign on March 6, was now no longer sufficient to assure Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter that France wished for Germany's co-operation. It made provision only for the construction of the lines, and on April 9 Germany raised the question of exploitation—an imprudent pretension which called for more correspondence. But attention was not now concentrated on this, it was all given to the events from which was to issue the definite statute of Morocco.

The march to Fez was decided and notified to the Powers on the 20th. In course of conversation on this subject Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter expressed to M. Cambon his regret that it was not possible to conclude an agreement *re* the railways at the very moment that France appeared to be animated by a desire to increase her activity in Morocco. After this the minister took steps to terminate the negotiations, and this emphasises our point that Agadir was drawing near. On May 8 yet a few more

words were exchanged on the railways, but these were the last, and the subject was finally dropped.

Thus in four months neither the best intentions (evident in this matter) of Germany nor the good offices of our ambassador nor the pressure of circumstances which compelled us to curry favour with our easily offended critics, because we were to be in a position that would make their applause useful, had succeeded in concluding a settlement based on the Act of Algéciras which we had signed and by which our realisation of the 1909 agreement had been sanctioned.

On July 12, a dozen days after Agadir, as a sort of sop to Cerberus, M. de Selves ingeniously tried to resume the conference on railways. But it was too late. M. Cambon, no doubt afraid of making himself a laughing-stock, did not even transmit the message. How can we say *after* following the chain of events that the whole affair was not deplorable?

To recapitulate the facts; a contract was entered upon in which we consented to do business, and good business, together, and no better example of this could have been found to begin on than the railways. The railways east and west were to be developed first, later, railways everywhere, a network of railways from end to end of Morocco, probably with many bends and curves. We were on the point of signing an agreement to this plan. France, who at the first was prevailed on to entertain the proposal, afterwards withdrew, vacillated and temporised. The further Germany pushed it the more she hung back, and in the meantime she meditated an insane act which without a doubt was calculated to excite her neighbour's jealousy and defiance. The first difficulties only increased the ardour with which the German urged his claims. But it was in vain, for France had caused a deadlock. Then

events began to develop. Nothing more was said about an agreement; silence and oblivion swallowed it. The Frenchman, like some one who has escaped an unpleasant adventure, congratulated himself on his astuteness. But the patient, long-suffering German pondered and cast about him for a revenge. He found it—it was Agadir.

The month of April saw all hope of reconciliation descend to zero. The die was cast and nothing henceforth could avert a collision. On March 14 Sir Edward Grey had said to M. Paul Cambon that "Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter's talks with M. Jules Cambon seemed to indicate on the part of the German government a desire for an understanding." Whether or no this desire was genuine it could not withstand the conflagration of events. When our ambassador on April 4 informed Herr von Kiderlen that the French government, uneasy at the state of affairs in Fez, was not disposed to forget the duty incumbent on it to secure the safety of the Europeans, the minister received the intimation with some anxiety and referred to "the impression such a course taken on the part of France in Morocco would cause in Germany."[1] On April 7 he replied in writing to an application from our ambassador, that for his part he could not but regard the latest news that he had received from Fez as full of "imminent danger," and as "a provocation so unforeseen" that it could not be dealt with at a moment's notice; but that he would be quite ready "to exchange views with the French government on the measures which it proposed to take."

M. Cambon, who knew how to distinguish under the cloak of diplomacy the real significance of such an utterance, precisely stated, moreover, in two conversations and

[1] Yellow Book, section 154, p. 180.

accentuated by the press, was not likely to be mistaken, and he wrote to M. Cruppi, "If, as the news here seems to indicate, a relative pacification is produced in Morocco, it will be as well to my mind not to push things further." It was ten days later, April 19, that the expedition was to be decided on.

From this time German ill-humour showed itself in ceaseless grumbling, and warnings followed each other nearly every day. Herr von Kiderlen complained on April 6 of France's want of good faith, and gave her to understand that she was at complete liberty to do what she liked in Morocco so long as Germany was given her share. On April 8 he said, "All that is going on in Morocco has its origin in a false conception," and he foretold the necessity of one day having to begin the abortive work over again. The Chancellor on April 19 personally contradicted the alarming character of the news from Morocco, and added, "Difficulties will begin to disappear by the time the French troops reach Fez. If it is not possible for me to encourage you, I can at least counsel prudence."

The same day Herr von Kiderlen made use of similar expressions. He "would regard with apprehension the reopening of the troubles between France and Germany of the past few years." On April 28 Herr Bethmann Hollweg was more urgent still. He foresaw "difficulties the extent of which it was impossible to estimate at the present moment, but they would be far-reaching and might destroy the work on which the two governments had been jointly engaged for the last three years." M. Cambon replied, "You have given voice to very grave fears," and Herr Bethmann Hollweg begged him to come and see him again in two or three days, "for it is important," he added, "that we remain permanently in touch." The

next day words of the same nature proceeded from the mouth of Herr Zimmermann, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. "The march on Fez is a fresh fact, and one that may produce serious consequences." Herr von Kiderlen, receiving an ambassador on the 27th, who repeated M. Cambon's proposal, explained to him his fears of "grave complications." It was the same day that the minister said to M. Cambon, "It is best to speak frankly. When once you have entered Fez you will not be able to get away. The power of the sultan cannot hold it without French bayonets; we shall not consider that the conditions of the Act of Algéciras have been respected and we shall resume our freedom from them." At the same time, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg renewed with emphasis the warnings which from the mouth of Herr von Kiderlen had sounded like threats, but from his were more in the nature of exhortations. It was too late, for the expedition was not only organised but *en route*. It reached Fez on May 21. It was at this moment that the *Panther* set light to its guns. Whether or no the expedition was justified and the European residents of Fez really in peril, or whether this peril was exaggerated at Paris, and finally, whether Fez served the German government as a pretext or a reason, is not the crucial question. What we wish to maintain is that Fez served historically as the last halting place on the road to Agadir.

Herr Bethmann Hollweg granted an audience to M. Cambon on June 11, and declared that he was still greatly exercised about Morocco. "Should you evacuate Fez to-day, you will be forced in a year to return there. Great uneasiness exists in Germany, and it is being said that German interests have not had their due share, and I see this question is fraught with very grave difficulties, which

makes me fear for the future." This was the day when the idea of the Kissingen Conferences between the Chancellor and the ambassador, in which they proposed to review the whole Morocco question, was mooted. It was on June 20 and 21 that the first of these took place between Herr von Kiderlen and M. Cambon. How were they able to understand each other?

The ambassador in accordance with his instructions offered to debate the matter in a generous spirit. France for her own satisfaction would not be stinting in appeasing German alarms and covetousness, but from the outset he stated in formal terms the condition that Germany ought not to expect any share whatever of Morocco. This did not chime in with schemes in the Wilhelmstrasse, which in its anxiety to conciliate and win the good graces of the Pan-Germanist and Colonial party, contemplated erecting the German flag in Morocco, and extending its claim along the line of the Atlantic coast as far as Mogodor. It might not venture to avow it yet; it might deny it later, but it was none the less its secret design, and the proof is to be found among the documents which party vigilance prevented from being published in the Yellow Book.

M. Cambon left Kissingen on June 22 with many kind reassuring speeches. They would think matters over, see each other again, and chat further. "Let us hear what is passing in Paris," remarked Herr von Kiderlen benevolently. One wonders how he could pronounce this phrase without laughing. From that instant his course was decided. As France had presumed to refuse Germany her full share, Germany would seize it. What negotiation had failed to obtain, intimidation would succeed in acquiring. Forcible action had already been deliberated and resolved on in principle. It was being held up the sleeve,

and only the issue of a command was necessary to make it an accomplished fact. Between the moment when M. Cambon took his leave of the minister and the moment when this command was transmitted not many days elapsed, for the two diplomatists parted on June 22, and it was on July 1 that the *Panther* anchored on the sand-banks of Agadir.

Such were the antecedents of the Agadir affair. Public documents throw light on it, though all the diplomatic papers have not yet been revealed, and we know that the cautions were really much more numerous and emphatic than the Yellow Book discloses. But we are in possession besides of the actors' confidences. It is they who have taken care to instruct us in their motives. For them, Agadir was the natural consequence of what had gone before, a link in the chain; and the thing accomplished, there was nothing to be done but renew the conversations at Kissingen. Herr von Schön said it explicitly on July 8 to M. de Selves, and Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter endorsed it to M. Cambon. The unceremonious minister at the same time, airing his grievances, declared to our ambassador, "You advanced step by step; you made no pause; your custom-house officers at Casablanca patently embarrassed our imports—we submitted to everything—but the deadlock in our understanding on the construction of the Morocco railways opened my eyes." Three months before he had already been complaining of our want of good faith; he recalled the hitch in the Nójoko Sangha affair, the French government's delays with regard to payment for the railways. On July 16 he returned to the charge, "You have purchased your free hand in Morocco from Spain, England, and even Italy, whereas

us you have left out. You ought to have negotiated with us before going to Fez." Then he reviewed all the old wrongs, violation of the Act of Algéciras, territorial acquisitions, the occupation of the ports of Rabat and Mehedya, bad blood in all questions of economy. Among others, that of the railways—always the railways! Soon he went further, and on July 28 referred to the "kind of contempt" displayed by France towards German interests.

This language, which was obstinately repeated, was nothing more than the diplomatic transcript of a phrase often heard in the course of this inquiry, "France scoffs at Germany," "You laugh at us," repeated, echoing the statesmen, functionaries, manufacturers, professors, members of the government, members of society, and of the middle classes; and one of the most eminent public men, conciliatory and courteous, said to me in his turn, "I assure you that the whole of Germany, whether rightly or wrongly, is under the impression that your government looks down on ours."

At last, after four months of tedious *longueurs*, the agreement was concluded, and on November 4 the signatures affixed. M. Jules Cambon went to see the Chancellor, and congratulated him on the happy issue of the negotiations. But when the ambassador began to talk of Agadir, what did Herr Bethmann Hollweg reply? "You have reproached us bitterly," he said, "for the despatch of this boat. Nevertheless, you should remember that in the conversations we had together at the time your troops were on the way to Fez, I warned you the consequences might be grave. In fact, it was our duty to warn you, but we could not complain of an expedition which reopened the question, because if you went to Fez we could go to Agadir." M. Cambon, in reporting these remarks, added

with sadness, "It is six months since I repeated the gist of our conversations to the Foreign Office."

Justified or no by such grievances there was no necessity for them to lead Germany to Agadir, and the Germans' mistake lay in thinking so. A more elastic diplomacy would certainly have found another method of expressing itself more in accordance with the usages of two countries in a state of peace. But delicacy will always be the last virtue to expect from German diplomacy. The national temperament inclines it to think that to strike forcibly is to strike justly, and it must be borne in mind that when Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter took up his post in the Wilhelmstrasse the soul of Bismarck re-entered it with him. The temptation to excite the enthusiasm of his compatriots and to astound the world by an exhibition of renewed energy was not to be resisted.

Moreover, it should not be forgotten that Prince Bülow was his predecessor as the leader of German politics. He was a charming Chancellor, eloquent, witty, and versatile; a man gifted with varied talents who was in danger of becoming lost in his own subtlety, and whose mind eventually became confused by considering too many aspects of the truth. He met with opposition from a section of German opinion that reproached him with being able to talk but incapable of acting. At last, goaded on by a Pan-Germanist, Colonial, and Francophobe Holstein, by subordinates, and his master, Prince von Bülow, regardless of ancient declarations and old promises, turned his eyes in the direction of Morocco.

"We have experienced there nothing but vexations," a German said to me. "France had been before us in Morocco, and at every turn we found ourselves being held up. Each step forward meant two backwards. Prince von

Bülow organised the grand furore of the Emperor's trip to Tangiers, and where has it led us? To Algéciras. But we got nothing more at the Conference of Algéciras than might have been conceded by direct negotiation. If I am not mistaken all we have gained at the outside is a diplomatic strait waistcoat."

I am not at liberty to mention the name of the person who conversed with me in this tone, but he is widely known, and respected for his penetration and wit. He fills a position which enables him to be well informed about many things, and one day he related to me the story of Agadir as follows:

" Prince von Bülow fell and Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter succeeded him in the direc ion of foreign affairs. Herr von Kiderlen was, I admit, well acquainted with the Balkans, where he had been for the greater part of his career, but he was certainly far less familiar with French and German affairs, and notably there was one thing of which he was utterly ignorant, and that is the French character. He was not slow in proving it, for the moment that he arrived in the Wilhelmstrasse he celebrated the event by reversing promptly the policy of his predecessor. He could not have chosen a better field for his designs than Morocco, where the difficulties of an economic arrangement with France were already foreshadowing the guns of Agadir. He laid his plans before the Chancellor, who, new to foreign politics, had himself been easily convinced, but there was some one else, whose pacific and conciliatory attitude was well known, and whom it would be less easy to persuade; this was the Emperor himself.

" He was at Wiesbaden, so Chancellor and minister both repaired thither with the object of obtaining his approval, and, when obtained, to settle the most convenient moment

for striking the blow they contemplated. Here was the grand policy indeed! Herr von Kiderlen soon showed his impatience of the amelioratory note in the conversation, and declared he held a trump card in the shape of an unanswerable argument in his hand, and that the game was his as soon as he brought the power of Germany into play. He only overlooked the fact that nothing is more dangerous in politics than to offend without at the same time weakening a rival, and this was specially true in the case of France. For the policy of Herr von Kiderlen increased rather than diminished French credit. His action cemented and rendered evident to all the world the really cordial understanding, spontaneous and lasting, between France and England. The Chancellor and the minister returned at once to Berlin with the blank signature of his Imperial Majesty in their pocket, but by this time the Emperor was in Strasburg. There the Stadtholder, Count von Wedel, a good man and wise adviser enjoying the confidence of his sovereign, when he was told of the proposal on foot, strongly protested against it. He had excellent reasons to give, and pointed out to William II. the dangers involved by the projected step with such good effect that the latter immediately telegraphed to Berlin to cancel his decision. This, of course, did not fall in with Herr von Kiderlen's game, and Herr von Bethmann, who, if left alone, would have resigned himself to it, was talked by his minister into consenting to return to the charge. Again the two determined pilgrims set out together, this time for Kiel, where the Emperor had put in an appearance. It was their final effort, and it succeeded."

"But what could they have said to the Emperor," I ventured to interrupt, "to wring his consent to what was so evidently repugnant to him?"

"Ah! you will scarcely believe it," my informant replied. "They actually told him that after the crisis, when the uproar and anger had subsided, a *rapprochement* between France and Germany would be definitely assured."

"And you mean to say that the Emperor believed them?"

"No doubt. There were plenty of people in his entourage to repeat that this was the way to win France over to Germany, and that there existed a strong necessity for acting. Some may have been sincere in their assurances, others less so."

"It seems to me," I put in, "a very serious matter that the Emperor William, who has given many proofs of his love of peace and who has obviously made efforts to understand France, should in this point have allowed himself to be so misled with regard to the French temperament and character."

My informant replied that he shared my view.

It was thus that the *Panther*, with her magazines full of powder, set out in the direction of Agadir.

The French public was taken by surprise. But the attempt at intimidation was less of a surprise for the Germans, who all along had regarded the Morocco affair as a piece of diplomatic juggling. A little more and probably war would have been the result, and for several weeks afterwards the French felt the danger, though the Germans declare to-day that they never believed in it. The relations between the two countries were, at any rate, gravely compromised, and the memory of Agadir has not even now ceased to weigh on them. For this reason it seemed advisable to interrogate the Germans and to interview Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, in order to gather up the threads of the events (at present so little known) that preceded the deplorable *coup de main* of Agadir.

This impartial examination demonstrates without a doubt that other methods might have been used by German diplomacy to produce the desirable end of closing the Morocco dispute between France and Germany, and one cannot but deplore that it did not adopt them. But it is also apparent that lamentable, even criminal, blunders were committed at the Quai d'Orsay, and that it is the duty of a nation, if it desires to live in security against accident, to exact from the men who represent it, capacity in the science of politics, scrupulous clear-sightedness and precision in all their dealings and actions.

III

THE SPOKESMAN OF THE GOVERNMENT

At Kissingen—Bismarck's Successor at the Villa Germania—The Green Hat and the Paletot—The Policy of Facts and Interests —Distrust of "la Grande Politique"—In Turkey—Waiting for the "Great Day"—What Good is a Systematic Hostility? —Tasks which the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente have in Common—The Utopia of Disarmament—The Author of Agadir explains—In the Service of Peace—More of the Morocco Question—Part played by the Press—Advances to France—Bagdad—All for Peace—How about the passing of Military Laws?—An Historical Garden.

It seems only natural that with regard to the course of the events just narrated, one should first apply for enlightenment to the minister responsible to the Emperor for the conduct of German foreign affairs. It is true that he is dead, but was he not while he lived the expression and official interpreter of what was being thought in Germany?

Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter's favourite retreat was Kissingen. In the middle of its narrow valley, delightfully surrounded by wooded hills and picturesque ruins, Kissingen is a watering-place, alike noisy and dull, where outdoor concerts begin at 6.30 every morning and where innumerable Russians eternally drink at the fountains, round which they sit under the white arches of the "conversation" or perambulate beneath the trees of the Kur-haus.

It was there that for many years at the return of every July the Secretary of State and Minister of Foreign Affairs resorted to undergo the cure. He avoided the noise. You

did not see him at the shops in the Ludwigstrasse or at the early morning concerts. He lodged at the extreme other end of the town in a house apart, hidden in the shade of big rustling trees. This was the Villa Germania, the name of which was inscribed in large yellow letters on the bare whiteness of its façade. Space was limited and the arrangements simple; a little glass and ebony closet opened out of the salon, and this served the minister as a study and was furnished with a couch, a round table, a few chairs covered with flowered chintz, and a bureau crowded with papers; the man who lived here had the simple manners of a true son of a Germany belonging to the past. To get to the town and come back again, he had to pass every day along the Prince-Bismarckstrasse, for his distinguished predecessor had been an habitué of Kissingen before him. Probably this association was not displeasing to him, for there is no doubt that when he took over affairs in the Wilhelmstrasse it was whispered among the officials there that at last an iron hand, recalling that of the master, was making itself felt, and they were soon assured that they were not wrong.

I had a very keen desire to talk the matter over with Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, and I was aware that I had before me a far from easy task. Though his manner was cordial and entirely devoid of hauteur, yet still he was a difficult person to approach. It was in the capacity of a journalist too that I was going to present myself to him, and I had heard people say that he was not at all eager to oblige the journals that did not serve his purpose. During certain days of difficulty in 1911 some of his colleagues in the ministry proposed that he should send communications to the German press, which in contradicting erroneous reports might be of aid to him in his policy. He answered:

"No! I shall do what I believe to be best, and only hold communication with those with whom it suits my convenience to speak, I shall not trouble about the rest." Serious interviewers whose friendly zeal was perfectly well known to him have told me that they never succeeded in getting him to make an appointment. In Kissingen the story was current of an American lady sent over by a leading journal in the United States expressly to interview him. In spite of solicitations, ruses, and the perfect network of espionage she cast around him she failed to attain her object. One of his friends informed me that Herr von Kiderlen sometimes did receive journalists, but none of them, German or foreign, were allowed to repeat what he had told them.

"All the same," I replied, "I am going to Kissingen!"

This man in the little green hat and the long paletot, who walks slowly up and down under the dripping trees, with his jovial face and sparkling eyes, and his hands clasped behind him, is Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. He is of powerful build, and as his foot touches the ground it seems to take possession of it; his chin is clean-shaven, his cheeks are full, his moustache of a vivid blond, his complexion a pale russet, and he has an air of combined energy and refinement, from which it is possible to divine his maliciousness, as well as his strength. Hard worker, big eater, and brilliant talker, he glories in life, but detests banquets, ceremonies, and gala representations, though when it is necessary he plays his part in all, but without enjoying it. What he really enjoys is to laugh, talk, and drink beer with a small circle of familiar friends.

At Kissingen he was alone. He had no friends there. No convivial meetings, no talks. He went from the Villa

Germania to the Salines and from the Salines to the Villa Germania unmolested, for the tact of the bathers allowed this great one of the earth to move in their midst without subjecting him to a gaping curiosity which he would have detested. More than once I met him on his walks—that one day in the rain—but every other time in bright sunshine. I was admitted into his house, and I am able to report some of the conversations he was good enough to hold with me, owing to his kindness in giving me leave to do so. Our talks were long and intimate. The Minister of Foreign Affairs let himself go, and I am glad to think that my qualities as a Frenchman did nothing to estrange his urbanity. I discovered in his remarks the habit of thought peculiar to a man who loved to cultivate realities, and for whom a policy of sentiment, as he said, thinking of ours, was neither the best nor the most glorious. When a problem was presented to him he would first consider its positive elements with a natural impulsiveness that use had strengthened in him; and if we take into account this instinctive way of looking at things it will make much that has been misunderstood clearer, perhaps even the unyielding negotiations of 1911. He made no attempt to evade the subject of the present and future relations between France and Germany. A diplomatist of considerable reputation once said to me, "Each time that our respective countries have tried to accomplish a *rapprochement* some abrupt reaction is sure always to have hurled them further apart than ever." Although Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter did not put it quite so trenchantly, it was plain that he held the same view. He was distrustful of what he called "la grande politique." He believed it was calculated to bring about nothing but misconceptions. If we really desired to succeed we ought to adopt

the method of the prairie sportsman, who advanced slowly and surely with danger dogging him at every footstep. There was not any part of the globe where there were not a thousand geographical points common alike to German and French interests, a multitude of questions on which it was only sane for them to be in agreement. It was in this way that they ought first to manifest, exercise, and prove their reciprocal good-will. By a succession of small understandings they might march hand in hand to the front, and in so doing lighten, if not abolish altogether, many latent difficulties.

A *little* policy, no doubt, but perhaps it was the first condition of a larger one. Certainly it may be regarded as the policy of the present that touches our immediate interests, and I asked the minister where he would propose to begin. He turned round on his chair and exclaimed, "Why not in Turkey?"

Turkey would be entirely new ground, a vast field open to concurrent European activity, and who could say what its political destiny might be if it were well weeded and replanted? In Turkey, France and Germany would be equally deprived of direct contact, equally devoid of selfish territorial ambition, and so equally devoted to the promotion of peace, order, and progress, to the execution of great public works designed to raise a people sunk in lethargy to a sense of the virtues of an economic life. In Turkey, Germany and France would be equally surrounded by victorious allies, and might engage in common on the task of holding them within bounds. Finally, it was in Turkey that the capital and industries of the two countries might unite and gather immense profits, while they helped forward a work of civilisation.

Call it a little policy if you like. But it was the only

productive one, the only one that opened the gates of the future. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter held it the best policy. I see him now, raising his arms towards the trees that cast their shade on our heads as he asked me, "Does anything prevent such a policy?"[1]

At this point the inevitable subject occurred to both of us simultaneously. We had led up to the question of Alsace-Lorraine, that unique question between the two countries. The minister gave me permission to express myself very freely, and he was frank in his responses, though he brought extreme delicacy to bear on them.

Setting aside the Treaty of Frankfort, was there anything left to separate France and Germany? Because it was unworkable to France's ideas and she cannot ever bring herself to accept it she remains in a perpetual state of "sulks" with regard to Germany. But what have politics and mutual understandings to do with the Treaty of Frankfort? Why should not France be able to cherish private hopes in her heart without declining to take her part in a wider field of activity? At a time when economic

[1] These conversations took place in the summer of 1912, when no one suspected that war in the Balkans was drawing near. What *éclat* the events of the autumn were to give them! Germany knew how to demonstrate on that occasion that these words were not to end in smoke; she put in practice the policy which Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter had outlined. She proved that peace and order in the Balkans were placed at as high a price by her as by France, in all of whose measures she associated herself. She upheld, as far as she was able without friction, the system of alliances to which she was from necessity attached: a Conquerors' Alliance in which the allied conquerors pushed forward the Oriental dream. The policy of co-operation and mutual interest, then presupposed by Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, retained its actuality as well in the case of Turkey in Asia as for European Turkey.

One section of French public opinion received these forecasts of Herr von Kiderlen's with scepticism. I am glad to be able to testify to-day that those who never doubted their sincerity were in the right and held a correct view of the interests and tendencies of modern Germany.

problems are to the forefront, should old historic quarrels dominate the development of nations? Would France, when the great day comes, if it is to come, be less strong to enter the lists for having taken her part without ostracism in the life of Europe? Can she not keep her scheme for the future intact by looking after her own affairs and cultivating peace by other methods than oratorical fireworks? Will she not see that the interests of the two countries depend on her abandoning an attitude of hostility which includes every subject under the sun? Is it necessary, because France and Germany stand face to face, that what one says is black the other should say is white? Should France, for instance, regret the Chinese Loan for the sole reason that Germany has taken the initiative? That is where the mathematical mind of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter is beaten. He can comprehend a pugnacious France, ready to break a lance and risk the great adventure, but he fails to comprehend a sullen and reticent France.

"Your excellency is, of course, aware that France is pacific?" I asked.

"Certainly. And that is why I don't understand her," was the answer; and he concluded, "There is a want of sanity in it all. If a plebescite throughout the world on peace and war were taken, there would be no doubt as to the answer; but wars, we know, are always the work of a minority."

I should remark here that Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, with his fresh complexion, his appearance of sound health and *joie de vivre*, was no Jason or Lohengrin. He had not any conception of the fatefulness and sanctity of wars; such wars for example as the Crusades ordained by God.

I imagine that for him war was an accident in the life of a nation which it had to be constantly insured against, the results of which might be happy or unhappy, but which was not to be tolerated should it in any way be allowed to interfere with the national life of a people. Certainly he upheld the political and diplomatic maps of Europe, in so far that for twenty-four years they had stood for the theatre of interests.

He was devoted to the Triple Alliance and entertained the view that it would prevail against the Triple Entente; but at the same time he detected behind the absolute in these two great systems perils which jointly confronted them which afforded reasons for their drawing together to accomplish certain tasks they had in common.

Was Europe oblivious of the stir of footsteps on the continent of Asia where a great drowsy race was beginning to stretch and rouse itself, and make preparations to set its face towards those distant goals which have always been the magnet to draw vast human migrations to the West? Was it that she was deaf to the travailing of the American soil, still virgin to the whirr of American machinery, and did she not perceive that this enormous accouchement was being made at the cost of her own wealth?

"Ah!" exclaimed Herr von Kiderlen, "old Galuschowski was perhaps not far wrong when he declared Europe blind and mad because it was too engaged with its own trivial squabbles to organise itself against the dangers that were gathering ahead." Then he added, "And that is the practical work to be done." And as if forestalling the question which it was on my lips to ask he continued, "Disarmament is nothing but an Utopia."

"Does your excellency really then," I said, "reject the idea of disarmament now and for always?"

The minister stopped walking up and down and looked me straight in the face.

"Do you think it would be enough, in order to realise a general disarmament, for two or three states to proclaim it? And if a fourth state made various pretexts for refusing to subscribe to it, how could that state be constrained to do so except by the maintenance of a force strong enough to impose conditions of disarmament upon it? And thus we come back, after a digression, to the idea of organised forces, not for war but for peace. Let us give it a little more reflection. Suppose that we two decide on disarming, I say to you, 'You have 40,000,000, we have 65,000,000, you will have then 200,000 men, we 300,000.' Would you accept that? But on the hypothesis that we agreed each to have not more than 250,000; only you have a two years' service, we have three. Finally, you have more men available for service than we have, or *vice versa*. Such, you see, would be some of the practical difficulties to present themselves to those who wished to attack the problem seriously."

"At any rate," I suggested, "the elementary conditions of disarmament would form part of a lasting understanding between France and Germany. Do you believe it would be possible?" "Assuredly. But I have just demonstrated to you that the understanding alone would not solve the problem."

One morning I went to meet Herr von Kiderlen as he came from his bath near the Salines, over the palisades of which the cascade of steel drops never cease their leisurely flow. We returned together, strolling beneath the fine trees of the serpentine walk which encircles the rather dull-looking shady Saal. I said to the minister:

"Does not your excellency think that our two countries

have very little reciprocal knowledge of each other, and that from this ignorance a great many misunderstandings arise? "

He agreed and I pursued the topic. I laid stress on the fact that to my surprise, when I had interviewed several people in Germany to get at the truth about 1911, it would appear from what they said that during four months of intricate negotiations no one there had believed in the possibility of war, while in Paris it was thought Germany was trembling with a belligerent ardour. I added that Germany was deceived in supposing her policy was always clear to foreign eyes, and if France had exhibited a defiant resistance in the Morocco affair, it was because she never really knew exactly what Germany was driving at. And I added, " At the present moment, few among us understand what her policy was."

In saying this I did not put at a discount the approbation of the German statesman. But the explanations which he had been good enough to give me in familiar intercourse emboldened me to seize on one of the characteristics which in certain movements so widely distinguish the German temperament from our own. Herr von Kiderlen himself, with all the authority attaching to his word, solemnly attested that Germany's intentions were pacific. He recalled public utterances made in those troublous times. " And," said he, " it was not from the mouths of German ministers that the bitterest proceeded. Of course there was Agadir, an isolated act, the German government neither contested its gravity nor underrated its risks. Yes, Agadir might certainly have been the preface to a rupture. Agadir provided the possibility of a shock, but after ripe reflection the men who governed the state said to themselves that whatever the total danger arising

from the Agadir act, it would not infallibly become less by the logic of facts, for they were there to consider the grave infringements by France of the Act of Algéciras, which according to the protocol of 1909 imposed on Germany the necessity of interfering to establish her rights in Morocco. But at what moment was the blow to be struck? France advanced slowly into the interior, step by step, from village to village. When was Germany to say 'To-day you have gone too far'? The march on Fez furnished the occasion desired. Now Agadir need tarry no longer. Agadir was Germany's retaliation to the absorption of Morocco and to the silence with which France had received all her tentative attempts at colonial understanding, especially to her bad faith with regard to the Morocco railways. The symbolical *Panther*, *en route* for Agadir, carried with it, now the step had been taken, the risk of a violent conflict. But most assuredly it was thought that to leave things to go on as they were would have a worse result." [1] Thus it was in the service of peace that Agadir was rushed, but peace was to be served with a blow of the fist. These are some of the subtleties which the logical French mind finds it difficult to grasp. Can we

[1] All the diplomatic papers which are quoted, and from which résumés are given in the preceding chapter, corroborate this explanation of the Agadir affair. On June 20 Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter said to M. Cambon: " I do not dispute your influence, but influence does not imply protectorate, and it is nothing more or less than a protectorate that you are about to establish. That is not in the Act of Algéciras nor in the treaty of 1909. Neither is what you are doing east and west of Morocco—in the Chaouia and in the Moulaya." On July 28 Herr von Kiderlen repeated in the negotiations: " The Act of 1909 is based on the Act of Algéciras; we consider that the Act in question exists no longer owing to the repeated violations that you have made in the Act of Algéciras, and the kind of contempt which you have evinced with regard to the legitimate interests of others." The German thesis, so much expounded in the diplomatic protocols, as in his remarks reported here, has at least the merit of conciseness.

wonder then that so many misunderstandings arise between the two nations when such methods are employed?

The threatening clouds have dispersed, thank God, and Herr von Kiderlen was among those who rejoiced most sincerely at their departure. Once in his study I remarked to him, "At that time, you know, there was scarcely a Frenchman who did not believe that you were France's systematic enemy." His elbows were propped on a card-table, over which he leaned as he conversed with me. He was silent, but smiled as he opened the palms of both hands, with a gesture that I translated as meaning, "You don't wish me to answer that?" He declared that as far as he was concerned the treaty of November 4 had once for all closed the Morocco controversy between France and Germany. He thought that no one suspected the good intentions of the two governments in interpreting that treaty. For the future there was no Morocco question between the two nations. From 1903 to 1911 it had developed by devious ways, sowing the seed of ill-feeling between two peoples in the process. It was now over, and all there was to be done was to try and eradicate the evil seed.

The contract, which was all that existed henceforth between France and Germany, was made in good faith and would be worked in good faith. Without doubt there would be special cases calling for special examination as occasion arose; but these "special cases" would never be allowed to become "incidents" or "questions." If one recalled the affair of the Casablanca deserters, it was only to remember that a renewal of it would not be tolerated. It was not in itself serious. It was one of those fortuitous incidents which may happen anywhere at any time, but

which excited passions suddenly exaggerate and render barbarous. After the treaty such things would not have been possible. The treaty had this merit, that it was not only in its text a definite act, to link the two parties to it, but above all, its spirit was calculated to breed a new atmosphere, in which there was no longer any fear of seeing small misunderstandings degenerating into bad quarrels.

All the French newspapers—and, may one not say, certain German papers too—do not second this desire for pacification and oblivion to which the two governments have pledged themselves. The minister then cited an instance of regrettable prejudice of which some of the papers had been guilty. After signing the treaty he had, of his own free-will, suggested to M. Cambon (with whom, in the interests of peace, there was every prospect of his resuming the old relations of friendship) that no objections would be raised with regard to the manner in which the Congo territories were given up. If France wished, there should be a solemn salute to the flag, and filing past of troops. A little later the Paris journals misinterpreted his proposition, and suspicious of his good intentions inferred that Germany by its ostentatious demonstrations designed to humiliate France in the eyes of the natives.

"And what have they not been saying," he added, "about the resolutions we proposed at the Conference of Berne? Were we not presenting there new demands, and making barbarous proposals that could never be feasible?"

The German government let the press say what it liked, and Herr von Kiderlen did right to point out how nervous excitability, when uncontrolled, may lead to mistaken ideas. As a matter of fact, the Berne Commission of mixed members completed its task at the very time that

I was holding my interview with Herr von Kiderlen, and its arduous duties had been carried out with no serious embarrassments arising between the two nations, both sides being pledged by it to conciliatory action. While the commission revised all the details which had encumbered the treaty, its proceedings were not criticised by any section of the public, and no indiscretions marred its harmony. "There," exclaimed the delighted minister, with a smile of satisfaction, "could anything have been better?"

It has been a firmly established opinion in Germany for a long time that on countless occasions the Emperor and the government have made friendly advances to France that she has either neglected to avail herself of or ignored altogether. I amazed certain Germans by telling them that the French were not conscious of these overtures. On my asking what they were, they cited as instances the signing of Captain Degouy's pardon on the morning of the funeral of Carnot; the transference of the great Carnot's ashes; the inaugural tributes paid to French soldiers killed on German soil, at which ceremony the chivalrous Kaiser never fails to be personally represented; the warmly and tactfully worded telegrams despatched by him on the spur of the moment to express sympathy with France in all her joys and sorrows; his personal interest in the German *beaux arts* section of the exhibition of 1900; the charming urbanity with which, on his cruises, he has sought out Frenchmen and received them with marks of favours, emphasising by his courtesy the object he has in view.

I should have been undeserving of my opportunities if I had not sounded the minister on this point also, and I found him no less communicative on the subject than on others. Months have passed since then, and I should like

here to record again the impression that he made on me as I grew to know him better. He was a singularly alarming personage, yet nevertheless attractive. He talked with the fluency of a man whose heart is full to overflowing, and who rejoices to pour it out into the ears of his companion. There was a remarkable spark of malice in his clear eyes, which one moment flashed fire and the next became frozen into fixity. Taking into account the ease with which he expressed himself in our language, and in spite of his apparent hesitancy in the choice of words, his unerring selection of the *mot juste* rightly nuanced, and his mastery of the phrase that both defined and eluded, it is not difficult to understand the kind of antagonist our ambassador had to deal with in this copious talker, when in the summer of 1911 he found himself loaded with a heavy responsibility, from which, however, he did not shrink.

With regard to the friendly advances of Germany, Herr von Kiderlen testified to them, and added that they were backed by the whole body of German public opinion.

Yet the example which first occurred to his eminently matter-of-fact mind was not the solemn one of "le grand Carnot's" ashes. The memory which suggested itself to him at the moment was the Bagdad affair, where France might have made a third with Germany and England to start with, or later, shared equally with Germany alone; a proposal she herself had made, but from which she had suddenly withdrawn, sulking, into her tent, and begged to be excused. Why? Her interests, surely, as well as those of Germany, ought to have attracted her towards this vast enterprise in Bagdad. But here again it was a case of one saying a thing was black because the other said it was white. The government of the Republic, bent on remaining on all

exterior matters in close accord with its friend and ally, ended in irritating the Germans by invariably referring them to London or St. Petersburg when they suggested Paris, and they did not conceal their irritation. But for a man of Herr von Kiderlen's calibre the Bagdad affair was not exactly an exterior matter, and he insisted on a distinction between " business " and " mere politics."

" Yes, it was certainly an affair," I admitted. " But could it be called a friendly advance? France hardly understood it in that light. She said to herself, ' Germany wants money to make a railway, and she comes and asks me for it.' "

Herr von Kiderlen protested, like all other German financiers, against this view. Coming back to his dominant idea he demonstrated to me that Bagdad was a typical example of the kind of mutual enterprise so desirable. I fancy I can hear him now, saying as we stopped at the entrance to the town before a small shop where souvenirs of Kissingen were offered for sale:

" There, if you like, was one of those occasions which ought to have been grasped in order to show that there could be an object of agreement between us."

And he praised the excellence of a method which, in reducing points of difference between the two countries, created additional reasons why they should adopt an attitude of common sense towards each other.

Was this the language of a man systematically hostile to France? Herr von Kiderlen made pacific professions and he was sincere. He said, as did the Emperor, the government, and the whole German people, that his only desire was to labour diligently for peace. Let us admit that it was true. But we cannot help asking if the Reichstag

was exerting its efforts on behalf of peace when it voted the new military law on June 14, 1912. And is it on behalf of peace that Germany bristles with war-like fervour and buckles on new swords? Had the statesman I questioned been tempted to explain his thoughts stripped of all equivocation, he would have replied, no doubt, "It will be for *any* eventuality." Herr von Kiderlen did not make use of this formula, but while he conversed with me I thought I heard it buzzing in my ears. The Imperial government has no difficulty in accounting for the accession of military power. It can find arguments in its defence. It will tell you that for a long time the army has demanded these new measures, that the organic law which stipulated for compulsory military service is no longer enforced, and that every year fewer of the flower of its young men are enrolled, that the barrack-room is the best training school for social life, and the best moral and physical education men can obtain. The minister indeed said as much, but he added without being asked, "If we are threatened, as we appear to be, ought we not to show that we are capable of defending ourselves?"

Who then, does it appear, is threatening Germany, or rather, by whom does she suppose herself to be threatened? By England. But these armies equipped in haste, against whom are they to defend their country? Against France. And you will answer if I say France is not threatening you, "When we are at war with the English you know that any government of yours, even if it liked, could not resist for more than three hours the popular clamour which would fling the whole country on the frontier."

As I crossed the garden of the Villa Germania, I meditated on these remarks.

It was here that not long ago, almost at the same time of year, M. Jules Cambon had come to elaborate with this determined minister a treaty which expired in its infancy four months later.

Towards evening on those sultry days they would sit together under the dense foliage of the wide-spreading trees. Here was an arbour with its white table and iron chairs, in another place was a garden seat, and further on at the turn of a path, more tables and cane arm-chairs. Was it on this spot, or over there, that one day the two diplomatists, erect, inscrutable, silent, turned their backs on each other at the same minute, one taking up his hat and the other not offering to detain him? Which of those tables had received the blow of a fist, struck by an angry hand? Whereabouts in the trees did sounds of voices die away that might have shaken the walls of an embassy?

Months have passed. Peace has descended on troubled souls, and surely new false alarms should not be allowed to disturb the work of reparation which has wiped out old scores. . . . Nature, indifferent to human disputes, diffused her sap and gentle influence over the fragrant garden at the foot of the Bismarckstrasse; and the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the famous little green hat and voluminous paletot, paced slowly up and down smoking long cigars like torpedoes, in deference to his colleague Admiral Tirpitz. He was then in full vigour, upright and firm of footstep. He looked as if he might live a hundred years, but six months afterwards he was dead.

IV

THE PARLIAMENTARIANS

The Absolutist Régime *versus* the Parliamentary—The Paradox of Prince von Bülow—The First Parliamentary Chancellor—Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, Soldier of the Emperor—Words and Things—The Censure of the Lobbies—An Ibsen Character—M. le President is afraid of compromising Himself—The Professor Deputy Herr von Liszt—A Useful Work—The Reasons for an Understanding—The Pan-Germans make Disturbances—The Politicians' Perfect Work—Hopeful Press—Aggressive Aviation—Why Liberals have voted for Armaments—The Fear of England—Germany detached in Morocco Question—The Policy of Big Political Deals—Patience and Confidence.

The Reichstag is not the French Chamber, but neither is it the Russian Duma. It is not exactly correct to say now, that the monarchical régime in Germany is an absolutism, or that the Chancellor, which means the government, is responsible to no one but the sovereign. The Emperor does much as he likes with regard to his ministers, and if it suits him to give them their dismissal they have no redress, but it is only in theory that he would be allowed to maintain them in office against the wishes of the Reichstag. In fact, it is a necessity for him to have a Chancellor who is able to agree with the elective Assembly, and the whole government policy consists in leaning on it for support while it keeps up a pretence of independence. It is true that it can dissolve it, and that it can, in opposition to the desire of the elected, appeal to the electors. But things are not the same to-day in Germany as they once were, and at elections the ballot boxes do not always contain

what is expected. Herr von Bülow knows this, for he predicted to his victors from the ashes, after the rout of his policy, the oncoming wave of Socialism, and hailed them with, " We shall meet again at Philippi! "

The supporters of absolute monarchy who accused Prince von Bülow of bringing about this parliamentary evolution were very short-sighted. The former Chancellor, with a mind receptive to all the aspects of his time and widely tolerant, perceived the signs, as yet uncertain, of the movement that was then beginning, and he knew that the day was coming when it would prove irresistible. He was not, therefore, so benighted as to undertake the vain enterprise of damming the advancing tide, but, instead, aspired to direct its course, and he was in reality the first parliamentary leader of the German monarchy. He united Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals *en bloc* to form a majority by which he governed. He made sacrifices to maintain it till his own action brought about a change and he was finally overthrown by the majority he had created.

A tax menacing the hereditary interests of landed proprietors sufficed to bring about the defection of the Conservatives, who were all more or less agrarian, and ended the paradox of their alliance with the Radicals. Then this most consummate political gambler, to please his waning majority, risked playing an audacious last card. He went the length of showing up his sovereign, of publicly disavowing and censuring the Emperor, of setting him to rights, and in the face of the whole Reichstag, with all his graces of oratory and gesture, proposing that he should be muzzled!

And what did the Emperor do when reproved thus like a naughty schoolboy before all the world? He held his tongue and waited; he also kept watch. What the

Emperor waited and watched for was that parliamentary check which meant the rupture in the Chancellor's majority; and when the *débâcle* came Herr von Bülow, abandoned by the Reichstag and by the Emperor, found the ground slipping from under his feet and rapidly fell to pieces. But did the Emperor not see that his disavowal of the Chancellor, however veiled, a rebuke which seconded that of the Assembly, was equivalent to endorsing a parliamentary decision? And so the master and the patron of the absolute régime, at the very moment when he thought to exercise his prerogative, did nothing more than swallow the sentence passed by the nation's representatives; that is to say, he recognised the popular power. He, in his turn, was disposed to accept the inevitable. When a monarch makes of the nation a third party in his relations with ministers for better or for worse, he will one day have to come to the conclusion that he is the servant of his people. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg was the next. He represented the reaction, and boasted of it. Herr von Bülow had governed with the aid of the Liberals in opposition to the Catholic Centre; for the future the government was to be carried on with the aid of the Conservatives and Centre against the Liberals and Socialists.

Herr von Bülow had been a parliamentary Chancellor; he was the Chancellor of the Emperor, and had dared to stand up and make a protest against the most august privileges of the monarchy, while one of the first acts of Herr von Bethmann was to declare before the Reichstag that to the sovereign alone belonged the right of making and unmaking laws, and that parliament had no rights against his representative.[1] A vain declaration, for what followed?

[1] He could scarcely say anything else. The elections of January

The Chancellor affected contempt for parliament, but parliament remained firm. It claimed the right henceforth of the Reichstag to debate interpolations following voting which implied either confidence or non-confidence. The Chancellor dared not offer resistance, and he eventually resigned himself to the inevitable with a feigned good grace.[1] He outlined the main features of his measure, but dreading the hostility with which it was certain to be received he withdrew the bill without discussion. He had laboriously gathered together a majority composed of the Catholic Centre and the Conservatives, who yesterday had been enemies and were only reconciled to-day by a mutual fear of taxation; but the Centre (tool of the Jesuits who were up in arms against the measure) strained, growling, on its leash and threatened to break away altogether, and the Chancellor took fright. Finally he tacked about, negotiated and dealt cautiously. Thus, by different methods and with inferior talents, he had been reduced to exactly the same tactics as his predecessor. He adopted a bom-

1912 had returned about 165 to vote for the party of the Right (Conservatives, Liberals, Anti-Semites, Centre) against 201 to the Left (Socialists, Liberals, and National Liberals). The Chancellor, who relied on the Conservatives and the Centre, would, therefore, have ranged against him on every occasion the majority of the Reichstag when parties were properly ordered, which they frequently were. So his position was precarious.

[1] On January 13, 1913, in virtue of this new right, the Reichstag launched against Herr von Bethmann Hollweg a vote of censure (the first of which any Chancellor had been the object in the Imperial Assembly). It was in connection with the expropriation of Poles, ordered and authorised by the government, and it was carried by 213 votes against 97 and 43 abstentions. On the side of the Socialists were seen the Poles, the Centre, the Alsatians, and Lorrainers and Danes; on the other side were the Conservatives and National Liberals. One blow and the frail edifice reared by the Chancellor crumbled away; the Centre, to whom he looked for support generally, rejoined the Socialists, who voted against him, and the Radicals, his habitual enemies, abstained.

bastic tone, but this could not disguise the fact that his voice trembled. The haughty dignity behind which he screened himself was beaten by Liberal influence which, in its turn, now began to raise the vast sea of the German people: and so the pride of von Bülow, which bore itself with an aristocratic swagger, and the middle-class severity of a Bethmann, who described himself as the soldier of Absolutism, concealed beneath them the same weaknesses, the same embarrassments, the same dependence.

Certainly this parliament that saw its power on the increase and was becoming conscious of its capacity to dictate and command, had not yet learnt the usages of its power, but nevertheless it exercised it already to good effect.

It has been seen in recent debates the point to which liberty of speech has been extended, and the Franco-German Treaty of November 4, 1911, was subjected to no more criticism afterwards at the Palais Bourbon than it had already received in the Reichstag. But in Berlin at that time, however lively the public debates may have been, it was the censure of the lobbies that counted. Conservatives and Socialists, Liberals and men of the Centre all combined in airing their vigorous and independent views. One can form an idea of what these were by listening to Herr von Liszt. They did not spare ministers or officials, neither the system of government nor the sovereign, and if they were not always daring enough to transmit their concensus of opinion to the public sittings and translate it into action, liberty of speech took its revenge in their private strictures. There was little in what was said that would have pleased those responsible for the foreign policy of the government. It was described as incoherent, full of caprices and brutalities; it lacked

direction and continuity; it frittered away German force; it meddled and embroiled; it gave Germany the appearance of being guilty of indiscretions and provocations which were not in unison with the nation's desires and temperament, and which success very rarely justified; and coming to the Morocco affair, they confessed it was to them incomprehensible, and they could see nothing in it except the futility of eight years of effort which had ended to the advantage of France. This opinion of Members of Parliament was the general opinion which I heard nearly everywhere I went. Is there foundation for it? It is not for us to say. But I recollect what was said to me by a shrewd thinker with whom I spoke about these things:

"The science of politics is still young with us. Our parliament does not possess, in the true sense of the word, politicians. Our deputies are badly initiated in the questions of the day. If any of them wish to make a speech on Morocco or any other such subject, do you know to whom they go to establish their brief? To the Minister of Foreign Affairs." My informant smiled, and added with decision, "We are lacking in traditions."

That may be so, but the deputy who on the strength of a brief given him at the Foreign Minister's office concludes an argument against him, shows a meritorious independence and asserts a will of his own. Then it is worthy of remark that, if in every section of the Reichstag the Morocco policy of the government met with nothing but criticism, all sections united also in attesting their peaceful inclinations, and the chief grievance formulated against the hazardous initiative taken by Prince von Bülow and Herr von Kiderlen was its riskiness. These are things we ought to remember, and, to begin at the top, it is certainly not

from the lips of the President of the Reichstag that we shall expect to hear Jingo sentiments. To him I went first.

. . . . . .

Herr Johannes Kampf entered the reading-room where I was waiting to be introduced to him, and I saw advancing towards me an austere-looking person like one of Ibsen's characters. His long face was still further lengthened by a long silver beard. He wore spectacles, a white cravat, and a black frock coat. He had an intellectual brow and restless eyes. He was affable and full of compunction. He coughed, crossed his hands on his knees, hesitated, took back his words as if fearing to reveal himself, but nevertheless pulled himself together sufficiently to reply, smiling energetically, to one of my questions:

" I am not solely a politician, monsieur. I am first and foremost a manufacturer, and in that capacity how could I wish for anything else than tranquillity and to be at peace with all the world, and especially to enjoy happy relations with a great neighbour? Many of us in Germany are men of business, and all think as I do, and with us the great mass of Germans. War? No one believes such a thing is possible! "

" How then do you explain 1911? "

This was, without doubt, a delicate question, and the President of the Reichstag reflected.

" No doubt," he answered at last, " there was a good deal of over-excited feeling on both sides, and perhaps more so on one side than the other." (The side he was thinking of was not Germany.) " But it has passed. At bottom we are pacific. The same sentiment prevails in the Reichstag, in the government, and everywhere. Our industry, our commerce, are in full development. Think of the many enterprises war would ruin! Every one feels that."

"Still, this wide-spread pacific feeling has given France pretty rude surprises. How about Tangiers and Agadir?"

A little movement of his clasped hands gave me to understand that these belong to the game of politics. But instead of making a direct answer the Herr President said:

"I know! I was in Paris on the day of Agadir, and witnessed the demonstrations of strong emotion."

"And what could you expect, from a people living at peace, except emotion?" I asked.

"But, you see, it has all been arranged."

"After four months of difficult negotiations."

"That is nothing if the result is all right. It is quite possible there may be other incidents, but nothing serious will come of them."

"Notwithstanding——"

"Quite so, all will be well because every one desires it should be so, and no one in the world wants to resort to the calamity of a war."

"No one? There is the Military party and the Pan-Germans."

"They do not exist here, not at court or anywhere else, there is no such thing as a Military party; it is a great mistake for certain Frenchmen to suppose anything of the kind, as we have officers whose duty it is to be in readiness should they one day be wanted, but they do nothing to hasten on the moment. With regard to Pan-Germans they may talk loudly, but they are not noticed. It is only in France that any one pays attention to them."

I wanted to pursue the subject, but the President of the Reichstag pleaded his official position as an excuse. He feared he might have said too much. He repeated,

however, "We only want peace, and our Emperor, last but not least, wants it too."

Then I took my leave.

Herr von Liszt, nephew of Franz Liszt, Professor of Criminal Law and member of the Reichstag, is at the same time one of the most renowned lights of the university and an active leader of the Liberal party. He is a little man, thin and vivacious, with a big grey beard well trimmed. His large blue eyes are wide open and full of inquiry. His whole countenance beams with intelligence. His gestures are rapid, and his manner of speaking animated. There is an air of youthfulness and good-nature about him which appeals to your confidence and sympathy, and directly I came into his study, with its tables piled with books and papers, he welcomed me warmly.

"You are accomplishing a useful work," he said. "And tell your compatriots a hundred times over that Germany's most ardent desire is to live not only in peace with them, but to win, if it can, your confidence and, if you will consent, your friendship. It is true that we have grievances against England, with regard to whom German public opinion constantly has its teeth set on edge, but I hope these will disappear. With France, on the contrary, there is no earthly reason why any of us here should not wish to be on the best of terms. Our qualities are the complement of hers, the faults of both reciprocate without opposing each other, French culture and German culture rule the world. The reuniting of the German and the French mind cannot fail to benefit civilisation generally."

Herr von Liszt attached no importance to the fact that there are people in Germany who scarcely profess to like us. Germany had her Nationalists, he said, and have not we

ours? There are "mobs" everywhere. As far as he is concerned the Pan-Germans might just as well not exist; no one is put out by their extravagances of speech, and he declared that the great mass of the German people cared nothing for their campaigns. They are, nevertheless, dangerous, and I pointed out to the gentleman to whom I was addressing my questions how much French feeling had been wounded in many circumstances, not only by the attacks of the Francophobe press, but by the attacks of the government.

"Yes, I know," he admitted sadly, "I travel a great deal in France and I have received there the utmost kindness. All the people I know there used to encourage conversation between us, touching on all subjects, even those of the most delicate nature to you and us, and I might express myself unreservedly. What a change had come about in 1911! We had made France quite different. No more candour, no more familiar talks. Nothing but defiance under a cloak of formal politeness, and to speak of what was going on was no longer permissible: I suffered acutely during those critical hours. Such was the nice state of things that we owed to the ministers who call themselves statesmen. The only certain result obtained by their policy in 1911 was the hatred of France!"

Herr von Liszt became more animated, and after a pause he continued:

"Nevertheless, I have confidence. There is one great specific for this lamentable evil—Time! Time soothes angry feelings. Let us be patient. Ah! if only the press liked, what a beneficent part it might play between the two countries. The influence of newspapers is enormous. What an effective work they might do if, instead of vague articles and symposiums on abstract doctrine, they tried

by accurate information on both sides to present as it really is, the daily life of the two peoples. A host of errors and prejudices are a barrier between us. Often, I assure you, I have reason to deplore the bias that disfigures the most ordinary statement of facts. How can Germany and France understand each other when they know so little of each other? Take for instance the monstrous misconception existing in France about our financial position. Some of your journals have positively stated that the reason we don't make war on you is that we have not the means to pay for a war. Can they be serious? If by any misfortune war should break out would not the same scare which upset the Berlin markets spread to Paris, London, and all over the world? Another thing, you are the creators of aviation, and you have accomplished in it a fine and admirable work well worthy of the French genius. The enthusiasm it has excited among you is magnificent and justified. Why then should certain people make out that it is ordained to be an instrument of aggression in your hands? Aviation has been hailed with *éclat* as the 'fifth weapon,' without dissembling in any way against whom it is destined to be used. Against whom and against what is it being attempted to stir up France in this manner? Instead of aiding in such labours the press should act a useful part and help to dissipate detestable and wilful misunderstandings. And, believe me, I am speaking as much for our own press as yours. It is a misfortune for the world at large that so many journals with you and with us obey the instincts of a narrow-minded Chauvinism. It contributes to disguise the true thoughts, instincts, and even character of the two nations, for there is always a temptation to identify real public opinion with the views of those who are licensed to interpret it."

"From governments, too," I said, "we require a little more sagacity, reserve, and judgment."

"With many errors governments endeavour to perform their duties."

"If properly led would the Liberals strike out a new policy?"

"They are resolutely pacific, and they would insist on stopping the increase in armaments, and that is just what the Conservatives do not wish. On the contrary, the essence of their policy demands that they shall arm more and more."

"But how is it Liberals were not dissociated from Conservatives when they voted, and when you yourself voted for the military law of June 14?"

Even this direct interrogation did not disconcert Herr von Liszt. "Why did the Liberals vote for the military law? In the first place, because compulsory service in Germany has been for a long time an undisputed principle, and that even after the last law was put in force, the effectives did not reach according to the budget the proportion that is the rule, that is to say, one to every hundred of the total population. In the second place the attitude of England had given Liberals as well as Conservatives food for reflection. It was no good mincing matters. A naval war might bring on the Imperial fleet a frightful disaster. It would run the risk of being swept from the ocean. Then Germany's only chance would be on land. She was bound to be ready."

"You count then on France compensating you for your losses at sea?"

"We are obliged to admit that France and England are marching hand in hand and scarcely make any secret of it. But why should the just precautions we take for the future

be misconstrued into provocative intentions? It does not follow in the least, and I notice that in France you are too apt to confuse defensive prudence with aggressive ambition. I repeat that I believe war is as impossible to-day as it will be to-morrow; our government does not want it, certainly, and a popular outcry against France is unimaginable."

Again I recalled 1911, and Herr von Liszt went on:

"In 1911 no one knew what was going on. No one knew anything. Neither the press, nor the people, nor ourselves. No one, *at any moment*—I emphasise these three words—had the slightest idea of a conflict being the issue of the negotiations on Morocco. Later, when everything was settled, the danger was understood, and I could say to the Reichstag, 'What régime are we now living under that makes it possible for us to have narrowly escaped war without the Reichstag or anybody in Germany having a suspicion of it?' And that explodes once for all the hypothesis of a public animus directed against France. You wish to know the truth? It is this, that no one here understood then or understands now the Morocco question. What did the government want? Why all this series of incidents and beating of drums to come back in 1911 to a point which had been arrived at in 1909?

"But I should think you will doubt by this time that Germany had a policy. The only thing that seems certain is that we were blindly led by a government that lived from hand to mouth, that had no thought-out plan for the conduct of things abroad or at home, who piled up blunders and to repair them made fresh ones. And the result of all their wonderful activity, all that has been gained by 1911 is, as I said before, to have let loose the hatred of France against us. The whole intellectual force of the two

nations should league together against this policy of big movements and big words in order to prevent a recurrence of the evil."

And Herr von Liszt returned again to his ideas of conciliation; the essential work to be achieved was for the two peoples to know one another better and to penetrate each other's character. An excellent way would be an active exchange of students, but young Germans crowd by choice to Geneva. "Geneva! Is it there," he asks them, "that they can be initiated to the best advantage in the culture and language of France? The French, on the other hand, come less and less to Berlin"—Herr von Liszt referred to his papers for the figures—"This current year only four French students have been entered at the University of Berlin, and, on the other hand, its doors have been opened to 39 English, which is not many, and to 406 Russians.

"It would be foolhardy to try and force forward events to-day. No one can be commanded to love. Let us learn how to be patient. Let us say to ourselves that to make exertions for peace is a humane, just, and necessary measure, for war would not only be monstrous, it would be absurd. Are we going to work wantonly for China and Japan? We shall begin by coming to an understanding with England, and I have every hope that in time we shall be able to follow it up by an equable arrangement with France. It only requires a certain number on both sides to work for this end and it will soon be accomplished."

V

THE UNIVERSITIES

The Apostles and the Theorists of the Socialist State—An Imperial Disciple—Germany saved by her Language after Defeat—The Work of the Intellectuals—The Professor is God—Guardians of their Country—Modern Times; the Heidelberg Congress—Von Schmöller—Narrow Patriotism and Short-sighted Views—The Distinguished Adolph Wagner, Friend of the People—A Man of the Midi—"We want Nothing from you"—Germany Pacific—Silence on Alsace-Lorraine—Bellicose France—Unity of the German Spirit beyond the Frontiers—The English Game—"If I was French"—In the Enemy's Camp—An Inquisitor—Provocative France—Two Declarations.

GERMANY has her lay temples, and these are the universities. In parliament policies are made or attempted to be made for the conduct of affairs and maintenance of liberty, but at the universities souls are manufactured and one works on the abstract. The professors officiate rather than profess. Two illustrious examples, famous and venerated throughout Germany, are von Schmöller and Adolph Wagner.

They both lecture at the University of Berlin on Political Economy. Adolph Wagner is the most notable representative there of that Socialism of the Professorial Chair which has flourished for thirty years, and having mastered the government and parliament, has given Germany a labour legislation which costs her every year more than 500 millions of marks and which by degrees has started similar movements throughout Europe.

But before capturing the ministers and deputies, the men of his school achieved a still more magnificent conquest,

for it is certain that without them Europe would have taken no share in the infatuation for Political Socialism which suddenly inflamed the Hohenzollern monarchy at the moment when the young Kaiser Wilhelm ascended the throne.

Since then other tendencies have manifested themselves. Germany, having enriched herself, became less mindful of wretchedness and poverty, and insisted on retaining in the Liberal university a Conservative element which, disdainful of the forces of labour, was anxious to raise its voice on behalf of the power of capitalism, and to preach its utility in the modern state; the eloquent teaching of a Bernhard took an opposite line to that of the seniors, but nevertheless these have remained the pillars of the German academic system.

It is very important to listen attentively to Wagner and von Schmöller. They are not only professors, they are a great deal more. They stand for intellect, culture, and German science; and intellect, culture, and science count for something in Germany! The Prussian, critical as he may be, finds his criticism daunted and rendered hesitating by certain institutions and people: the schools and the army, the professorial chairs and the sabre, the schoolmasters and the officer. He knows that he owes them everything. After Jena, that French cyclone, he was prostrate, so much so that it seemed as if he were pulverised and crushed for evermore. What had he left? Prussia bled, and the old mediæval empire was dead, all except the language. The language was the one sign of life left to Germany. If poets and writers had not sprung up, nothing would have been written at all to remind an indifferent world of the Germanism which once had been a great historic fact. It was at this time that Goethe

brought a gathering together at Weimar: a sort of congress consisting of eminent persons to hold discussions on all subjects of interest to German culture—"To re-knit in every manner possible," wrote a contemporary, "the bonds of German civilisation and literature, by which alone we now exist as a nation." Here, then, were men among this distracted people declaring that language is the one living reality of nationalities; the only authentic testimony of a country's life. And what a glorious testimony was that of 1808, when Goethe's *Faust* was given to the world!

It was a Fichte who spoke in this strain; a Fichte who said to Germans as they flew at each other's throats in patricidal combinations and alliances imposed on them from without: "The distinction between Prussians and other Germans is merely artificial, founded on ephemeral institutions which have been established by accident; but the distinction between Germans and other European races is founded on nature. They are separated from these by exactly that which is the bond between themselves, by their language and national character." It was von Arnim who, searching among the old fairy tales and ancient legends for the earliest forms of popular expression, writing to his friend Brentano, made use of this sublime and daring phrase: "If war breaks out, our country will not be any more located in Berlin or Brandenburg, neither here nor there, but in the souls of men."

With Fichte and von Arnim rank the writers, the intellectuals, the savants, philologists, and the professors who constituted the pride of Germany in the nineteenth century. For it was the work of the professors by their teaching, their lectures, and their books to spread the doctrine and to translate into a system the lyrical imagery of the poets, and to awaken again courage in the heart of the conquered.

Their first object—their gigantic effort on the morrow of defeat—was to found in Berlin a national university destined to become the conservatoire of the German soul, and to embrace a universality of knowledge. It is in this way, and not by mediocre oratory, that they rendered their country the much-needed service it claimed from them.

No doubt this ardent apostleship conferred an enormous blessing on the whole of Germany, but it was the people of Prussia that chiefly benefited. Comforted and reassured, they soon ceased to despair of their destiny. Their wounds stanched, they gathered together the remnant of their army, and constructed military schools. They believed in force, as well they might, for force had nearly been their death-blow, but they also believed in intellect, knowledge, the secret virtue contained in a brain that understands because it knows what it is doing, and with this methodical people reason always preceded decision, theory was put into action, and faith became law. They were the first in Europe to start compulsory service, and compulsory instruction began in 1835. They trusted their lot to the professor and the captain at the same time, demanding from the first to be educated, and from the second to be disciplined. The one made them strong, the other afforded them a reason for their strength, and employed it. To these two teachers they owed Sadowa and Sedan,[1] and the

[1] Colonel Stoffel reports a significant incident after Königgratz (Sadowa). He says that the Prussian officers and non-commissioned officers, with whom he had been acting in the Bohemian campaign, were justly proud of their success. "They attributed it in great measure," writes Colonel Stoffel, "to the intellectual superiority of their soldiers, and they told me that when, after the early contests, their soldiers found themselves for the first time in the presence of the Austrian prisoners and asked them questions, many of them did not know their right hand from their left; the conviction that they were gods compared with such ignorant people increased tenfold their self-reliance."

resurrection of the empire. The prestige of the professors is immense, and when a Wagner holds forth it is equivalent to a Moltke giving a command.

They themselves are not oblivious of their reputation, and the Emperor, spokesman of the nation, never neglects an opportunity of rubbing it in. How can they help being a little puffed up? Sadowa and Sedan, those two grand victories of force, have been repeatedly spoken of as their work, the work of the savants and great intellects, far more than of the military powers. They have had the sense to give their countrymen something better than armies, *i.e.* a national spirit and a common cause. What were the direct consequences of Sadowa and Sedan if not to open wide the gates of the world to modern Germany, to all the genius, grandeur, industry, and commerce that modern Germany represents? The university professors since then have appeared in the light of chivalrous knights of a glorious renaissance, the builders of the soaring edifice of a greater Germany. And they are the guardians appointed to defend their prodigious work.

A Frenchman of most acute observation, who, having lived among the Germans, knows them well, said to me once, "The universities, knowing themselves to be the circulators and guides of intelligence, are forced to profess a certain kind of patriotism that may be rather narrow." They are, in fact, the appointed champions, pugnacious and jealous, of their country. It is their work, their responsibility, the sacred ark which none but their consecrated hands may tend. It belongs to the part of political deputies and ministers to ensure its life day by day, but for the rest it is a tradition with which outsiders are powerless to deal; it is a secret that the common herd know nothing about, and of which they alone are the

guardians and interpreters. At the right hand of the Kalif, who is supreme commander of the faithful, there is the Cheik-ul-Islam, who possesses the power of deposing the Kalif. The Cheik-ul-Islam of Germany is the "Herr Professor." The professor is the keeper and regulator of the German conscience, and it befalls him sometimes, as it befalls other potentates and specialists, that he is apt to lapse into bigotry, egoism, and self-sufficiency, and to see no further than the horizon of his own immediate groove. That is why the idol that he makes of his country and glorifies in his heart seems to us often a myth; that is why German science gives itself arrogant airs, and the aggressive and crusty professor is not altogether an invention of the French caricaturists.

Let us be careful, however, not to be too positive. This picture of the university spirit is, no doubt, accurate, as far as it goes, but it is not final. There are occupants of the professorial chairs untainted by this rabid and belligerent patriotism. There are masters with a less exalted conception of their country, who possess a little of that "international spirit" which is only just beginning to penetrate into their midst. They may not be numerous, but certain of them are celebrated and may dare to speak out when an opportunity offers itself. They have not been afraid to put in an appearance at an assembly in which even quite recently public opinion in Germany would not have permitted them to have taken part. This was when the German branch of the International Peace Congress held its sittings in the old university town of Heidelberg in 1912.

More strictly speaking it should have been called a a Congress of Professors. One saw there Herr Ritter von Ullmann, Otfried Nippold, Walter Schücking, Robert

Piloty, Karl Lamprecht, Philippe Zorn, Martin Rade, Wiemeyer, Rehm, Curti, all members of German universities from every part of Germany — from Bonn and Frankfort, from Marburg and Leipzig, from Strasburg and Munich, from Kiel and Würzburg. French, English, and Austrians were also invited, and spoke in their turn. It was a solemn demonstration of the spirit of peace; and when M. d'Estournelles de Constant, in his eloquent address full of generous and noble sentiment, without ceding any of the dignity of a wounded patriotism, made an appeal for the necessary co-operation of the two nations, it was the German professors who received it with acclamation. Thus they endorsed emphatically the words he had just pronounced: "More and more are we winning the educators and masters of modern thought to think with us."

Certainly neither Herr von Schmöller nor Herr Wagner was present at the Heidelberg gathering. They hold discourses of a different nature. In listening to these two distinguished and entertaining gentlemen whose patriotic zeal, for my sake, was veiled by amiability and good-humour, I involuntarily found myself thinking of this sacred mission of national guardianship conferred on the holders of university chairs, a consciousness of which their tone, as well as their arguments and psychic point of view, betrayed to a very marked degree in the conversations I had with them. What had Herr von Schmöller to say? He is an old man who works indoors in a long overcoat, his feet in carpet slippers, and looks with his long white beard like a Father Christmas. He plunged abruptly into *media res*. According to him silence on Alsace-Lorraine is the condition for normal relations with France, because no other question separates the two countries, and this one is settled. Germany is full of good intentions, France

alone imperils peace. At this thrust I put in a protest, but the professor retorted with decisive arguments. A proof of Germany's accommodating spirit was notably to be seen in her leaving France to carry out her ambition of colonial expansion undisturbed. A proof of France's hostile attitude was that she had allied herself with England, the enemy of Germany. The latter had to reflect how she was to defend herself against England and, at the same time, against France, who was the dupe of a "leonine contract." Hence the necessity of a fleet. Hence the increase of military forces, which besides was sufficiently justified by the desire of a great nation to possess an army in proportion to its population. The French talked of Morocco—Morocco was nothing. Germany's only thought had been to bring about there "a political concurrence of ideas"; the two countries had understood each other marvellously well. Why must England poke her nose in what did not concern her? The people, the whole people, were ready to set out for war if they were called. They were without fear, because they were certain of the victory. But all the same, they wished for peace, they longed for it, and asked for nothing but to be united with France.

"In short," I interrupted, "that amounts to saying that the people are neutral; ready either for an understanding or a quarrel as the case may be. But peace is a hard task-mistress and demands sacrifices."

"Germany is quite disposed to make sacrifices."

"She was making a sacrifice in the cause of peace, then, when she went to Agadir?"

Yes, dictated by a narrow patriotism, non-aggressive perhaps, but violent and petulant all the same. A short-sighted way of looking at things worthy of a partisan more than of a savant. It would be good to see this doyen of

the university loaded with years and honours, when he had finished preaching in German from a German pulpit, entering a French assembly, and trying to understand what was passing and being said there and what was not being said. He expressed to me his esteem for French science as he accompanied me to the door, his own personal desire for an *entente*, and conjured up the serene face of his friend, Emile Levasseur. All vain protestations which the general impression did not confirm. What a victory Herr von Schmöller would achieve over himself, if, when the time comes to put his methods in action, he should be capable of muzzling his prejudices.

Next let us listen to what Professor Adolf Wagner has to say. He is tall, white-haired, and dried-up looking, all eyes flashing behind gold spectacles; all hair which flows from his dome-shaped skull as far as his shoulders, and is apparent in his bristling eyebrows and moustache. He is all ears too, especially ear-lobes. In fact, his appearance is terrific, but he can be jovial. He is a forcible speaker, and the people's friend. Every tax that touches the middle-class pocket is a source of joy to him, and he exhausts his lungs in impressing on the bourgeoisie that they ought to be charmed to pay taxes, and have not yet paid half enough. He has a profound belief in his own ideas. There is in him something of the monk and the ascetic. His age is seventy-seven.

We wrangled for over an hour, and I think he was delighted. He told the friend who introduced me to him the next day that we had got on perfectly together. His vehemence is not ill-natured, and through all his diatribes his good-humour beams forth. "I have rather a lively temperament," he explained, "for I belong to the Midi.

My native place is in Franconia." I was not on that account to doubt his loyalty to Prussia. He was afraid evidently that I might, for in the tone of a confession of faith he added immediately, "I am Prussian at heart; Prussia has made Germany; and North and South and 'in between,' we all think the same."

So it seemed that here was Professor von Schmöller again, only with the difference of a more pronounced accent.

"I assure you that we are pacific, and that we aspire to nothing more than to live on good terms with you."

"And why is Germany pacific? There must be some realistic argument behind!"

"Because we want to get nothing from you. Because a successful war would add nothing to our desires. But who is it won't be on good terms? It is you; you want to get something from us. You want Alsace and Lorraine. The more you talk about it, the less we are able to listen."

"You wish me to believe that Germany is pacific? In spite of the fact that her whole education is military? How are children taught their own history? Simply by learning the dates of victories and defeats."

"That is not correct," interposed the professor sharply. "We teach history, all history. Could we suppress the subject of war? And you, a Frenchman, are the last to reproach us on this score! The whole history of France since Cæsar is a long chronicle of war and of conquest. The glory of which you are proudest is your military glory. Look what a fuss you make about Napoleon. The memories of 1870 rankle still in your breasts because your warlike spirit was then humiliated. You are the battle-lovers. We Germans are not enough so. The military spirit descended on us too late. If we had had a big army earlier, thoroughly organised, we should have escaped two

or three centuries of defeats, during which we were your unfortunate foes, and Turenne would never have scourged us. I repeat that Germany is pacific, and that it is France who is bellicose. You say no, but you deceive yourselves. You haven't an idea outside Alsace and Lorraine, which for forty years has dominated your policy. The children in your schools are given the map on which the old frontier remains unaltered. The other day I was sent an official publication by your Minister of Finance, *Le Bulletin de Statistique*, and what did I see in it? In naming the list of states Alsace-Lorraine was given a place by itself, as if it were an independent province. The officers of your army never cease to hold up before your soldiers Germany as the eternal enemy!"

"That has to be proved. But I should like to know if your officers are not guilty of doing the same thing? The Emperor one day, addressing the recruits in the presence of the foreign military attachés, that is to say, in the presence of ours, alluded to the *Erb feind*, 'l'ennemi héréditaire' of his army. What do you say to that?"

"That can't be possible," exclaimed the aged pedagogue, for a moment disconcerted.

"Certainly it is a fact. It was in 1910, your excellency." (I have omitted to mention that Herr von Wagner is an excellency and member of the Prussian House of Lords.)

"Well," he replied, "you can't, for all that, deny that the whole of French policy is directed against us. You have nothing in common with Russia, morally, socially, politically, or economically; still, you entered into the alliance with Russia. You were the enemies of England, but you have put your seal to the English friendship. Against whom does alliance with Russia and friendship with England safeguard you?"

"You, on the other hand, created the Triple Alliance. Against whom?"

The answer that followed should be particularly noted, as it shows the excesses into which bias may lead even the most sincere and vigorous minds.

"The Triple Alliance is a system for the maintenance of peace. The Double Alliance is a system for provoking war."

"When it was made, who wanted or tried to provoke war?"

"You were waiting and on the watch for an auspicious moment. When you manufacture and send up aeroplanes, it is against us that you immediately think of using them."

"I have witnessed the same enthusiasm among you for mitrailleuse guns."

"Have you forgotten the absurd exhibition of pride over your Zeppelins?"

"Your journals stir up the people and point to Berlin."

"Have not you, too, your Nationalist party?"

"I am Nationalist."

"To the extent of the *Deutsche Rundschau?*"

"It is my particular journal."

"It is Pan-German."

"I am a Pan-German. I wish to see the grand apotheosis of the German idea which is one of the great forces of the modern world. I wish to see the unity of the German spirit proclaimed in Austria and Switzerland, and everywhere where it exists.[1] But that is not saying

[1] This is German patriotism in its traditional form, expressed by the lips of Professor Wagner. Thus did Goethe speak at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Schiller, Arnim, Fichte, the Schlegels, and Schleiermacher, and all the precursors of modern Germany and all the real creators of the empire. And following them the Emperor William thinks the same, as his many speeches testify. German patriotism disdains frontiers. It is the conscience itself of Germanism.

that I long for war. Not in the least do I desire it. Either with you or with England — for our real adversary is England. She has not forgiven us for having invaded her industrial and commercial supremacy, and she thinks it is audacity on our part to dare to have a navy. She detests us, and because she detests us she tries on to-day the same game with us as she has played all through history with any one who seems to dispute her Empire of the Sea. She is our enemy now, as she once was yours. She is setting up Russia against us, as she once set up the whole of Europe against you. Do you not recognise the old game? You are her present dupes. You don't see that your understanding with her is only momentary and artificial, whereas our understanding would be strong and lasting. It is your affair. We want nothing from the English. Does any one think that we want to conquer their island? I tell you, and all Germany will tell you, that we wish for peace, and especially peace with France. And any great disaster suffered by France would be a misfortune for ourselves and all Europe. How is it that you won't understand that united we should form a rampart capable of defying the world, and compared with the strength of which any existing alliances would be mere fragility? But you decline to listen to reason, and always refuse."

"Put the question to yourself," I said. "What has Germany ever done to win us, except arrogantly trying to humiliate us by proceedings calculated to produce an opposite effect?"

Then this pitiless theorist became a man again. German patriot though he is, he consented for a moment to put himself in the place of the French nation.

"I don't say France is wrong," he said. "I only speak

as wisdom dictates. If I was a Frenchman I should probably think as the French think."

The fire in his eyes died, and they softened. At the door he said, "There is one point we have not discussed, and that is the population. Your birthrate is undoubtedly very low. We have more children. That makes a difference." [1]

Herr von Schmöller and Herr von Wagner are men with whom it is possible to get on. They may call a spade a spade, but the sentiments that animate them are caused more in *exaltė* patriotism than by hostility towards the foreigner. I have known others of whom as much cannot be said. They are rare, but it will not do to ignore them. I shall now conduct my readers into the abode of an enemy, I had almost said "the enemy's camp."

As the lift bore me aloft to the fourth floor of a high house in a busy street I asked myself, "What sort of man am I going to meet? What will he say to me? How will he receive me?" The person who the evening before had made this appointment by telephone has created notoriety for himself in France. A taste for things French is not among his most marked preferences, and, to speak plainly, he positively dislikes us. I know that he repudiates the charge at present, but he has taken care to advertise his dislike so abundantly, that I don't think he will be much aggrieved at the little further celebrity I am giving him here.

Only half German by race he has a furiously German soul, full of suspicion and unreasonableness; an Imperial soul too, that will have something to forget before it forgives. He is a professor of history, which he teaches,

[1] Professor Wagner's remark was out of date. In fifteen years Germany's birthrate will not be higher than France's.

I don't doubt, very scrupulously. But he is also a publicist, and during the seven or eight weeks of the Morocco affair, his acrid pen traced the course of diplomacy more than once, always extolling German and exasperating French opinion.

"Ah! you are really going to see *him?*" several of his compatriots said to me. "You know he is not exactly pleasant."

They smiled, and regarded me with some amusement as a man bent indeed on bold adventures. And it happened that after all these reminders, warnings, and smiles, I began to look upon my visit as an important event. Well, after all, he was quite pleasant. I wish to say at once that he received me with all the courtesy and with as much charm of manner as a host naturally austere and frigid could be expected to command. If I was indebted to the professor for some pretty startling shocks, I was also indebted to him for an absolutely polite and kind reception. Everything about him, from his immaculate attire to the way in which, on entering his study, he pushed back the heavy portière, revealed punctilious care. He turned round with a quick movement of his spare person, and fixed on me his small grey eyes, of which the glacial lustre was the only relief in a pale and melancholy countenance. He consented to unbend and even smile when I said to him without irony, "Monsieur, I present myself to you as a Frenchman who wishes to find out the drift of German opinion, and who considers it his first duty to hear what you have got to say." And I added, "You know that among us you are not regarded as a friend of our country?"

He replied with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"We won't attempt to dissipate legends."

I stayed with him an hour in his vast and well-lighted study, where, hanging on the walls, or standing beneath on the tables, were dozens of the Emperor's portraits, signed and unsigned. All the error that blind prejudice can breed in a stubborn mind met me in a wordy avalanche during that hour. I heard French policy and French sentiments condemned, courteously, it is true, but emphatically. And I could not but regard with astonishment a man of erudition, who devoted his life to the criticism of facts and historical texts, systematically shutting his ears in a debate which one would have thought ought to have been, in his case especially, carried on with a conscientious freedom from bluster and bias to everything that did not feed his appetite for disparagement.

I was in the presence of an historian, and an historian who did not put himself out one bit to understand his opponent. Though it is difficult to come across a German who does not at least express esteem for the sentiment which has been kept alive in France for forty years, though Prince von Bülow from the tribune of the Reichstag recognises in the sublime suffering that French patriotism has endured the great obstacle to a *rapprochement* between the two peoples; and when the Princes Lichnowsky and Hatzfeldt go even to the length of asking whether the idea of revenge has not become a necessity of the French conscience, here was a man who could talk of the perpetual "hounding on" of our press with regard to Alsace-Lorraine. But even this was not what surprised me the most. What surprised me more was to find a man who had written so much on France so ignorant of French affairs. It was evident that he took no pains to study them. He knows nothing of our personal politics, nothing at all about our journals, our movements, and the trend

of our public opinion. I should astonish you if I told you what papers were read by this foreigner who, of course, not having time to sample all, ought to have confined himself to a few of the most representative organs. You would be still more astonished if I narrated some of the ideas which he formed from those he did read, and in the columns of which he claimed to recognise the true thoughts of the government which he declared inspired it. He made fine havoc of French policy on such authority. He saw in the late Poincaré ministry a re-union of the Meridionaux forces, and when he complained that wherever she went Germany found France always in the way he gave me as an example Morocco! The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, faithful to the traditions of French aggression, had contemplated sending a Franco-English squadron to Morocco as a rejoinder to the initiative taken by Germany!

"But," I cried, "the *Panther!* Have you forgotten Agadir and the *Panther?*"

He replied in his modulated tones, "What else could be done when after attempting negotiations and accumulating propositions one found oneself confronted with a party obstinately bent on influencing things in their own direction or in making no response? Patience has its limits, and the whole of Germany was under the impression that it had been duped. And I ask you, what had M. Delcassé in his mind in 1903 when in treating with the rest of Europe he affected to leave Germany out? Since the Madrid Convention we have been found to have a Moroccan policy." (Did he not know that at that time the German plenipotentiary received a mandate from his government to follow the lines of French diplomacy?) "Taking possession of Africa is an act open to all the world. With regard to the Mussulmans it is necessary to establish among them, not

the policy of separate states, but a European policy. Islam is agitating everywhere; at the extreme end of India events in Morocco made themselves felt; there is not a nation in Europe that can be disinterested in such reverberations."

Thus it is for the professor an historic fact that France in provocative humour suddenly interfered and flung herself across the line of Germany's peaceable progress in Morocco. And this is another instance of what he calls "the continual malevolence" which France never ceases to exhibit in her dealings with Germany.

"It was you again whom we found ranged against us about the Oriental railways. You refused on your side to recognise our imports. I quite understand this policy. It is consistent, but is it friendly? Your declaration that your markets are not open to doing business with your adversaries is sufficient answer."

He cut up our journals—such of them as he knows. He remarked that if a student in Strasburg is sentenced for having "spat" at the Emperor, it is not, according to the French press, he who had done wrong, but his judges for condemning him. The editor of a Parisian journal who went to take part in the fêtes at Prague wrote, "These celebrations remind me of the saying of Tacitus, 'Great mutual hates are the strongest friendships.'" He remembers this phrase, and quoted many more like it.

This is the kind of man! It is not his sincerity that I venture to dispute, but the rectitude of a judgment vitiated by passionate prejudice; and this passionate prejudice, insisting on translating isolated facts into the rule and on attaching an absolute finality to subjects under revision, feeds itself with delight on the fare offered it by some of our periodicals.

It is not likely that this person's views are unique in

Germany, but the mistake would lie in attributing to them any direct and profound influence. By their very excess they repel the moderation of opinions held by the majority, but nevertheless many regard their holder with breathless admiration. He excites and defies, and when occasion offers can score a triumph too easily for any one to care to dispute it. In relation to the government he plays a rôle which is not entirely negligible.

He keeps watch on the ministers and urges them on. When things are going calmly they hardly heed him, but when a storm is about to burst they dare not close their ears to his appeals.

At such moments it is not their declared enemies that governments hold most in dread, but those who carrying their own ideas to extremities draw them further along the road they have started on. The person in question is one of those dangerous agitators. A Theodor Wolff and a Harden who clamoured against the Moroccan policy of the government, in spite of their authority, had no direct influence and might be ignored. Much more embarrassing were the upbraidings of one who, in the guise of a supporter, speaking always from the eminence of his professorial chair, did nothing but goad ministers on with, " Be firm. You are in the right. Don't be weak. Go on further, further, ever further."

Such appeared to me to be the polemical historian whom I visited, ardent and concentrated on his purpose, for whom I imagine love and hate together are the two vivifying and purest sources of patriotism. Perhaps I might have dispensed with inflicting an account of this interview on the reader if it had not been for two declarations full of singular significance, which put the finishing touches to my sketch of a complex and illogical soul.

I asked this scorner of our country and impassioned patriot, this champion whose conception of a negotiation seemed to be the same as that of a cavalry manœuvre, and who a moment before had decided that Morocco was German soil, I asked him whether he considered that at least the dispute between France and Germany on Morocco was closed.

He regarded me with surprise.

"Of course," he said, "we have signed a treaty; that ends it. You are masters. It won't be us who will trouble you further."

In despair of abating his hostility, I said to him abruptly:

"To conclude with a brutal question, are you one of those who entertain cheerfully the idea of an approaching war?"

Then for the first time this implacable disputant, in whom for more than an hour I had been looking in vain for a tremor of emotion, with a quick movement recoiled, and his face changed.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "what an awful idea! War? A war between *us?* It would involve all Europe, a thing too monstrous to contemplate. Such a European war would surpass in horror anything the world has ever seen. Indeed, monsieur, only a madman could look forward cheerfully to such a calamity. It is necessary to avoid *that* misfortune at any price."

There you have in a nutshell the most mature opinion of one of the keenest antagonists in Germany to the French spirit. He added:

"When your journals put an end to their attacks, sarcasms, and irritating comments at our expense, when our country ceases to encounter everywhere the permanent

hostility of yours, I do not see why henceforth confidence should not dictate our relations. There was a time when this tacit understanding existed, it was when you were governed by a statesman whom France misunderstood, Jules Ferry. On our side good-will is not lacking. Bismarck himself never had any other policy with regard to France than to efface or diminish the difficulties between her and ourselves. It does not depend on us for things to be more harmonious than they have been. Immediately that we feel conscious of more benevolent sentiments on your side you will find us ready for advances, and you will be paid in the same coin."

I felt inclined to retort, "Do you really believe that your own articles were animated by the benevolence which you commend to us?" But what good would it have done? I took my leave of the professor and found myself in the noisy street.

I may add to the recital of this interview, that the portrait presented has in reality a name. But I am not at liberty to reveal it.

"I have," said the professor, "a very strong aversion to the interviewer. He has done me many bad turns. Promise that you will not mention my name."

And I promised.

VI

GREAT LORDS AND DIPLOMATISTS

Prince Charles Max Lichnowsky at Home—A Liberal Mind—Revenge necessary as an Ideal—Is an Alliance possible?—The Position of France—The Imponderables—All Germany wants Peace—England—The Hostage Theory—Prince Hatzfeldt—The Military Law of 1912 not the Last—What separates us—The Treaty of Frankfort unworkable—Germany's Good Intentions—A French Brochure—"Let us trust to Time"—At Amtitz with the "Prince Rouge," Prince Schönaich-Carolath, a dignitary of Liberal Freemasonry, Friend of Napoleon, of Goethe, and of Trees—Against War—France's Revenges—The Conservative Clique—Count Oppersdorf a Catholic Ultramontane—A Category of Mutual Wrongs—Do not let us confuse Issues.

I WAS the guest in turn of three great lords of the soil, Prince Hatzfeldt Duke of Trachenberg, Prince Lichnowsky, and Prince Schönaich-Carolath, whose vast estates in Silesia, if I am correctly informed, cover together something over 100,000 acres. In the privacy of their homes I learnt what grace and elegance may adorn German hospitality, and how much simplicity and kindness can distinguish the most sumptuous and lordly mode of living. I was also privileged in this way to hear the opinion of high authorities on the main tendencies of Imperial politics.

I had to pass the German frontier and penetrate into Bohemia to meet Prince Charles Max Lichnowsky, who some weeks later was to be chosen to succeed Baron Marschall von Bieberstein as ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

It is in Austrian Silesia, at Graetz, not far from Troppau,

that his strongly fortified castle which preserves its ancient battlemented walls, crowns the edge of a cleft in the mountains, steep as an acropolis, with impenetrable mysterious pine forests all round. Here, Prince Max Lichnowsky, sixth of his name, Baron of Woschütz, Serene Highness, Liege Lord of Graetz and member of the Prussian hereditary Chamber, has lately transferred his library, and passes much of the time that is not engaged in looking after his other great ancestral domain at Kuchelna in German Silesia.

In this magnificent abode, where the dining-room has a vaulted roof and a view over the pine-clad mountain peaks, a marble tablet commemorates the sojourn of Beethoven within its walls, and in the spacious salon the Erard decorated with faded frescoes is the same from which the fingers of the great master awakened harmonies. Everywhere in the choice and arrangement of the furniture a refined feminine taste is perceptible, and the tables on which are piled the masterpieces of our language are evidence of a culture and charming literary taste that gives preference among Flaubert's works to his immortal *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, and whose favourite among all the heroines of Maeterlinck is the gentle Sélyzette.

Princess Lichnowsky, *née* Countess Arco-Zinneberg, is a Bavarian. One of her sisters married the Count of Harrach, a sculptor of great talent, who lives at Florence, and whose father, the older Count Harrach, is a well-known painter. Endowed with the rarest gifts she paints, sings, and writes, and she employs every minute of her time in adding to her fund of intellectual riches. Some day a publisher is to produce her impressions of an Egyptian tour, illustrated by her own hand. But her most notable work is essentially the education of her three young children, for according to her there is no task more anxious and arduous

than preparing a young creature to take its part in life and " to guard it as long as possible," she says, " from contact with hypocrisy and disillusion." She meditates, later, gathering together her threefold observations in a book. The prince's vast library and study is on a higher storey, far from all disturbance. He was successively adviser to the legation at Bucharest, where he went through his friendship with Prince von Bülow; adviser to the embassy at Vienna under Prince Philippe Eulenberg; and lastly, intimate adviser to the chancellory, to which post he was appointed by Prince von Bülow when he was in office. In 1904 he retired from the diplomatic service to marry, and afterwards his life was spent in studying, from an amateur's standpoint, politics and sociology, and interesting himself in art and literature, using his pen when he deems it advisable to discuss his country's affairs. He has an eclectic and cultured mind and confesses to being a Conservative by nature with Liberal inclinations. The old-fashioned type of Conservative's obstinate resistance to progress comes in for his severe condemnation. He calls himself a member of the Conservative-Liberals, a shadowy party of which he will not at all admit himself to be at once the leader and the rank and file, and says it represents a tendency more prevalent in Germany than any one supposes, which is beginning to influence a certain number of great landlords and Conservatives by tradition to open their eyes to the necessity of taking part in the forward movement of ideas.

But it is easy to see that diplomacy was the true bent of this born diplomatist, and that he did not cease to examine with a keen and detached interest those problems that engage the attention of every nation to-day. He brought no partisanship to the task. He is one of those

students of politics, rare in Germany and equally rare in France, who are capable of sweeping prejudice and passion from their vision, and of exercising an objective criticism in reviewing facts. He it was who wrote these striking lines in a letter published in an interesting periodical, *Nord und Sud*, edited by Dr. Ludwig Stein:

" Let us not forget that we are considering a people whose vital force is already diminished, and thus like all peoples who have arrived at a certain degree of culture, and have been in the habit of bringing to bear on the study of things and of life a spirit of rationalism and materialism, they are bound to feel the want of a national idol, and be it what it may, it must be an idol capable of animating their patriotism and of exciting the faculty of enthusiasm among the masses. It may be that the hope of revenge now constitutes this ideal, inflaming the desire for personal sacrifice, and it is, moreover, quite possible that such a belief might resemble the belief in a Messiah which, though destined never to become a reality, sustains the courage of humanity and gives it consolation." [1]

The prince, youthful and elastic in figure, talks eloquently and pronounces his words with precision. He is a little peremptory in his manner, and more inclined to follow out his own thoughts than to enter into those of his interviewer. He wasted no time over preliminaries, and said to me at once:

" I do not believe in war. To make war, one side at least must want war, and this is not the case with regard to

[1] Gambetta once said: Patriotism is a necessary part of a conquered nation's faith. The cult of the Flag inculcates self-sacrifice and even martyrdom. One has only the right to tamper with a cult that can give the highest exaltation to suffering when one substitutes for it another suffering, and exaltation of self-sacrifice, the Gospel of patriotism.

either France or Germany. I am convinced that we do not want war, and I am sure that you do not want it; on the contrary, there are people in Germany who wish for a better equilibrium and dream of an alliance between our two countries. Here we enter the domain of ideology where there is no place for criticism. I for my part would welcome such an alliance with open arms, but how is it to be actually realised? Is it reasonable to expect an attitude of exaggerated self-effacement and the humility of renunciation from a people like yours, a people whose deeds fill history, whose language suffices for the exchange of ideas all over the world, whose culture dominated Prussia in the time of Frederick the Great, and whose poignant misfortune has excited universal sympathy? I wish, for one, that the painful memories of the war should slumber in oblivion, but oblivion is not death; the idea of revenge slumbers, but nevertheless it lives. We do not forget that all the military preparations of France, even when they have nothing directly to do with provocative intentions, are governed by a single aim and concentrated on one national goal. Would not we in France's place have the same lively memories?

"Then in politics we have to reckon, too, with what in philosophy we call the 'imponderables.' The memories of 1870 are for the French among these 'imponderables.' You find them mixed up in all their public life, and any one who enters into converse with you has not the right either to ignore their existence or misconstrue their force, they are insistent to the point that men who detest war the most are not at liberty to act according to their own judgment, and become resigned to the language of renunciation. How much longer are these 'imponderables' to exercise their influence? Who can say? Time is a great healer.

"And while we are waiting, let us find out how to accept what is inevitable in the situation with a good grace. Above all let us refrain from introducing into politics extravagant sentiment, and let us recognise the fact that it is to the interest of France to enter into friendly relations with the enemies of Germany, as she has done, yesterday with Russia, to-day with England. I don't believe in the least that she does so with bellicose intentions, but merely as an attempt to weaken her rival. My idea is that with regard to Germany France is at the present moment as far from entertaining the thought of war as she is from entertaining that of an alliance. Am I wrong in this supposition?"

I did not answer the prince immediately, and toying with a paper-knife on his bureau he proceeded:

"Oh, what a pity it is! What a pity! But why should we think that war must necessarily flare up at the end of the road we are pursuing? War! Only imagine what it would mean to-day! Who can compute the frightful wreckage that it would leave in its train! Do you know any man—I don't say in your country, or in ours, but in the whole world—who would be mad enough to plunge us into it? We will not talk of such a thing. The fact that we have finally withdrawn from the Morocco affair and settled with France testifies to our pacific wishes, and shows that as events present themselves it is possible to come to terms. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the treaty of November 4 has dispersed every difficulty with a wave of the magician's wand. Yet you must know perfectly well that all Germany feels nothing but sympathy with France, that it would not be in our interest to compromise a peace essential to our commercial expansion; that Herr von Bethmann is conscientious and steady, and a man incapable

of risking an adventurous policy; that the Emperor is profoundly attached to the principle of peace; that the whole country, in fact, is inclined to peaceful developments. This is absolutely the truth; still, let us add at once that the secret of peace lies less in Franco-German relations than in Anglo-German. No irrevocable step, it is certain, will be taken by us, and I most fervently hope that we shall avoid a conflict, for the truth is, no one among us has any desire for it. Why is it then that the cloud is not dispelled? Undoubtedly it is England more than France that engages attention, and that it is her plots and armaments that excite uneasiness."

So the prince would give you to understand that it is Germany who is menaced, and Germany who takes umbrage at the increase of English armaments!

"Do you believe," I asked, "that a war with England would start a Franco-German war as well?"

"It is quite possible. For in a naval campaign between Germany and England the combatants would not be equal, and there are people who say that Germany would not hesitate to take her revenge by means of her army on land. I, for one, do not believe it. I do not think that the men who govern us have anything of the kind in view. But the theory exists."

"Yes," I said, "the hostage theory." I then recurred again to the new military law, and interrogated Prince Lichnowsky on the subject.

"You do not give enough consideration to the German temperament, with regard to the position of the empire generally. Militarism, besides the discipline and habit of obedience it brings, is for us the consciousness of national power, not only a safeguard, but a necessity of our internal life, because it is the means of controlling and dominating

the subversive elements in the population. 'Love your neighbour as yourself' is, without doubt, accepted as the foundation of morals, because, according to St. Paul, all the Christian virtues are contained in it; but between the individual and humanity comes the conception of nationality, and the welfare of the public demands that nationality shall assert itself with all possible vigour. Again, there is this to think of: collectively, as well as individually, unending development is necessary in order to avert decadence and to add constantly to the nation's fund of wealth and power. It means retrogression to stand still in a world full of movement, and we Germans are bound, in virtue of the most vital law which is only a law of defence, to push our trade and industry unremittingly, and our military force, for the uniting of all these elements concurs in promoting the far-reaching influence of Germany."

"But what of the Military party that we hear so much about in France? Is it not capable of one day forcing the nation's will?"

The prince shrugged his shoulders.

"The military people think of war; it is their *métier* and their duty. They tell us that the German army is well trained, that the Russian army has not yet accomplished its reorganisations, that the moment would be favourable, and so on; but they have been saying the same thing for more than twenty years, and they follow up what they say by forming a 'party' in order to be better understood. But it is not their remarks which can have any influence on the destiny of the empire. It is a very different thing, to be a soldier, to speak in the language of a soldier, and to prepare for war as a soldier, from bearing the responsibility of letting the soldier loose, and throwing

the whole of a nation into a combat without reason and without object. For, I repeat once more, such a combat is not necessary from our point of view, and would be absolutely without object."

A few days later I went to pay visits to Prince Hatzfeldt and Prince Schönaich-Carolath. I knew them to be well disposed. The best part of their existence has been consecrated to the cares of public life, and I felt I was on my way to consult two sages.

Prince Hatzfeldt, Duke of Trachenberg (my introduction to whom I owed to the kindness of the Count von Oppersdorf), is one of the most distinguished social magnates of the empire. He traces his lineage back on both sides into the dawn of ancient legendary Germany. In his beautiful castle of Trachenberg, the seventeenth-century façades of which have been added to and artistically restored, with portraits of Napoleon, are seen the figures of his ancestors on horseback let in the stained-glass windows, or standing full length in armour. He is grandson of the Prince Hatzfeldt who was governor of Berlin when Napoleon entered it, and who was imprisoned and condemned to death on the evidence of an intercepted letter, but pardoned by the Emperor through the intercession of the princess, grandmother of the present prince.

His whole life has been devoted to the service of the state. For seven years he was governor of Silesia. When a member of the Reichstag he led the Conservative party, into which he imported a flavour of Liberalism, and it was only at the recent elections that he did not present himself for re-election, on the plea that he needed rest and wished to look after his ancestral estates consisting of 45,000 acres. His name is respected everywhere, and is of immense influence. He is one of the very few who more

than once have been talked of for the Chancellorship. Only recently it depended on himself alone whether he would succeed Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. He married the Countess of Benckendorff, one of whose brothers is Russian Ambassador in London, and another, Marshal at the Court of St. Petersburg.

He is tall and imposing, elegant in his dress, and simple in his manner. He has a good-humoured expression, and a jaunty white moustache. The morning I visited him the princess was out on a country walk. We strolled together slowly through the grounds, famous for their chestnuts, majestic trees unmatched in all Silesia. The prince stopped now and again to speak a kindly word to a passing servant, to the haymakers in the meadows, or to return the salute of a peasant.

"You want to know why Germany has just passed a new military law?" he said to me. "Well, ever since it has passed, more than 40,000 able-bodied young men have been left outside the army, in violation of the principle of compulsory service. Yes, that is distinctly illegal, and a bad thing for the race. On the other hand it is right that all men who are able for service should be subjected to the excellent discipline of a military training. That was the fundamental reason for the law of last June. The demand for it had been urgent for a long time, and it will not be the last." [1]

"But was the moment for bringing it in well chosen? Six months after a crisis in which France thought she saw Germany adopting the game of menace!"

"What a mistake that is! Provocation, believe me, is in no wise a part of our temperament or our interests. There is no reason for Germany to be aggressive, for she

[1] It is noteworthy that this was said in 1912.

has nothing to gain by it from any one. I know very well that the most erroneous ideas prevail about us in France. Nevertheless, you may travel from one end of Germany to the other, and not discover a single sign of animosity anywhere against France; on the contrary, you are much more likely to meet with certain evidence of sympathy. Indeed, every one hopes for the best relations with her, but how are they to be brought about? I see exactly what separates us: it is England towards whom our attitude is becoming more and more severe, for undoubtedly England's perpetual interference has done much to irritate our public spirit."

"And there is nothing but England?"

"I know what you mean, and I am not going to shirk the essential question. I wish to take a fair view of it. But, all the same, it would be well if the French could persuade themselves that no good can be done by resuming the discussion of the Treaty of Frankfort. A people who realise what is due to the dignity of another people, can scarcely expect any concession in that quarter. But still, I understand how hard it is for a nation to forget a cruel reverse. I sometimes wonder whether the idea of revenge has not become with you a kind of national necessity. Every people require a common ideal to bind them together and give them a consciousness of unity. You have successively supplied the want with the monarchical and the religious ideal. Who knows if revenge is not now the bond and the stimulus among the French people, and the ideal that guides the majority?"

In this point my present host seemed to join hands with Prince Lichnowsky.

"And what next?" I asked.

"Not war, I verily believe. To translate the idea into

a fact would be a tremendous leap. France, generally speaking, seems to me to be sincerely pacific, and as for us, we have no thought of war."

"If that is so," I said to the prince, "how do you make this happy assurance accord with the acrimonious attitude of the two nations towards each other?"

"I am among those who most sincerely deplore it, and yet, delicate as the situation may be, I do not see why it should not last indefinitely. In 1871 Moltke foresaw fifty years of strained relations between us. The uncertain equilibrium has lasted forty years, and why should it not continue for forty more? It seems to me that we may as well be satisfied with things as they are and go on as long as we avoid war. Don't you think so?"

"Forty years more of uncertainty, defiance, surprises, and crises? Your highness is indeed a philosopher!"

"If our relations are as described, we are very sincerely of opinion that it is not our fault, and if one day you should consent to live on terms of amity with us, it is not in Berlin, you may be sure, that obstacles will be raised. Quite the contrary."

"Who ought to make the first advance? Is it France's place to demand or to offer?"

"Germany has made several advances which France has chosen not to notice. Endeavour to bring about a *rapprochement* in the right spirit, and see how warmly it will be received. The days of Jena are long over. Then, it is true, France was detested. Germany had been ravaged, ruins still smoked from her soil, and hate embittered every heart. But Prussia lived down her wrongs, time assuaged her wounds, and even before 1870 she had got over her old animosity. All that belongs to the past, Germany is to-day pacific. But she expects that as she regards the

interests of others no one shall put obstacles in her path."

This was a hit at England. For in the mind of every German, whether he thinks with passion or restraint, is harboured rancour against England; against Lloyd George, with his formula of *non possumus;* against Churchill, who presumes to put the limit to German armaments. "But she won't go to war with us," Prince Hatzfeldt concluded confidently, "for she knows that even a victory would cost her half her fleet."

After lunch the princess showed me a little book, and asked if I knew it. It was a French brochure that I had not seen before. I looked through it, and found its pages reeking with a low and vulgar chauvinism. In conclusion to a ridiculous farrago in which, with an assumption of expert military knowledge, a war was talked of as inevitable, the approaching conquest and irreparable ruin of Germany was foretold with confidence. It was impossible for a Frenchman in presence of Germans not to blush for such outrageous nonsense.

"That is the sort of thing which does infinite harm," the princess said to me. "The brochure has a large circulation."

A little later we drove out together, and I put this question to the prince:

"Do you think that peace can hold out much longer against the heavy strains imposed upon it, and do you not see in the mad increase of armaments a permanent danger to Europe?"

The prince made a reassuring gesture. "It is a danger, undoubtedly. But a war to-day would mean such inconceivable horrors that I cannot believe in it. Let us do our best, each according to our means, to eliminate the

causes of discord, and let us endeavour not to inflame passions and engender discontent. Thank God that henceforth the coast is clear of Morocco. That is an excellent point gained. Excellent, too, is it that the treaty referred all the points difficult of interpretation to the Hague Tribunal, and it is a good augury that two nations who find it so hard to understand each other were at one in taking this course. And for the rest, let us trust to time."

"Let us trust to time." So said, too, the Prince zu Schönaich-Carolath beneath the trees at Amtitz in Lower Silesia. For the same day I went to see the man who is called "the Red Prince," a great lord of letters, who glories in his independence, which for thirty-two years, as member of the Reichstag, he has aired in the Liberal party, and in whom I met one of the leading lights of Freemasonry.

But Freemasonry in Germany is far from having the same characteristics that it has in France.

It is, in the strict sense of the word, a work of human solidarity.

Enlightenment, reason, love, progress, fraternity, are the terms of its profession of faith. Some of the princes of the earth have made themselves sureties for the maintenance of its rules. Frederic II. and William I. were masons, and the actual grand-master is at present Prince Frederic Leopold, son of Prince Frederic Charles. The Lord of Amtitz belongs to a company in which one has pedigrees and seals. German Freemasonry is distinguished and full of lofty repose. Besides, the prince is an historical writer, famous for his studies of Napoleon, souvenirs of whom abound in his castle, and for his researches on the question of Louis XVII.; he is also a fervid admirer of Goethe and is president of the Goethe Society, and in

addition to all this Prince zu Schönaich-Carolath is a lover of trees.

There is not a tree in his immense park of which he has not the age and history at his finger-ends. He knows exactly the proportion of sun and damp his Japanese plants require, he knows the age of that American chestnut, he will explain to you why those roses flourish here and not there. Most of the trees he planted himself thirty years ago, and they form to-day quite a forest. This thick hedge of yoke-elms was made by him. The whole of the vast grounds, so varied, so full of shade, perfume, and rich colour, have been designed according to his taste, or rather I should say sculptured, and of all his works he is perhaps proudest of it. As we walked together he did the honours very agreeably, and now and then made me sit down on a seat to admire the velvet turf of a lawn, or stop before a beech to recall in what year he put it in the ground; from shrubs here and there he gathered for me rare and beautiful leaves which I was to take back to France as mementoes, and as I record these notes they lie before me. And in these charming and serene surroundings, the prince, fresh-complexioned, silver-haired, with erect carriage and a massive figure, and making graceful gestures with his fine transparent hands, walked slowly beside me, lavishing courtesies on his visitor and on those pedestrians we met in his park which he throws open every Sunday to all the peasantry in the neighbourhood.

In his simple, pleasant, and aristocratic manner, the Red Prince conversed with me beneath the shade of his romantic trees on Peace and War. I knew what his feelings were on the subject before I met him. I knew that he had been accessory to all the attempts at racial conciliation, and president for Germany of the parliamentary section

affiliated to the Inter-parliamentary Union founded by M. d'Estournelles de Constant. He had presided in 1908 at the Grand Inter-parliamentary Congress held in Berlin, which Prince von Bülow did not disdain to honour with his presence, and memories are still cherished of the magnificent fête given by him on this occasion. He hates war, and he hates the thought that he has taken part in a war, for he served in 1870, and he told me that our compatriot M. Denys Cochin, with whom he had lately dined and had the pleasure of recalling old memories, served in the same severe campaign with him at the same places in opposite camps.

" I could wish," his first words to me were, " that every one who thinks of war without horror as an accepted thing could be transported on to a field of battle in the midst of all the desolation that follows a combat, and see the blood that has been shed and hear the cries of the wounded. They don't realise what it is. I have seen it. Yes, I have seen it with a vengeance! It is savage! "

The Prince Carolath, too, does not believe that a conflict is in prospect. He hopes for, and deems possible, a lasting and honourable agreement with England, and a lasting, honourable, and perfectly frank understanding with France. He believes that there are no people more pacific in the mass than the German people, and he holds that the French are equally attached to the benefits of peace.

" Yes," he said gently, " France is peaceful and reasonable, and I cannot discover in her any more than in us bellicose designs. With you, your small landholders, villagers and peasant-farmers, desire justly to enjoy their prosperity and haven't any wish to compromise it; the artisans have no thought except for improving their position, and who can blame them? The hate of those

men who fought in the campaign and suffered from invasion is comprehensible, but those who have followed them have not the same grounds for hating, and I am certain that for the new generation 1870 is enveloped in a distance that is beginning to fade away."

The prince, historian that he is, piques himself on the illustrations he draws from what he calls "the lessons of history," and in which he finds support for his judgments.

It is from this point of view that he regards the present situation, and when I reminded him that the question of Alsace-Lorraine stands by itself and was not created by France, he replied:

"The Alsatians are not content, it is true. But were they when Louis XIV. annexed them? I think as an historian; and I could wish with all my heart to see France make an honest effort, however painful the matter may be to her, and I know how painful it is, to accept things and become resigned. Has she not had many a fine revenge? She has had one great statesman at least, Jules Ferry, who has endowed her with a colonial empire so vast and so magnificent that there is no nation who might not envy her it, and if fifty years ago some sybil had prophesied her coming into such a possession, she would have refused to believe it. Is that nothing? And in all the splendid conquests in which she has been aided by Germany cannot she find something to satisfy her justifiable pride? Who would dare to say or believe that France to-day is a decreasing nation?"

The prince made many other pertinent remarks. He is Liberal. He recognises only one aristocracy, and that is "to adapt yourself without ceasing to life, to have the courage to face social questions, to know no other privilege than that of being of use." And it grieves him to

see in the place of this ideal a huge party deaf to all popular appeals and retrogressive in every part. "Our aristocracy," he said, "is on the road to compromising and losing itself. What is it about? If only it would pay a little regard to history, if only it would remember the blindness of the French aristocracy in the years that preceded the Revolution."

But I asked the prince if the Liberal party had a programme, and if so, what it would be in connection with—exterior politics? He raised his arms to the sky, "Alas! power for us is the land of Canaan, the land promised to Moses, towards which all our hopes yearn but which is never attainable. What would the Liberals do? They would govern! But they will never get the chance of governing, monsieur. Ah! it's the *clique*, the Conservative *clique*, that stops us!"

And I understood that Prince Carolath, who speaks our language to marvellous perfection, and who is one of the most courteous of gentlemen, would have liked to say "the clan."

Some one else said to me, "All governments, no matter what they are, constantly feel the need of stirring up an alarm among the population, to justify their armaments and assure their position. That is the root of the permanent dangers which bring about war. There is nothing to be done, except to bear the danger in mind, and to keep watch on it incessantly."

Who was it spoke thus? A socialist? No, a member of the Centre, an ultramontane authority, a fluent disputant, the charming and courteous Count Oppersdorf, member of the Reichstag and of the Prussian House of Lords. He is son of a French mother and brother-in-law of Prince Radolin. He is elegant, slender, youthful looking, and

well groomed, without any affectation of dandyism, with a fair beard cut in the Austrian fashion, vivacious eyes, and a command of winged words. At Obergau in Silesia he owns a vast domain, where he gathers round him in the holidays his family of thirteen boys and girls, the eldest of whom looks like his younger brother.

The *enfant terrible* of his party, Count Oppersdorf threw a bomb in its midst by declaring it his opinion that the Catholic Centre ought to constitute itself the direct representative in the Reichstag of the Pontifical will, and receive its instructions, without intermediary, from the Roman Court, as no temporal interest should be allowed to prevail against the spiritual interests of which the Pope is the guardian. The best of the Catholics considered the absolute character of this dictum excessive and in opposition to the general tendency of the Centre, which was to divest itself by degrees of any sectarian character in order to become a purely political party. But the count, enthusiastic and regardless of the dismay he had created among his co-religionists, has never ceased to defend this view obstinately in his organ, *Wahrheit und Klarheit.*

"There is no doubt what my sentiments are," he said. "My French mother has always agreed excellently with my German father. Why should it not be the same with our two countries? A *rapprochement* between them is quite feasible. It only requires good-will on the part of both, combined with tact and discretion, and the good-will of Germany, I assure you, is secured. If we begin, both of us, by drawing up a double list of our reciprocal wrongs and faults, it would no doubt be for each of us a splendid lesson in humility. And if we follow this up by taking in hand the spirit of our youth on its initiation to culture and giving the *coup de grâce* to factious sentiment and prejudice,

the most difficult part of the task will have been accomplished."

I then put the following significant question to Count Oppersdorf:

"I should like to know how you are able to reconcile a militant faith with old sympathies for a nation now separated from the Church of Rome."

He was not in the least embarrassed. "I know how to distinguish," he told me, "between internal and external affairs. France acts according to her lights, and it is not for me to meddle with her conduct, and even should I, as a Christian, find her to blame, is that any reason to prevent my living at peace with her? What is more, we Catholics profess that all power comes from God, and we may therefore admit that the government of France has the sanction of God. In the same way as it is permissible for all Frenchmen to hope that they may one day recover Alsace-Lorraine, in the same way Catholics may look forward confidently to the triumph of their faith, and labour to make of France, in imitation of what has been done in Southern America, a religious republic. Do not let us confound religious questions with national questions, and let us pray that our two countries may cease to be at warfare. It is possible if a certain number of people on both sides will work for that end. Do not doubt that this is the avowed hope of the great majority of Germans."

VII

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE PRESS

Is there a German Public Opinion?—A Journalist, Herr Theodor Wolff—The Responsibility of the Newspapers—How the Journals get their Information—A Public Opinion in the making—When created the use to which it is put—1911—War always the Work of Minorities—Fifteen Years of Rebuffs—The French "Revival"—Agreement always possible—A Man of Letters, Herr Hermann Sudermann—Delusions and Chimeras—Germany on the French Stage—France on the German Stage—Militarists, yes, but not Bellicose—Alsace not conquered but recaptured—France's Hate and its Mistakes—Understanding desirable and possible—The most Perfect Victory of Civilisation—It is for France to give the Word.

In France we can boast that we have a public opinion. Our newspapers are generally supposed to give expression to it, but we know that the papers are not always to be trusted as the mirror of public opinion. Germany has her newspapers, but has she any public opinion? Is it to her journals that we must go to gauge what is being thought in the country at large? With regard to the relations of the two nations, what part will be played by the press should those relations continue to be embarrassed as they are at present, or become more friendly as many hope they will be in future?

It is only natural to apply for information on such a subject to a journalist, and no journalist is better qualified to speak than Herr Theodor Wolff, the young editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, of which, in five years, he has tripled the circulation, and made one of the leading papers in Germany. It enjoys a reputation, second to none, for

brilliant editorship, reliable news, and it has an enormous sale and influence. Herr Wolff, who is almost one of ourselves (till recently he lived in Paris, where he was correspondent to the paper of which he is now the head), is not far from incriminating the press in company with many of his own compatriots and ours. He does it warily, putting aside the journals that give impartial information, not drawing up a case against any, but confining himself to speak for those that instead of calming opinions always easily provoked, seem to have no other end in view than to excite them and stir up discord.

" We have our Nationalist press," he said, " but it is not to be compared with yours. Our Pan-Germans have at their command only the obscurest organs whose violent onslaughts find themselves immediately checked by twenty or more serious journals. But the hectoring of your Nationalists is received in silence by the whole of your press which never remonstrates. Take, for instance, the rôle it played with regard to the passing of the military law by the Reichstag. You complain sometimes of the tone adopted by our journals. I do not deny that it may be objectionable; but make the experiment of reading some of yours from the German point of view, and ask yourself honestly what we must think of them. And yet another experiment I would suggest to you. Profit by your visit to Germany to verify the accuracy and impartiality of the information that the greater part of your press receives from here. Why do such and such correspondents appear to be always on the lookout for news that sometimes discredits us, and as often offends you? Any trumpery incident, provided that it can be exaggerated into a brutal or immoral act, is treasured up by them and repeated as if Germany had the solitary monopoly of such things; and directly the most insignificant

provincial rag publishes a ridiculous insult to France, there is always some kindly-intentioned individual to telegraph off in hot haste to Paris, where your public, knowing nothing whatever of the relative importance of our newspapers, receive it as a reliable expression of our prevailing sentiments.

"Therein you have an example," continued Herr Wolff, "of the harmful tendencies that are so deplored by those who are the most sincere admirers of your country. That Germany and France are mutually ignorant of each other I know well enough, since I have lived seven years in Paris. But I assure you, and I say it without the least bias, that Germany makes a good deal more effort to know *you* than you yourselves do to understand us. Just open our chief newspapers. You will admit that our Paris correspondents at least try to get accurate information about the various aspects of Parisian life. It is our desire that they should entertain our readers with all that constitutes Parisian life; that they should be conversant with your theatres, your inventions, your exhibitions, your literature, your politics, even proportional representation, which is not very amusing for us. The majority of your correspondents in Berlin, on the contrary, do not in reality trouble about us at all, apart from yourselves. German life engages their attention only at the point where it merges on French life. They are for ever testing the pulse of opinion. One would think, according to them, that our national existence was composed entirely of scares about Franco-German relations. It is a question certainly that occupies a large share of attention, and which no one can disregard; still, we have other concerns, and an independent development of our own. They seem to pay no attention to this, and the result is that French news in connection with

German subjects appears to us unspeakably artificial and arbitrary."

It is not merely because he is a journalist himself that Herr Theodor Wolff attributes to the press such a significant influence on the destiny of the relations between France and Germany; it is because the press is at the same time guide and servant of public opinion, and he is one of those who discerns in Germany the formation of a public opinion, hesitating and tentative to-day, but which to-morrow will be master of the situation.

They are still rarely to be met with. For instance, Dr. Rathenau will tell you, "Opinion with us is the chorus of antiquity; it accompanies the actors, but does not participate in the play." What is called opinion is for Herr Alfred Kerr a mute orchestra that responds alone to the bâton of the government, and when I questioned Herr Maximilian Harden, whose periodical, the *Zukunft*, is one of the powers of the day, and whose clever and rapier-like pen sufficed a short time ago to hold a whole empire breathless, he simply shrugged his shoulders with indifference. Thus think, too, deputies, princes, authors, manufacturers; and ministers go even further.

Herr Theodor Wolff, however, is quite the other way of thinking. Because I once wrote that public opinion in Germany speaks in such a low voice that few can distinguish it, I came in for his severe admonitions. He pointed out that the last Liberal-Socialist election was the work of the press, that in the Reichstag the mass of the opposition found its support in a general consent, that is to say, it relied on public opinion to support it in inflicting a check in more than one point on the Conservative government of Herr Bethmann Hollweg, and had even gone so far as to compel the withdrawal of a bill

brought in by him; finally, the government was obliged to be continually reckoning with the manifestations of German thought. "You may be sure," he said, "that there are things to-day which no Chancellor nor the Emperor himself would dare inflict on Germany." He added that in France people persisted in harbouring the most erroneous notions about the condition of the German press. They called it the servile, the reptile press. It might have been a true description yesterday, to-day it was a fiction. The press is absolutely free, no restraint bridles it in the discussion of current events, and it may hold what doctrine it likes; and Herr Wolff ought to know, he who has made of the *Tageblatt*, an opposition organ, Radical and boldly polemical, in the columns of which ministers are not spared. Is it possible to contend that public opinion does not exist in a country where such an independent journal flourishes, representing in its daily morning and evening editions the thought of its several million readers?

Let us grant that Herr Theodor Wolff is not wrong. Germany, without a doubt, is naturally sane, well disciplined and disposed without effort in favour of hierarchies. "As for us," Herr August Stein said to me, "we have no politics. Every one confines himself strictly to his own private concerns. The policy of the government is everybody's policy."

Nevertheless, slowly but surely a reaction is taking place in Germany, for it is not with impunity that a voting paper is conferred on a man possessing the rights of citizenship. He is awakening, at his leisure, to the sense of public life, but already his eyes are wide open and he turns an attentive ear to discourses which are enlightening. At meetings, Socialist orators flout his nonchalance, and denounce the egoism of a bourgeoisie content to live in

servitude. The freest-spoken journals openly animadvert on many of the venerable institutions which he has been brought up to respect. In the Reichstag debates he hears the Kaiser's name dragged in with more licence than would be allowed in the French Chamber in speaking of the President of the Republic, and certain patriots rallying under the Pan-German banner never cease to din into him that the foreigner scoffs at him, and that he is being betrayed by his government.

How is it to be expected that a people incited by such battle-cries and highly coloured representations will not in their turn plunge into the vortex in which we see old Europe now revolving? Is it likely that they will be able to resist the rash excitement for long, when a diplomacy without moderation and devoid of tact commits such a series of *coups de théâtre* as Tangiers, Algéciras, Agadir, and when an imperial policy eggs on the rulers in quest of money to enter themselves into the ranks of the patriotic jingoists?

A well-informed publicist said to me, "Last year (1911) we had not such a thing as public opinion, but to-day we have. It was prepared and formed by the man over there."

He pointed out to me the Minister of Marine who happened at that moment to pass us.

"Yes, Admiral von Tirpitz. He is a friend of mine, and a charming companion. The one real statesman of the government. He wanted ships, and in consequence, money. So he made public opinion, and got both without stint. . . ."

All that was necessary to create this public opinion was to appreciate and make understood the risk of war, and Admiral von Tirpitz accomplished it. The government

thus found itself in possession of a tool it was able to use; but already this tool has embarrassed it, let it remember, by threatening to lead it on further than it wishes to go. Some ancient philosopher has said: "The real fools are the wise men who govern. They do not take thought for the morrow. They are the first to endow for their own ends a force that is ignorant of its power, with a consciousness of itself, without thinking that one day it may turn against them, for it is not always prudent for the lion-tamer to educate his cubs."

In 1911 German diplomacy never ceased to be busy in creating an atmosphere of public opinion. When France proposed to advance into the interior of Morocco against a turbulent tribe, and to occupy Rabat, or to go to Fez, or during the negotiations that followed Agadir, the Wilhelmstrasse was perpetually invoking popular opinion against the Quai d'Orsay. On March 13, Herr von Kiderlen feared that "German opinion would not approve of the initiative taken by France." At each interview he expressed anxiety as to the "impression" such and such an action would produce in Germany. On April 6 he said to M. Cambon: "The occupation of Rabat provokes comment." Some days later he confessed that public opinion was "very nervous." Herr von Bethmann was not less attentive to popular criticism. On June 11 he spoke of the "satisfaction" to be given to public opinion. There were certain moments when he was in visible terror of this Frankenstein, for on April 19 the Chancellor, in addressing our ambassador, cried: "I cannot any longer keep pace with public opinion." And a little later: "German opinion," he said, "claims to have a voice in the dividing of the world." On July 10 it was Herr von Kiderlen who said: "We shall want to make it clear to Germany in presenting this to her,

that we have served her interests." Another day it is M. Cambon who in his turn, when writing to M. Selves, invokes the state of German public opinion. He wrote on August 20, in a despatch, the following phrase which I have already partially quoted: "A German politician of great acumen says that the danger exists not so much in the thing itself as in the opinion that the two countries hold with regard to it, and that public spirit in Germany seems to be more exasperated than in France."

Indeed the Yellow Book provides edifying reading just here, but I will resume my story.

Opinion, always opinion! Convenient, diplomatic argument no doubt, but not only that. This German opinion does most assuredly not represent the mind of the nation duly deliberated and expressed with freedom. Besides, in the case of any country, can what one calls public opinion be held as the spontaneous manifestation of its citizens' independence, sagacity, and conscience?

In 1911 German opinion was manufactured by a few dozen colonials connected with four or five Pan-German papers without readers, but rampant, by two or three big journals loosely edited, and finally by a few persons furiously engaged in the obscure manœuvres against ministers and against the Emperor. These are not the constituents of a popular movement, but they are sufficient to influence a lethargic crowd and to force a government to reflect, and that tends to a disturbance. These colonials formed an ambuscade in the administration; having money they had powerful friends, and made a hubbub about fifty kilometres of sandbank, as Herr von Kiderlen confided to me. As long as it was thought these Pan-Germans could be of use they were pandered to, excited, and inflamed, and then, when they rounded on

those they had been backing, it was because they had no intention of being made dupes. How can these masked conspirators, whose names and faces are perfectly well known, be put down when even the Emperor himself, against whom they have been intriguing, dare not offend them?

The big journals of repute remain, and these must be reckoned with, for they penetrate all quarters and reach all classes, and it is they who are really forming day by day a German public opinion, which, yesterday in embryo, is to-day struggling into existence, and will soon, we can have no doubt, direct the trend of affairs.

Yet, is the weight of public opinion to be measured by the number of mouths that formulate it, and when it comes to consulting it, is the problem in the mere addition? In all times and in all countries and under every régime in respect to the question of peace or war, of revolution or reaction, it has been the strong and energetic wills which have imposed their decision on weak governments and on the vacillating and ignorant masses. For a moment in 1911 between France and Germany the solution threatened to be one of violence; but does any one believe that if a plebiscite had been taken of the two nations this violence would have been the issue? Will it be said that it was interests rather than peoples which would have let war loose? What a mistake, since in 1912, as in 1911, the interests of France and Germany, as well as those of Austria and Russia, were maintained better by peaceful methods than they ever could have been by war!

Herr von Bethmann Hollweg knew this when he recently declared in the Reichstag that wars in these days are not wished for by governments, but kindled by fanatical and inflammatory minorities. It will be remembered

that Herr von Kiderlen in his turn said to me at Kissingen: "Wars we know full well are always the work of minorities." And I read last June an interview by the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger* of some high German functionary who said that, in his opinion, the coming war would be provoked by the press. "Do not let us jeer at minorities, neither let us despise a newspaper article. But let us organise permanently an effective resistance to the enterprises of a barbarous minority, and so have, I should say *deserve* to have, a respectable patriotic press capable of opposing to undue excitements the main interests of human society, of reason, and of civilisation."

Herr Theodor Wolff was not wrong, then, in saying that already the German government is beginning to reckon with a public opinion of whose control it is constantly sensible.

"That is all very well," said I, and then I asked him what this German public opinion was thinking at the present moment.

"It wants peace. It has never wanted anything else. It fails to understand the rumours of war which in 1911 came from your side. On this point it is in agreement with the government. You know that I opposed tooth and nail Agadir and the whole of our Morocco policy. Yet I assure you that the men who prosecuted that policy were sincere. They were clumsy, they were incredibly ill-acquainted with the French character, so much I admit, but they acted on an honest desire to end once for all the Morocco business. I am telling you the truth. For sixteen years the Emperor, the government, and popular sentiment combined have been trying to approach you in a friendly spirit, but have met with nothing but rebuffs. Another method has not answered better. What would France think in Germany's place?

"Our people would be only too happy to come to a good understanding, but they see themselves repulsed, and do not like it. They ask that you should not make such a parade of what you call a 'patriotic revival.' They would like to know what lies behind it, and what is the meaning of all these new martial celebrations and examinations of the young of which your papers are full to excess? Germany, who has never taken umbrage at the Franco-Russian alliance, wants to find a key to the mysterious English friendship which by the French press and English statesmen has been invested with an aggressive character which the former had not. These are the causes of public disquietude, but the expression of a little good-will in the press and the speech of a minister would be sufficient to pacify it. We are two peoples suspicious of each other, and credit each other mutually with thoughts and passions which neither of us own. The best thing that can be done is to show us where we are in error."

This was how a journalist viewed the matter. Next I wanted to know what a man of letters would say, a novelist and dramatic author who is in constant and intimate intercourse with the public and in a position to judge, to a certain extent, its attitude towards certain general ideas. So I called on Herr Hermann Sudermann.

Herr Sudermann's countenance reflects a little of the brilliance of his happily fertile intellect. He is tall, graceful, and muscular, and the picture of health and *joie de vivre*. I found him at home enjoying the shade of the trees in the sweet country air of his estate at Blankensee, whither he flees from Berlin every summer to take huge walks and work in peace, for he is ardently devoted to work.

Novelist and dramatist, he is the author of many famous

and charming books, such as *Frau Sorge*, and his plays are renowned for their ingenious construction and the thoroughness of their workmanship, and for the art with which the author knows how to move and hold his public, also for the first-rate quality of the ideas and sentiments he puts into his work. Madame Sarah Bernhardt made him known in France when she gave at the Renaissance his *Magda*, which took Paris by storm; since then the Théâtre Antoine and the Odéon have introduced to French audiences *Die Ehre* and *Stein Unter Steinen*. But the productions of this dramatist, the most celebrated representative of dramatic art in modern Germany, are sufficiently numerous for us to cherish the hope that France will borrow more than these. Other works we want quickly are: *Johannes*, *Sodom's Ende*, *Johannes-feuer Morituri*, etc.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at my first words. "All you French are the same. When I go to Paris and see to what a degree the sentiments of Germany are misunderstood there, I scarcely know what to say. I should like to shout in their ears, 'You are mistaken. You believe lies. You lie to yourselves.' And I think of all the articles and conferences and propaganda that unhappily I have not time to set on foot, but which, nevertheless, would be so useful in persuading France that she is fed up with chimeras. Yes, yes. Everything that you suppose, everything that you believe, is pure delusion. In the whole of Germany there is nothing but sympathy for France and for all that comes from France, and I have never met a single person who would not regard the mere prospect of a renewed conflict as a profound calamity. I give you my word for it. It is the strictest and most absolute truth. Beyond that, everything is fancy and a figment of the imagination."

Herr Sudermann's rich-toned voice rose in the silence as he turned towards the open window, and he seemed to be invoking the great motionless trees outside in the sunshine. He continued with a wealth of gesture, "Germany ill disposed indeed! I ask you to compare our conduct with yours. What rôle does the German play in your caricatures, your books, your theatres, your *cafés chantant?* He is repellent, a clown, a surly brute with no manners, he eats like a glutton, and behaves badly; shady affairs, equivocal transactions, dirty tricks are the stage stock-in-trade of the German Jew; in fact, the infamous villain whom every one scouts, disdains, and abhors is always a German! Now look on the other side of the picture, go from one end of Germany to the other, look into our theatres, our cafés, concert halls, open our comic papers, whether in Berlin, Frankfort, Breslau, or Munich, and you will find the Frenchman always depicted in an amiable and sympathetic light. Not long ago one of our best novelists, Walther Blöm, published a book, *L'Année de fer*, of which the action takes place during the 'great war' (that of 1870), and among his leading characters is a French officer endowed with every noble quality. I should have a not very pleasant task if I tried to put before you all that French literature has written about us since de Maupassant. Indeed, I would rather leave it alone. Well, you may believe me that our literature and our theatre register, whether they know it or not, the feeling and ideas of the great mass of the people. All my generation has been brought up to regard France with sentiments of respect and sympathy, and what I am now saying to you is what the whole of enlightened Germany thinks."

I then observed to Herr Sudermann that Germany whatever else it may be, is before everything a military state, that education is permeated there by the military

spirit, that the customs of the students are military, and that it is difficult to understand an internal militarism which has no exterior object. Finally, the question of Alsace-Lorraine remains ever alive between the two countries, and I asked him if it did not provide a permanent source of nourishment for the militarism in question.

"What a number of mistakes!" he answered, smiling. "Germany of course is a military state in the sense that she is strongly attached to her army, and considers that it guarantees her independence. It does not appear to me, notwithstanding this, that our young people have a particularly military bent; the discipline and customs that you notice in our universities are a legacy handed down to us from ancient times, testimony of an old tradition far anterior to the institution of a standing army; and in no wise do these external customs imply temperaments necessarily adapted to them. And how can the teaching of history in any way, as you suppose, infect the minds of our children with the military fever? Which of our wars could inspire a child with a lust for conquest? Whatever you may say or think about the conquering spirit of Germanism, Prussia and Germany since the Middle Ages have never fought for any other reason than to defend and maintain themselves, and the last war, the great war, is the most striking evidence of this. Let me tell you that according to us Alsace was not conquered but merely re-taken; it was the national belief that Germany had once been filched of a country that was her property and of which her language was the native tongue, and I recall a song which was taught me when I was six years old, several years before 1870: '*O Strasburg, O Strasburg, du wunderschöne Stadt.*'

"It is lamentable," Herr Sudermann went on, "that this

question never ceases to put a false complexion on everything that concerns us. For forty years your hatred has led you to believe you are being threatened, and has blinded you to the truth; and on our side it has accustomed us to your state of mind which we regard with calmness and resolution. But it engenders the most detestable and dangerous misunderstandings. I shall always remember what I experienced almost exactly this time last year. I had just quitted Paris, given over to the profoundest pessimism, predicting the breaking out on the morrow of the war longed for by Germany; I arrived in Berlin, saw my friends, and learned from them that every one was calm and collected, and in no quarter could I discover the faintest suggestion of a provocation."

"But if by any misfortune war should break out, would it be popular?" I asked.

"How is such a question to be answered? The German people place their confidence in the Emperor and in the government. They know them to be pacific and feel sure that they will never decide to break the peace save under the compulsion of circumstances. But if war should come the people will neither reason nor criticise. They will march straight forward. They will throw themselves into the combat without demanding a rendering of accounts. There are with us none of those tumultuous spasms which raise the masses, none of those cyclones which breathe revolt. Here we are not governed by the gutter. But I think one may safely say that in 1911 the men at the helm were in complete accord with the nation. Rightly or wrongly, the sentiment they held about this Morocco business was that France had made game of them, and their sanction was given to a diplomacy which defended German interests.

"Thank God! all that uproar has happily subsided, and, after examining the facts, we necessarily arrive at the conclusion that an understanding between your country and ours is not only desirable but possible. The secret of how this understanding is to be worked is in your hands. We can only convey to you our sympathies, our esteem, and our desire for friendship. We have no ulterior motive. We are plodding and peaceable. Can you not then convince yourselves that our sentiments are sincere? What more can we do? Peoples are like children, if one of them scolds the other is afraid to make overtures. You are perpetually scolding. I would have you reflect, moreover, whether modern culture can afford to do without the joint work which our two nations can contribute? It is in this vital necessity that I place my chief confidence. The day must come when the savants, poets, artists, princes of industry and labour belonging to both races will join hands regardless of frontiers, and that day will see the most perfect victory of civilisation. But who are qualified to speak in their name if not the journals? It depends on them to efface bad feeling, and with all my heart I wish them success in their efforts."

VIII

A PHILOSOPHER

Dr. Walther Rathenau, Manufacturer, Financier, and Philosopher—A Delightful Conference—"You do not understand us"—France in the Sulks—When will the German "Craze" come?—Failure of the Emperor—Everything undone—A Little Psychology—"Our Dignity"—The Soul of the Latin—French Taunts—The Germanic Chiaroscuro—Disparaging Comparisons—Alsace-Lorraine—Big Game and Side Issues—The Limits of the French—The Horror of Novelty—The Daring of M. Antoine—The Pan-German Brawlers—Let us hurry Nothing—Forbidden Subjects—The Professionals of Hate.

A TALL, spare man of about forty-five, well groomed and elegantly dressed, with lofty forehead, short beard, and shaved moustache, piercing eyes, and a reflective and decided air, is Dr. Walther Rathenau. He paced up and down his study with his hands in the pockets of an immaculately cut waistcoat as he talked to me. He is not only a man of culture, but a manufacturer and financier as well, and full of a lively curiosity on every subject that can be of any possible interest to a human brain. He was once co-director of one of the largest financial concerns in Germany, the Berlin *Handelsgesellschaft*, and director with his father of the General Society of Electricity, the vast lighting enterprises of which are well known. He belongs altogether to seventy administrative committees, and, I believe, has an interest in two or three hundred societies. This would involve sufficiently arduous labours alone to satisfy most men, but this one has found time besides to

publish pamphlets on sociology, philosophy, and art, in which he gives vent to the originality of his thought.

He knew why I had come to see him, and he knew how he was going to answer me. He is a smart conversationalist, and has a masterly knowledge of our language. It was really a conference that he granted me, and I cannot do better than give a *résumé* of it here. His remarks seemed to me eloquent, sincere, and in many points profoundly suggestive. They were spoken after reflection and in a tone of gravity befitting great subjects, and were distinguished by a dignity and sense of justice worthy of respect. " It is in this spirit," I thought to myself, " that all wise and cultivated men should approach such a serious matter as that under discussion."

Herr Rathenau began with this remark, " Germany in relation to France is in the position of a mistress who lavishes her smiles yet never succeeds in pleasing." I interjected an " Oh! " of surprise, and he replied:

" But it's true! You do not understand us. It may be, it certainly is, our fault. You see I am not blind to our defects. Evidently we are wanting in tact. We do not know how to say the right thing at the right moment. We are consumers of beer, and our declarations smell of tobacco." I laughed, but he continued phlegmatically, " I am not speaking ironically. I have no intention of ridiculing the idea you have formed of us in France. What I say is accurate or, if you prefer it, very nearly accurate. And it could not well be otherwise, since you have never understood us. But while you are scoffing at us, we listen to you. We read your journals and your books, we have been to your theatres, and even into your parliament; and we have not always been altogether enchanted with our experiences. You explain yourselves by allusions,

in half-truths, and with that terrible courtesy which freezes and disarms. The effect made on us is that we feel like those children before whom parents suddenly begin to talk in English for fear they should understand what is being said at the family dinner-table. We understand, nevertheless, for we are capable of comprehending a few things, among them the French *esprit*, that *esprit* which we so admire and envy. We ended by boring ourselves, and that is when we stopped smiling. Then there came the exhibition of 1900. We invaded you in thousands with as much *élan* as if we were the best of friends. For the sake of the festivities you consented to shake hands with us. But when they were all over, again we found ourselves face to face with the same sulky France, armed with that pitiless, stand-offish air of correction which says 'so far and no further' and stops all expression of sentiment.

"Then we nursed another new delusion. We knew there was a France, frivolous, witty, and fickle; might we not look for the day when she would weary of 'antiquities,' and casting off stale Franco-Russian jokes, *boje tsara Krani*, and that sort of thing, would turn her attention to our arts and our literature, and to all that composes our German culture, in the same way, at least, as one is attracted to objects of curiosity in the Zoo and to interesting savages? But again we deceived ourselves. After the Russian craze which had its day, it was not a German craze but an English that you took up next, and we witnessed its triumph. We should not have minded that if it had been a means of approaching you. The latest attempt has been to place most of our hope in the personal action of the Emperor. He likes France, he is always talking about her, he is fond of peace, he knows that lasting peace between France and Germany will be the greatest achieve-

ment of modern times, which will benefit universal culture and civilisation.

"But the Emperor, too, has failed. Ah! you will say that is the fault of Holsteins and their like. And it may be. Then came a terrible time! Morocco, Tangiers, Algéciras, Agadir in succession. Yes, it was Agadir that blasted and nipped all our fair projects in the bud. And it might well cause love of France to become dormant in our midst. That is just the word, and anything stronger is not wanted to describe the situation. Do not think there is any hostility. Do not imagine that any one, note that I say *any one*, had any serious thoughts of war last year. I for my part never believed in such a calamity, because I could see nobody who showed any signs of beginning it. But it is evident, nevertheless, that all the good has been undone and will have to be patched up again. This will take a long time, and it will require delicate handling. Such is the work we have before us.

"That is, in outline, the history of Franco-German relations during the last thirty years. But it is possible to look at the matter from a different point of view, and if we study its psychology it will not be less interesting.

"Many of the elements in your social and moral life escape us. For instance, we are not, as you are, in the habit of reckoning with public opinion. With us it does not count for anything. Opinion has never had any effect on a policy. It resembles rather the chorus of antiquity which looks on and comments on an action unfolding around it. I should compare it to a crowd that accompanies, but is not admitted to the game. It is, therefore, very difficult for us to grasp the mechanism of a public opinion that intervenes in everything, and reigns in politics, in

administration, in the army, and is even allowed access to the courts of justice. To us it is absolutely inconceivable.

"Take another example. Every nation has its lofty standard of morals, from which it derives its principal motives for acting. It exalts certain psychic qualities and makes less of others. In France *l'amour propre* and pride are the great mainstays of souls collectively and individually, the lever of powerful ambitions. The Germans and Anglo-Saxons do not trouble their heads much about either. What is a virtue with you is counted a weakness with us. Please note that I do not say you are wrong. I maintain only that we place those qualities very low down in the scale of valuations. Corneille puts into the mouths of his heroes incessantly such expressions as 'my honour, my glory, my virtue.'

"You will find no parallel to this in our literature, and it is the thing which in yours jars on us the most. For when a people make *amour propre* the basis of their morality and go to public opinion for their motives, they are extremely difficult to be understood by others with whom they have no points of resemblance. France's error is that she does not take enough into consideration the divergences between us and is constantly being offended by the discords. She ought rather to observe how difficult they make even the least important discussion. In 1911 I was sure that we should have difficulty in agreeing. I said to my friends, 'You will see that at the end of every conference, when we have done our best to formulate proposals which we judge to be reasonable, we shall be met with the answer, "Our dignity would suffer, etc.,"[1]

[1] Very true, and no one will contradict Herr Rathenau. But are not dignity and pride legitimate motives in both public and private

and what can be said to that?' There you have the reason why we are always worsted by you in negotiations."

"An old story," I put in, "when Latins confer with Germans."

"No doubt, and I do not pretend to fathom the Latin soul. I merely seek to discover the reasons of a reciprocal misapprehension which I regret. And will you allow me to add something else? We are perfectly aware what idea France has formed of us. We know the place she reserves for us in her esteem. We are stout, we love beer and sausage, ugly women, and coarse jokes. We possess, as a matter of course, neither charm nor imagination; none of the attractions, therefore, that contribute to make French *esprit* the delightful thing it is. That may be so, but we know it too well, and we think you throw it in our faces with an insistence that is rather objectionable."

"Pleasantries and caricatures," I murmured.

"Yes, I dare say. I am inclined to think, however, that these pleasantries, when they trespass on the truth, go too deep and too far to be mere caricatures. Still I hope they are not grim earnest. I hope so, for I look forward with my whole heart to the time when we shall be able to laugh

life? One example, at any rate, may be given in support of Herr Rathenau's statement. On July 24, 1911, Herr von Kiderlen and M. Jules Cambon, in discussing the Morocco affair, touched on the Congo. Herr von Kiderlen asked for a great deal; M. Cambon offered little. The German minister insisted. He was astonished at the answer of the French. He believed, he said, that he had given more and asked for less than England. He added: "Our complete abandonment of Morocco, the ceding of Togo, and of the whole of the Haut Cameroun, surely merits consideration." To which the French ambassador replied, without discussing the offer: "Other points of view merit consideration with us. It is quite impossible for us to give up the French Congo." It was thus a sentimental reason which intervened in the debate, and we remember what a rôle this sentimental reason played in France, when the treaty of November 4 met with such violent opposition.

together amicably at such jokes. I believe most firmly that France will have her German craze. We deserve that she should. Indeed, the intellectual activity and artistic originality of modern Germany are worthy of the sympathetic appreciation of a people such as you are. It is very difficult to translate German into French. Your genius is luminous and simple. Ours lingers voluntarily in a clear obscurity and obscure clarity of things that do not proceed from reason but from soul, and are not under the dominion of logic, but of a sort of unconscious sentimentality. We do not speak from the depths of our intellect, but from the depths of our soul, and the human soul is often an uncertain quantity, fragile and incoherent. What I should like to see would be the French applying themselves to the task of understanding the Germans. To speak a language is the first step to entering into the ideas which it models. The process is slow, but if results are to be obtained the slower the better. Alas! I have no faith in rapid methods!"

Herr Walther Rathenau paused for a moment.

"I have no faith in them, because there is a question that is at the bottom of everything, and of which we cannot avoid speaking. Alsace-Lorraine. But no, why should we speak of it? What could you and I say about it? It is the secret of the future. Neither of us can plume himself on being able to divine what configuration, later, states and empires will take on, nor what the life and death struggle of nationalities will make of Europe. Stupendous hypothesis which overawes the brain! What do our petty differences about frontiers count in comparison? The day will come when we shall perceive that they were not the big game itself, but little side issues. And I tell you that it is in this my hope rests. A somewhat forlorn

hope, don't you think so? But it is the hope of wisdom. Do not let us insist on precipitating the course of events. Let us look at all things, not from the short-sighted shifting point of view of politics, but from the point of view of philosophy."

Herr Rathenau paced up and down two or three times in silence, then resumed: "I have talked a great deal to you about ourselves. Shall we now say something about you? I know perfectly well what are the limits of the German character, but I can also distinguish those of the French. What a singular defect it is of yours when abroad to disparage everything! You complain of the Swiss mountains, of the beds in this country and the food in that. There is nothing you come across that you don't forthwith compare with Paris. A deplorable and humiliating process for the object compared, as it is always urged in opposition that 'incomparable' is a technical term with regard to Paris. Do you travel abroad simply for the pleasure of drawing comparisons? It seems to be such a necessity with you, that I always hesitate to advise the French to come and visit Germany, it would be incurring too great a risk. We ourselves err in a contrary direction. We adore the Carnival. We pass our life in travesting the French to-day, the Russians to-morrow, Italians and Spanish in between, and more recently the English. Wherever they go the French find Othello's handkerchief, and this, in itself, is only the index to more general characteristics.

"They are very devoted to their customs and are loyal to their traditions. It is a kind of fidelity that we can admire in them, but for which we ourselves have no affinity. Tradition is, without doubt, a very noble factor, but also it is a deadening one, and stagnates intelligent inquiry

and effort. We don't exactly understand your exclusive attachment to the grand style in history, and why your penchant for Louis XIV. and Louis XV. should give you a contempt for the times you live in. We think the world of your great impressionist painters, but they are not recognised in France. Their works fetch prices here that would startle you.

"Even if, as an experiment, you consent to accept a donation from abroad, you transform it at once according to your own way of doing things. You have had an actor, M. Antoine by name; he was, you say, admirable. The first time I saw him act I was dumfounded. He was inspired by methods which were ours and thus familiar to me, but they had already become unnatural, Frenchified, and devoid of traces of their German and English sources; still, that did not prevent the Parisians finding M. Antoine very naturalistic.

"Yes, you have such an inordinate degree of love and admiration for your own past and your own genius, you are so infatuated with everything that proceeds from you, for your *cuisine*, your fashions, your literature, your art, that you find it difficult to regard foreigners in any light but that of ethnological freaks, that provide you with the same kind of amusement as beasts in the Zoo.

"There you have some of the characteristics which separate, or perhaps I should prefer to say distinguish, us. Can these psychological differences, joined to others we know of, reach to the length of a conflict? Let us be prepared for accidents and say that man cannot always command events; but be sure of this, and I solemnly declare it to be true with all the emphasis of which I am capable, that nobody in Germany wants war, that a war can never be rendered inevitable by the trend of German public opinion,

that only those in direction of affairs can bring about war, that it can never come from the mass of the nation. This you may be absolutely convinced of, and in your turn you may convince your compatriots."

"I wish to be convinced," I said. "But remember, nevertheless, how in 1911 the Pan-Germans, at ordinary times in the minority, appeared to take the lead in the direction of affairs."

"Pan-Germans! Don't speak to me of Pan-Germans. They are mere brawlers. Let them shout; the people want peace. But that is not saying, pacific as they are, that they would refuse to respond to an appeal to arms. No, it would only need a repetition of the Ems telegram to set them marching to the front. What I contend is, that it would be possible to inflame them by working on their emotions, but that they would never explode of themselves.

"I don't say that all this is very reassuring, and though I am optimistic I do not shut my eyes to the danger. The final solutions will, I believe, be those which I anticipate. But we shall have to wait for them, and we shall gain nothing by trying to precipitate matters. If they are tardy in solution, will it be altogether our fault? You see how extremely frank I have been in explaining myself to you. I beg you, on your side, to make your examination of conscience, and I shall not ask you to confide to me the result. Do not reply to what I am now going to say, but let me say it. I want you to reflect on this. There are subjects, as you know, which it is forbidden to a French journal or a French orator to mention; there are things which you yourself would not dare to write in any paper published in your country, and that is a very grave sign among a people of culture, the flower of civilisation, who

enjoy limitless liberty and who may talk and write with impunity on anarchy, revolution, and even pornography.

"And another thing, if you will permit me to add it, you have a class of persons who exist for the purpose of spreading false intelligence about our two countries. They are the professionals of hate. Do not compare them with our Pan-Germans, poor creatures, who cry in the wilderness, to whom no one listens; their brains are primitive, they have no ideas beyond one, and their conception of German patriotism is narrow and foolish. One day they are all for the Boers, the next inveighing against the Russians or the Italians. But your Nationalists have a speciality, and that is hatred of Germany. And will the delusion of a *raison d'être* for this hate ever be cleared away?

"In spite of everything, I am hopeful. I believe that right and common sense will prevail in the long run. The turmoil over, we shall gladly greet the calm which has already set in. We shall know that an understanding comes after constraint, and that friendship which I devoutly wish for, which would mean a mutual comprehension and insight on the part of the French and German minds. Then, indeed, we should fire a salute in honour of the greatest victory of reason and of enlightenment."

Thus, in his incisive and somewhat sonorous voice, Herr Rathenau ended his discourse.

IX

PAN-GERMANISM

The Pan-German—His Country—His Programme—His Action—His Doctrine—When he becomes the Accomplice of the Nation's Powers—The Kaiser's Little Bills—Explosions—The Propaganda — Leagues and Journals — General Keim — The Pan-Germanist Congress at Erfurt—Reasonable People—A Letter from the General—The General explains Himself—"Give us your Colonies and we will give you Peace"—Let us reinforce the Army—The Count von Reventlow, every inch a Gentleman—Morocco—Two Languages—Always Alsace-Lorraine and the Treaty of Frankfort—Germany asks for Nothing—Peace or War, which you like.

PAN-GERMANS are an execrable race. Such people think and dream of nothing but chicanery. Their great joy consists in fault-finding, shrieking, and threats. They brandish arms which are like barbed clubs; from their mouths, instead of ordinary human speech, issue the rumbling of artillery and the clash of steel; their life is one perpetual explosion. They are not exactly Hectors, for a Hector at least wears a plumed helmet, is capable of generosity, and serves an ideal, and if he is big and gaunt and has long arms and huge hands, it is that he may be able to stretch up to his familiar friends, the stars.

The Pan-German's complexion is yellow, his lips dry, and he sees everything through a sea-green bilious medium. He does not live on the heights; he avoids the light, and from his hiding-place he picks to pieces treaties, exercises his malign influence on newspaper articles, pores over maps, measures angles, and traces with gloating eagerness the lines of frontiers.

No doubt this can be called patriotism, but what a base, acrid sort of patriotism! To love their own country is for the Pan-Germans to despise, flout, and insult every other country. These unfortunate creatures are capable of little else but hating and lying, for they really do lie. They lie to themselves, maybe, first of all, and certainly they lie to their country. They are possessed of the same "international spirit" which was referred to recently at the Lake Mohonk Conference by the president, N. Murray Butler, but they do not understand it in the noble sense in which it was taken by that enlightened orator. Their "international spirit" means meddling in every one else's affairs, poking their noses into matters that don't concern them, criticising everything, bossing everything, lowering and distorting everything. What a pity that twenty-three centuries after Socrates and Plato, two thousand years after Christ, the voice of men like these should still be heard in the world, worse still that they should be listened to, and worst of all that any one should believe them!

In the same proportion as the terrestrial dominion of man appears to diminish and as its size seems to be almost absorbed by the vast growth of his intelligence, these miserable wretches find no other occupation than to re-forge the bonds that progress has loosened, and to exhibit in a more enlightened world reactionary souls, cramped and stunted, without ideals or inspiration.

Country, for them, is an isolated organism, and they admit that it is possible for them to live and breathe in an atmosphere of haughty contempt for their neighbours. Or rather, they conceive their country as a permanent element of dissolution like a devouring and insatiable monster, a beast of prey, whose one function is to plunder. All that it does not possess it has been robbed

of. The universe belongs to it by right. Whoever attempts to escape from its tyranny is a rebel, as the Arabs were called rebels when the Italians invaded Tripoli and they had the audacity to defend their city and their belongings. This jingo country, this bloodthirsty fetish of which they are the champions and servants, they endow, with the capriciousness of potentates, when it suits their purpose, with every marvellous and charming attribute. It is virtue, magnificence, and intelligence personified. Its forests are the most enchanting, its fields the most fertile, its mountains the most majestic. It produces the most succulent fruits. Nowhere is the firmament more radiant in the sunlight, or more mysterious with its hundred thousand twinkling eyes; and as for its nights, they are divine. The last word in the science of human perfection has been said in the beauty of its manufactures; its merchants are the first in the world, and if you venture to differ, you are deemed outrageous. Whoever does not at once agree to all these extravagances is a barbarian, any one who gets inspiration from this country is a forger, any one who dares to enter its territory with cases of patterns and order-forms is a highwayman.

If you should have the temerity to whisper that after all everything may not be quite perfect, and that in this matter or the other it might with profit make improvements, you are put down as a Judas and ears are pricked up to hear the chink of the thirty pieces of silver in your pocket. Not to admire the sovereignty of this country's beauty, power, disinterestedness, and nobility, is to be convicted of treason. It is not enough to love your country in an ordinary way, that seems to these hearts of bronze a weakness and ineptitude. You must love it in full armour, with dervish-like celebrations and howls, eyes

shut and the body trembling with ecstasy; a deaf ear must be turned to the comments of the rest of the world on its failings. Everything that is not *it* must be hated. Hate is sacred. Love and hate are in connection with your country two terms proceeding from one condition of mind.

I read something once in an American discourse which affords food for sagacious meditation. "Patriotism," the orator said, "is a pure and noble virtue, but we should never forget the profound remark of Dr. Johnson faithfully reported by Boswell, thus: 'Our conversation turned on the subject of patriotism and Johnson suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of decision, "Patriotism is the last resource of scoundrels."' This utterance will naturally amaze certain people, Boswell added; but we have to consider that Johnson was not thinking of the true generous-hearted love of country, but of that spurious patriotism under the mask of which so many men, no matter to what people or time they belonged, have dissimulated their selfish interests."

Apostles of force, for them the army is not an instrument of defence but it is a guarantee of empire. Industrial progress is not a happy sign of national prosperity, but a means of domination. Geography is not the science of the earth, but a mere revelation of the boundaries between which are elaborated strategical schemes of conquest.

Every neighbour is of necessity a jealous one, and the enemy who is vigilant is jealous too. The world is populated by hyenas crouching on the plots of earth from which they ought to be dislodged. Much as we may abhor, at first sight, these formidable men who threaten with their clumsy and greedy hands to bring unutterable misfortune on the world, we cannot but pity them as well. Let us pity them for being shut out by their own doing from all the vast hopes that contribute to ennoble the existence of man.

Let us pity them for being the slaves of the gloomiest instincts, of the lusts and brutalities that corrupt crowds, and for being debarred from taking part in the efforts of idealism to bring into being a conscience of humanity. Let us pity them, that with contracted brows and rolling eyes they embrace in their cramped arms the blood-stained and decrepit phantom of murder and arson, which humanity has had so much trouble in snatching from its midst. Let us pity them, above all, for being so bitter and sad, that they are unmindful of all the blessings of love and goodness.

Poor angry and bitter Pan-Germans, irritable and unjust brotherhood of all angry and bitter street-orators. Your furious outbursts are echoed in every language, and by the stirrers-up of strife in other countries, whom you do wrong to count as your enemies. Pan-Germans on the banks of the Spree and the Main, who from over the frontiers and the sea hail the fraternal greeting of Russian Pan-Slavism, Italian irreconcilables, English Imperialists, and French Nationalists. What is it you want?

He has decided, the Pan-German, that a part of Switzerland, Austria, Flanders, Luxembourg, Denmark, and Holland, being connected by Germanic blood, ought to show to the world the harmonious front of a privileged race at one in its desires and claims. This race has been elected by God to order the modern world, and the invincible Kaiser, divine delegate, is to be the head and pillar of the triumphant empire. Any one who resists him will be an arrogant usurper, who ought to be crushed for flying in the face of the decrees of Providence. The Pan-German, it is true, professes to want peace, but it must be his own sort of peace after the pattern of the Persian satrap's, who, out of love for peace and concord, throws every one to the lions who dares dispute him. The Pan-German loves France,

there can be no doubt of it, but the smile he gives her has the grace of a grin and his teeth grind as he laughs. He loves France, yet wherever France wants to set her foot, on that spot the voracious appetite of the Pan-German prompts him to steal a march; and if France raises a foreign legion, the Pan-German is there all ready to hound on the Pan-Germanist newspapers and other newspapers against her.

The Germans laugh at the Pan-German and shrug their shoulders at his exaggerations. They think him comical and are amazed that the French should be able to credit his views. Still, however comic and hateful the Pan-German may be, the French have not been altogether wrong in paying attention to his frantic vociferations. The Pan-German exercises on impassive German opinion the power which is always possessed by the agitator who sways the mob. He shouts and lashes it on, repeats insistently the same appeals, and is indefatigable in his efforts to rouse in vacillating and perplexed human beings the instincts, the passions, appetites, and follies of a barbaric fanaticism.

The Pan-German's voice is raucous and resounding. He does not argue but makes sweeping assertions and lays down the law. At the first sign of resistance he grows crimson in the face, and has resource to thunder and lightning. He holds forth on the authority of a sacred categorical imperative which stands in the stead of truth and order; he respects nothing and no one. Should he find himself confronted by the law, he says that it needs reforming; ministers are mere clerks to be used as pawns in his manœuvring, and in his sight the Emperor is head clerk among them, and when the Pan-German does condescend to bow to his golden sceptre, he is gnashing his teeth and

ruminating all the time how he can reverse the command imposed on him.

He is exacting and cantankerous. Whoever undertakes to shout with him never shouts loud enough. To give in to him means becoming enlisted as his civil agent. Herr von Kiderlen knew this too well. At the commencement of the Morocco negotiations, he thought to strengthen his politics by seeking Pan-German support. What did he gain by it? Defiance and brutal hostility when, rising from the shoals of nationalism, he strove to find a national *deus ex machina* for his policy; heavy irony, not to say invective, when he took it into his head to confide remarks to a French journalist which were not animated by hate.

The Pan-German is an agitator and a swashbuckler. When he shrieks loudest we must beware of taking his shrieks as the echo of the German mind, but there are always weak, ignorant fools who rush in where angels fear to tread at the sound of a trumpet-call reverberating into space. The Pan-German by himself will not lead the government by the nose, nor rouse the mob, nor move the Emperor, nor fire off a single cartridge in a single cannon. But in a time of stress he makes things worse and aggravates crises. He dips his pen in gall, and at the foot of a long reckoning of outrages, passions let loose, and provocations, he appends a formidable total. Let us hate the Pan-German, let us laugh at him, but, nevertheless, we must watch him.

He has a way of seeming inoffensive and a negligible quantity at a dead season when his fury evaporates into ether, and to appear suddenly disturbing and dangerous in troubled times, which should be just the moment to treat him with contempt and take no notice of his threats. He is without any real following, so his bluster is a mere

farce till a time of public disturbance when everything is apt to assume huge proportions and his furious ranks seem innumerable. Thus he is tolerated by a people whose temperament inclines them to prompt obedience directly they are conscious of being vigorously commanded.

A close observer and a compatriot of ours, whose lot was cast for a long time in Germany, wrote to me: "The Berlin correspondents of French newspapers have dubbed all articles of a violent and aggressive or merely disagreeable nature 'Pan-Germanist'; they have thus conformed to the very legitimate method of trying to establish a perfectly justifiable distinction between certain blatantly pugnacious Germans and the mass of the people. Unfortunately, it has resulted in perpetual confusion. The part played by the Pan-Germans in their telegrams has increased or diminished according to the period about which they write having been calm or agitated, so that sometimes the Pan-Germans have been represented as a multitude, at others as a mere handful."

It is a fact that the professional Pan-German is to be distinguished from the rest of the nation by his character and temperament as much as by the doctrine he professes. He is an arrogant agitator. But he sets in motion with his antics the marionettes which are very likely to appeal to the nation and may come near to conquering it.

The fundamental superiority of the German race, the necessity of expanding German prestige in all quarters of the globe, of protecting the German wherever he may be found, no matter what he may be, because he bears within him a residuum of the race, to spread the German language in German schools and to recall memories of the Holy Roman Germanic empire in the hope of reviving it, and all which is capable of embellishing, strengthening, and exalting the

national idea; that is what the educators of youth, coming down the years in disciplined array like battalions crossing the manœuvre fields, have never ceased to drum into the popular understanding, and the flame of victory rising to the sky was the signal for it to boil over. These sentiments, which, no doubt, are praiseworthy in moderation, the Pan-German understands how to set foaming at the mouth marvellously well.

" In the sort of nationalism that they profess," the same correspondent wrote, " there may be less sheer hate than in the nationalism of the French, but there is more contempt." And this contempt for what is not German is calculated to excite in the people unlimited pride for all that is German.

The worst of it is, that in these disturbed times Pan-Germanism has been able too often, without lying, to give the impression that it is supported by the compliance of the government.

Decidedly the gravest defect of our neighbours, according to French ideas, and one from which arise many misunderstandings that are mistaken for racial antagonisms, is, I firmly believe, their singular ignorance of proportion and their exceptional and almost astounding desire to display an ostentation of violence. It cannot be doubted that at crucial moments Pan-Germanism more than once has borrowed from the Wilhelmstrasse its detestable methods of exciting the mob.

During the Agadir period we have seen colonial Pan-Germanism manœuvring, backed by its double, in the very cabinet of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. The government, at that time, found it was a convenient policy to make use of the pen, the voice, and the fist of the Pan-Germans in order to stimulate the faint of heart and flaunt

the torch of incendiarism in the face of public opinion, flattering themselves, no doubt, that a single sign from them would suffice to extinguish the fire. They were too incensed to reflect that one cannot lead a great people in Central Europe, of more than 60,000,000 souls, as if they were a tribe of negroes, that a minister of the Reichstag is not a sorcerer, bartering his amulets in the huts of his village, and that to spread the flame means kindling many fires that are not always easy to put out. Short-sighted policy, policy of a day, of which one took good care not to instruct the Emperor who is a generous sovereign, but too often powerless, and who, enclosed within the barriers of his divine right and absolute power, was once reduced to collect scores against a Holstein.

It was seen on certain days how at an indication from the Wilhelmstrasse the whole German press, with scarcely an exception, although supposed to be free at other times, and insistent on its independence, voluntarily gave up its right to criticise and control, and threw itself into the movement of violence and provocation; but the outcry over, calm restored, and silence entered again in the Wilhelmstrasse, this same press was beheld disavowing and rebuking without ceremony professional agitators who, devoid of a sense of opportunity, proposed to disturb the recovered equanimity. "Pan-Germanism," according to the correspondent to whom I have already referred, "strictly speaking, has no importance. It is like the Giant Anteas, and loses its power directly it quits the precincts of the government."

But, nevertheless, it has done a great deal of mischief, and may do more. Just when Germany might gain a step in helping to efface from the heart of France bitter memories, Pan-Germanism will embitter them still more if it is to be made responsible for the latent conflict which tears in twain

the two nations. Without being pronouncedly Francophobe it possesses the knack exactly calculated to exasperate through the asperity of its Chauvinism every foreigner, whether Latin or Slav, English, Austrian, Russian, or French. I often recall a pathetic speech of a friend of mine in Berlin, a Frenchman, broad-minded and of an exquisite culture, whose conscience was enlightened, and who never ceased to observe Germans with sympathy. He said to me, notwithstanding, " To live here means to feel growing within you a more and more lively sense of patriotism." On this refined and noble intelligence Pan-Germanism had left its mark.

The Pan-Germanist propaganda finds its channels of expression in newspapers, leagues, and congresses.

There is a Pan-Germanist League, the president of which is a Mayence lawyer called Claas, and it has 30,000 members. That is not many. But it is four times more, nevertheless, than *L'Alliance Française*, so dead-alive that it might emulate with advantage if not the spirit, at least the activity of its German neighbour. But that is not all. The Military League and the Naval League are, in reality, nothing but branches of the other. They are fed from the same source. The same aims put them in ecstasy. The first (*Wehrverein*) counts 55,000 members and 150,000 associates, but it has only been established a short time. The second is more ancient, and has 1,200,000 members. Mention must be made, too, of the Colonial, but it is the least brilliant of the bunch.

The three principal objects of the Pan-Germanist League are, to increase the number of German schools abroad (particularly in the compact colonies such as Brazil, Argentine Republic, Bohemia, and those in the Orient), to

support German nationalities everywhere, where, openly or in secret, they are at variance with foreign nationalities, to awake in the people sentiments of the need for Imperialism.

In this programme they are joined by the Naval League and the Military League, which propose to supply the means by which it is to be carried out, and by the *Hakatiste* League, which has for object the gradual eviction of the Polish race and language from German Poland.

It does not seek support from any particular political party, but it recruits the majority of its members chiefly from the National Liberals and even from the Conservatives. A former President of the Reichstag, Prince von Stolberg Wernigerode, was one of them, the same man who sat on a Franco-German *rapprochement* committee. Illogical, you will say, or, perhaps, candid! The German mind easily reconciles itself to contraries; and you may infer from this fact that Pan-Germanism, with its purely exalted ideal of nationality, is not necessarily Gallophobe. In the whole scale of our nationalists is there one of those valorous knights who openly or secretly would own to a wish to be on better terms with Germany? Among the militant Pan-Germans, or reputed militants, we can name: General von Liebert, former governor of South-East Africa, General von Gersdorff, the Count of Reventlow, General Keim, Herr Kurd von Strantz, the great manufacturer Herr Kirdorff, etc.

The Pan-Germanist organs are, truth to tell, not numerous and rather insignificant prints. The official journa of the League is the *Alldeutsche Blätter;* with it ranks the *Rheinisch-Westphälische Zeitung* (Gazette of the Rhine and Westphalia), which enjoys great notoriety on account of the abundance and accuracy of its commercial news;

the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, the *Deutsche Zeitung*, the *Tägliche Rundschau* (Anti-Catholic), the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* (Government), and *Die Post*. If we cite the journals which without belonging to the confraternity receive the contributions of Pan-Germans there are: *Deutsche Tages Zeitung* (Agrarian), the *Reichsbote* (Orthodox Protestant), the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, the *Kreuzzeitung* (Gazette of the Cross), and finally, *Der Tag*, court circular edition of the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*.

All these papers are, we repeat, of limited circulation and mediocre brilliance. They have to contend with three great journals of very wide circulation which openly combat their tendencies.

These are the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the great Radical journal, the first of the leading German newspapers, edited by Herr Theodor Wolff; the *Berliner Morgenpost* (Advanced Democratic), and finally the leading Socialist organ, *Vorwärts*.

We should add to these the *Vossische Zeitung*. In the provinces all the Socialist and Catholic newspapers oppose Pan-Germanism, thus uniting against it in ordinary times two-thirds of the country, but when a squall comes, then the Catholic press rushes to the rescue, moved by the phenomenal *volte-face* which we have just mentioned. It is the *Cologne Gazette*, the great Catholic organ edited by Herr Bachem, that recently invented the " hostage " theory, and during the Morocco crisis *Germania*, inspired by a deputy, Erzberger, outdid the *Tägliche Rundschau* itself. Such are the character, the following, the leaders, the means, and the organs of Pan-Germanism. It is a rabid party which stirs up to fever heat in a crucible, as it were, all the egoism, all the pride, all the rudeness, all the cupidity of a nation who, for so long unfortunate and poor, is not yet accustomed to

power, grandeur, and newly-acquired riches. The whole of sensible and industrious Germany denounces it, but why does it have lapses in its denunciations, and why when certain stormy days come does it not, besides refusing to recognise such a party, decline to make use of its forms of speech?

Those who try to understand the German intellect find in it strange critical hiatuses. Country of Luther, was it not in your language that the rugged reformer, after having discarded the habit of a monk, traduced the Pope, and held controversy with the devil, exclaimed: "Human reason is something supernatural, a sun and a divinity placed in our lives to dominate everything"?

General Keim is a Pan-German. He is the president of the Military League, of which the programme is to augment without respite the military effectives. He makes a profession of a gloomy and remorseless patriotism, and one of his methods is to boast the merits of our country. He wrote in the *Tag* of Berlin:

"From a military point of view, the Triple Alliance is, as concerns members and organisation, much inferior to the Triple *Entente*, without counting even the crushing superiority of the latter on the sea.

"At Sedan, on the other hand, the German army had an effective force two or three times stronger than that of the French. Even if Germany would have to contend against France single-handed one could hardly speak seriously of any superiority in our troops."

In the month of June, recurring to the same subject, he recalled that in 1870 the Germans, three against two, had purchased their success dearly, and he added that the

French, born soldiers, were, he believed, now equal to them, and should re-establish, without delay, their ancient superiority. Let us beware of being taken in by these compliments from an adversary. When he pays homage to the qualities of the French army, it is only part of his domestic game. The League which he conducts is, he has told us, one of the instruments which works the most actively to infect the German public with a passion of patriotism. It has contributed to create the state of mind which blossomed forth at the Pan-Germanist Congress at Erfurt in September 1912, when German Nationalism made use of such arrogant language. The " presumption " of France, the " weakness " of the Imperial government and its incapacity to " maintain German interests " were the themes of the speeches that were heard there; the president of the Congress, Herr Claas, also president of the Pan-Germanist League, there accused the government with vehemence of tolerating, on the part of the Danes in Schleswig, the " worst propaganda "; of not having introduced in Alsace-Lorraine by the new constitution " the least understanding with Germany "; of having neglected on the eastern frontiers the question of Germanism, which is the Pan-German question *par excellence*.

There you have some of the utterances of Pan-Germanism, and General Keim does not deny any of them. It is easily understood that there are a certain number of reasonable people who have tried to muzzle the agitators who threaten the state with grave dangers.

" In the pursuit of our outside policy," the *Deutsche Revue* wrote recently, " we have less to fear to-day from an absence of patriotism than from the overdoing of this sentiment. We have less to fear from those who wish, as did formerly Bamberger and Wildhorst, to put con-

straint on the courageous departures of the government, than from those who set our politicians a distant goal, as inaccessible as it is compromising."

The article from which these lines are quoted made a stir at the time it appeared. Anonymous, but presented with a certain degree of assurance that it proceeded from the pen of a qualified person, it deserved attention as much from the seriousness and rank of the organ that published it as from its intrinsic weight.

It denounced the absurdly aggrandising spirit of such associations as the Navy League and the Colonial Society, the out-bidding of writers who have no mandate and no decency, and continued as follows:

"The most considerable link in this chain of irresponsible politicians is supplied by the Pan-Germans. The ends at which these Pan-Germanist associations aim are obscure. They say that they aspire to bring about a union of every people speaking the German tongue, they give their support, in practice, to all Germans whose interests clash with those of other races. It is a praiseworthy aim. But, unfortunately, instead of recommending to the government sane tactics, they exhort it to swagger and bounce, to threaten and use violence. These are dangerous weapons. To employ them incurs, in the case of non-success, humiliating withdrawal, and in the case of success, hatred.

"All these diatribes tend to influence the press, and are echoed and exaggerated by the Philistines, who love to talk politics over their beer, and they are uttered loudly enough to be heard everywhere. Thus we should not treat as hysterical fanatics those foreigners who say that Germany wants to lower other nations and follow a naval policy that will give her the same prestige at sea as the war of 1870 gave her on land.

"The most intelligent people should consider it their sacred duty to contribute to, and augment the authority of the government in face of the people. This presumably should be the duty of the Conservative party, yet what was said by some of its orators at the beginning of this year? Did not one of them dare to proclaim, in an electioneering speech, that the prestige of the nation had declined, and that all governments were in direct opposition to popular sentiment? Never was a more violent blow than this struck at the highest authorities of the state. Those who pose as the friends of the government are, in fact, its exciters, who urge it on to adventurous courses. The rule ought to be to strengthen the hands of the Emperor's advisers, when they make it their immediate object, not to acquire territory, but to bring about an improvement in our relations with powerful neighbours. That is not a method of renunciation, but a method of moderation, the only one by which the catastrophe of a war can be avoided, a catastrophe that no political or moral necessity renders inevitable."

Thus a review of the highest political standing and sagacity expressed itself, and such language attests to the good-will and good sense of those men who are responsible for its editorship, and to their desire to resist the Chauvinistic lead of the patented organisers of patriotism.

I had a strong wish to meet General Keim. But I was unsuc essful. I have, however, something better than mere reported remarks of his, I have a letter that he wrote to the person who tried his best to procure me an interview with him.

"With regard to interviews," he said in it,[1] "I have unfortunately had not at all encouraging experiences of

[1] The letter is written in German.

them with certain representatives of the press.[1] And I now abstain on principle from anything of the kind, and I trust that the representative of the *Figaro* will not take my refusal as in any way personally discourteous to him.

"I think that a Franco-German understanding would be eminently desirable. Germany, in consequence of her increasing population, finds herself forced to prosecute a colonial policy on a grand scale—at least she will have to do so at no distant date, if she does not wish to stew in her own juice, to express it vulgarly! France could very well afford to play in this respect the part of a disinterested party, for she owns more colonies than we do, and is not capable of populating them. But up to the present in every great political deal she has posed as the enemy of Germany every time anything unexpected happens, absolutely taking her cue from England.

"The most simple solution of these misunderstandings would be for a French minister to declare openly and officially that the Treaty of Frankfort is unalterable and final for France, and to do it from inward conviction not pure formality. If this is not done France will remain our enemy in secret in spite of any amount of pacific assurances given in a general way.

"I have considered it a patriotic duty in my capacity as president of the League for German Defence, to demand quite recently an increase of 'effectives'; such a substantial increase that France will be unable to dream of carrying on a victorious war against us, even with foreign aid. Then we have enough money and men to accomplish this. Once our object is attained, they will begin to understand in Paris that it will be much more reasonable

[1] How often, alas, in Germany and elsewhere have I heard this phrase.

and more practical to live on an amicable footing with Germany. That is the view I hold of this question."

In this letter, in which, with much ingenuity, the exclusive cult of force and barbarism is courteously disguised, it is easy to recognise beneath the mask all the features and essentials of the Pan-Germanist mode of acting. The self-sufficiency, the delight in humiliating an adversary, the contempt for those "*imponderables*" that compose the nervous system of the human mind, the suggestion of immediate recourse to brute force, all are here, and candour too, for what else are we to call this invitation to France to disembarrass herself benevolently for the advantage of the prolific German of those colonies that she is incapable of populating? It comes to this: "Give me your colonies, and I will give you peace."

Some days later General Keim gave my request for an interview a less direct but still more emphatic response. He published, in fact, under the ironical title of "France Reconciled,"[1] an article that nothing else can have inspired than the inquiry which I had come to make in Germany, and which was beginning to excite notice among the best political circles of Berlin. This article repays careful analysis; for in it are set forth with absolute clearness some of the opinions with regard to our country held by Pan-Germans, and by many in Germany who are not Pan-Germans. As he had written previously, the preliminary condition for better relations between Germany and France would be, in General Keim's estimation, a public, formal, and irrevocable recognition on the part of France of the Treaty of Frankfort. But he adds there is no question of its being done. "The French will never give up the hope of seizing again Alsace-Lorraine, and the

[1] *Tägliche Rundschau*, July 19, 1912.

political existence of any of their ministers who do not make themselves the slaves of this secret hope would be doomed. More than ever is it necessary to bear in mind the words pronounced by Moltke after the war was over, that Germany would have to keep herself armed to the teeth for fifty years to come."

The Morocco policy of 1911 had no meaning unless it contributed "to a decided progress in the direction of a veritable, effective, and politically palpable understanding between the two peoples." The psychology of the French has not changed since Julius Cæsar; it is as excitable and ultra-nervous as ever, and "marked by a distinctly warlike passion." The proof of this is to be found in the considerable sacrifices the French people will make to possess an army capable of attaining the object of which they never lose sight. "Practical militarism" is more developed among them than among the Germans; "the transformation of the nation into an armed nation at a moment's notice, unequalled by any country, even by Germany, shows the military tendency of the Republic." The attitude of the French press in 1911, the article goes on to say, proved that reconciliation had not gone as far as people wished to suppose. On the contrary, nothing was heard on all sides but bellicose imprecations, and "finally the national sentiment regained a strength and unanimity which it had not had since 1870. Let us dispose of the legend current among us of France's 'short blaze of fury,' and have done with our flourish of trumpets on the increase of our population compared with the sinking of the French birth-rate. The French with regard to politics and war have always shown themselves to be a people remarkably in earnest, and we Germans, taught by our own history, know this better than any one. So far as the difference in population

goes, it scarcely counts; for our hundreds of millions who are untrained have no purpose in a decisive encounter. All that sort of thing is mere mirage."

"There you have the truth," the general continues. "In Germany far-seeing men who heed words of warning and premonitions are dubbed 'Chauvinists' and agitators. In France, a short time before the war of 1870, people asked for a disarmament. But let Germans just read French journals describing the review of July 14; and it is very edifying reading. 'Since the Morocco affair a change has manifested itself, and it is not, it seems, in the direction of reconciliation.'

"There is only one answer to signs of an awakening of national sentiment, and that is to augment the German forces and to bring the superiority of the effectives to the same level it reached at the beginning of the war of 1870. It was then about a third for the infantry and more than double for the artillery. To-day there is no question for Germany of a numerical superiority of any significance. Let us then be prepared. Neither men nor money are wanting. Why cannot we return then to the state of efficiency we were in forty-two years ago? All that is wanted is the will to conceive and execute stupendous designs."

So General Keim explains himself. He is a militarist, president of the Military League, and speaks in military language. He is one of those Germans who are enchanted at the idea of an understanding with France, but for whom *rapprochement* means domination, and who can only picture friendship being achieved by destruction. General Keim is a Pan-German.

There are other Pan-Germans whose tone is more amenable, and whose conception of German patriotism

is less arrogant. They are more politic, and extend to the interests and dignity of others a more reasonable consideration. Their patriotism may be rabid and defiant, but at least they don't insist that every other country shall clear out of the way to let them pass. They are people with whom it is possible to converse. Count Reventlow is one of these, and I went to see him.

He is tall, clean-shaved, with a round head, grizzled hair, a flamboyant complexion, and frigid blue eyes. As you see the Count Reventlow advance to meet you, stiff, phlegmatic, and dignified, he suggests to your mind some heavy, powerful machine, a perfect, well-regulated machine straight from the foundries of Düsseldorf. He is impassive and unyielding; his glance is fixed, and there is no play in the muscles of his face. Nevertheless, he has distinguished and courtly manners, and a slow, well-modulated voice. The Count von Reventlow is every inch a gentleman.

In his study, which speaks of a man who is a hard worker, books, manuscripts, and newspapers overflow tables and bookshelves. There is much French and English literature among them. A striking portrait of Tolstoi hangs on the wall. On a side-table stands a statuette of Bismarck. The austere soul of the iron Chancellor evidently reigns in the house.

The Count von Reventlow writes on naval and military affairs, and discourses on foreign politics in leading articles of the *Deutsche Tages Zeitung*, the great Agrarian journal. He makes use often of harsh language, but he does argue. His Pan-Germanism is open to reason. His adversaries are grateful to him for his comparative moderation and his courtesy. He passes for well-informed. He can boast many friends in the Wilhelmstrasse, and it is said that on more than one occasion he has been asked to cast his baits

into the waters of public opinion. He greeted me with cordiality, and at once expressed his regrets that his wife was not in a fit state of health to receive a compatriot; for the Countess von Reventlow is French. We began by talking of the Morocco affair. "I have," he said, "been in hostility to the policy of our government. It was clumsy and it was ill-judged. That of France, on the contrary, was conducted with ability, and we have seen how from the first it remained constant to its goal. The French will have many difficulties in Morocco, but ours would have been a good deal graver. They are near neighbours of the Sultan's empire, and we are too far from it. Simply to hold it at all, we should have required two army corps, and to provision them we should have had to establish a naval basis on the Atlantic, that is to say, a port and a fleet; that would have been placing ourselves deliberately across England's great naval route, and putting ourselves into conflict with that nation. Such would have been the result of the finely conceived operation. I am, moreover, of opinion that we ought only to occupy those territories of the world that are free and that no one can dispute with us. What necessity is there for us to be in a hurry? Let us remember the advice of Bismarck, according to which Germany's duty was not to scatter herself, but to concentrate and to consolidate for herself at home a hearth so firm and bright that it would be capable of radiating a political and commercial influence to a great distance. That strikes me as being the true secret of Germany. Let us hold to it."

Those were wise words. Who would not approve them? Why then did Count Reventlow, the next minute, hold up to France, who keeps her colonies closed, the example of England, faithful to the principle of the "open door,"

and say, "France is wrong to carry into her colonial policy mercantile considerations"? Without doubt the treaty of November 4 gives him on this point satisfaction; but France, "led away by old habits, might be tempted to return to it."

Why did Count Reventlow feel himself obliged a few weeks after this conversation, when the French government, in applying itself to the task of establishing its authority in Morocco, was appeasing as much as was in its power the natives' legitimate sentiments, to misunderstand its action and to write in the *Deutsche Tages Zeitung* an article calculated to awaken all the angry passions of the Pan-Germans? What did it matter to Germany, he asked in substance, whether the French task was difficult and thankless? France henceforth, since she wished it, ought to be held responsible for law and order in Morocco. "It would be to the interests of France," he concluded, "if she took a little more seriously her duties in Morocco. We Germans have merely interests there of an economic nature, but it will be very ill-advised on the part of France to misconstrue them."

How was this language to be reconciled with what I had heard from his lips? "As it stands," the count said to me, "I am satisfied with this treaty, and Germany can have nothing to say against it, if it is carried out in the right spirit."

Our conversation, quitting the limited domain of the Moroccan contest, was turned into a wider channel, and I put the question, "What idea generally does Germany form about France?"

My interlocutor answered without equivocating:

"Many people imagine that when the day arrives, when she believes herself able to conquer, France will not recoil any longer from the thought of a war which will give

her back what she has lost. We have no confidence here in the stability of French policy."

"Not after all the sacrifices France has made during the last forty years in the interests of peace?"

The count's lips twisted and pursed themselves into an indefinable smile of incredulity. "You have made sacrifices in the interests of peace?"

"Yes, sacrifices so certain, and it seems so ill-understood that, in the opinion of some, there is no doubt that you are simply watching for the moment to improve on your victory of 1871 by a *coup de main*."

"What a notion! What an extraordinary and mistaken idea! Improve on our victory! What do you imply by that? Do you suppose that in 1870 the object of the struggle was to beat France? As a matter of fact, it concerned something very different. Something positive and essential to the existence itself of Germany who had then arrived at the historic moment when she was to link up her states. Go where you like among us and you will discover nowhere any sentiments of preconceived antagonism against France, nothing but a little resentment of the false impression created by the treaty of November 4."

"What answer," I put in, "do you give to the men who talk of conciliation between our two countries, and to the condition they propose?"

"I answer by putting another question. Is France inclined to recognise frankly as unalterable the present territorial condition of Europe?"

"What would your ancestors have answered if Louis XIV. had extorted from them in connection with the same Alsace a similar promise? . . . That it is not granted to any one to arrest the course of history, and that the future belongs to no one."

"That may be. Let us say no more on the subject. But note that Germany asks for nothing. *She has no need of making arrangements.* She is quite able to continue living as she is. She has no grievance. I don't believe in the least in the danger of a war between us; but if war comes we are ready. Our people await with calmness events. They are equally indifferent to whether this or that happens."

"Do you really think, then, that this state of armed peace, which devours millions in Europe every year, is normal and may last indefinitely?"

"What exactly is normal and what is the reverse? I know that war has always existed on this planet, and it seems to me that the expenses of this armed peace are not so heavy, considering the fact that the money it costs is returned with interest to the profit of the nation. I believe, too, that the army, from the moral as well as the physical point of view, is an excellent training-school for the people. The increase recently made in our military force has not, as you seem to think, any bellicose meaning, whereas I am under the impression that in France a warlike sentiment is developing which is new. That is the danger. So far as Germany is concerned, she is content to take precautions, and can she very well neglect these? We cannot ignore what passes in England, though for us, whatever happens, the decision must always rest with the Continent. But I no more believe in a naval than in a Continental war. England, believe me, would be running too great risks. She is aware that in the North Sea strategical conditions would be in our favour. She knows that we could carry on a naval war for a long time advantageously to ourselves. She knows that she has countless vulnerable spots on the face of the globe, and that we have

none. She knows that she could not starve us out. I cannot see into the future, but I believe it contains nothing that need alarm us. We are ready for all emergencies."

"We are ready for all emergencies." Count Reventlow's dry lips hissed rather than articulated these last words. In them was expressed the whole cocksure gospel of Pan-Germanism and its weighty self-sufficiency.

X

THEORY OF CONQUEST

Herr Alfred Kerr—Paradox or Truth—"They have all lied to you"—War and the Twenty-five Millions—Though it be Love—All for Profit—Do not forget 1911—No Alliance with Germany—Warlike Origin of the Race—German Discipline—The German Machinery—A Ripe Fruit—The Inevitable—Make Room for Youth—The Remains of a Good Dinner—The Means of creating an Economy of War—It will be To-morrow.

Herr Alfred Kerr has one advantage for his listeners, he never conceals what he thinks. With a most amiable smile, and in language brutally frank, he protested as if to console me that the language was not his own. Moreover, he only ceased quoting anonymous authorities to invoke destiny, or, more scientifically speaking, the laws of history. Thus, during the long time I passed in his company I was made to tremble more than once. Is Herr Kerr a Pan-German? Not altogether, but he talks, or rather he interprets, the classic lingo of Pan-Germanism.

There are many Germans whom it is impossible to understand, unless one takes into consideration the Prussian condition of mind. The Prussian is gratuitously arrogant and boastful, it is he who has made modern Germany, and his pride will not allow him to forget it for a moment. Still this would be nothing if he were not devoid in a singular degree of that grace of manner which ought to invest any conversation with foreigners with certain subtle nuances. Yet unpleasant as his faults may be, they should not make us forget the virile qualities of a much-tried race.

It was a poor, unfortunate race, driven by necessity to a life of grinding toil; it has only comparatively recently arrived at any degree of prosperity, and this it has gained by force; thus it believes in force, and never relaxes its attitude of defiance. I knew all this, and yet when I left Herr Alfred Kerr's house, I was in a state of perplexity and uncertainty with regard to the upshot of our conversation. The remarks that I had just heard were so extraordinary, the rudest that any German had as yet uttered before me. It was as if the old Prussian soul had of a sudden exhaled the breath of all its ineffable pride and hate. But under what a mask it was done! I had not seen in the flesh a fierce partisan or an ignorant fanatic, but a logician who, in the name of sociology, set forth without passion or anger a calm enumeration of wrongs, which he called the "fatalities of history." Was it paradox, error, arrogance, truth, or merely ingenuousness? Paradox or truth, such remarks were unusual in my experience; I heard them once, and never again; when I attempted to verify them, others repudiated them, and all that I had seen and all that I knew gave them the lie. Notwithstanding, the man who made them is a person whose words merit attention, and I have no right to expunge them from an inquiry which has no other motive or object than to be accurate.

Herr Kerr, man of letters, critic, lecturer, director and chief editor of the review *Pan*, is famous for the enormous range and width of his views; for his bold and supple intellect, and his love of the logic of paradox, which is simply the logic of imagination. His clever and acidulated criticism, ironic and fearless, is much dreaded. The Germans regard him as a "dilettante"—a term of which they are very fond, and by which they understand a man

of culture who amuses himself with the play of ideas. He is at the same time refined and harsh, imaginative and dry—a mass, indeed, of those remarkable complex contradictions which make the German intellect such an eternal source of wonderment to the Latin. And he is extremely fascinating. He is probably about forty, with a profusion of wild hair, a short bristling moustache, ceasing suddenly at the corners of his mouth; a curving beard, and eyes that look at you from his rosy and youthful countenance with a kind of candid shyness. He speaks in thin tones, alert and clear, rapidly, often correcting himself, and seems always prepared with an excuse. But when you think the excuse is going to be formulated, it comes forth more in the shape of a proposition accentuating the remark that preceded it, and with a gentle emphasis of the charming voice.

I can still hear the first words that Herr Kerr spoke to me, and see the first gesture he made. I unfolded to him the object of my inquiry, and told him that I had already chatted with politicians, professors, and financiers. He interrupted me brusquely, and exclaimed in his thin voice:

"None of them have told you the truth. No one *will* tell you the truth. Between you and us there exist nothing but delusions."

"But you don't know what they have told me!"

"I can guess. They have been talking to you about the sympathy Germany has for the French; but they have not dared to add that this sympathy, even if it is real, does not in the least exclude the possibility of a conflict. Two facts co-exist side by side in the mind of every German, one is the attraction exercised on him by France, the other is the acceptance of the idea of war. This is what Germans don't tell foreigners."

"And they think it, they speak about it?"

"It is part of the general train of ideas. The prospect of a new war does not alarm any one. It is entertained without emotion; the profits are calculated, the annihilation of France, an indemnity of war amounting to twenty-five millions because it is remembered that last time you paid up too easily, and then we shall rub our hands. You smile! that is because you don't know what Germany is to-day. It is a nation of shopkeepers; love of gain is its ruling passion; earn money, get rich quickly, is its one ideal!"

"Very well, but in the midst of these amiable schemes, I don't see even room for sympathy."

"It is true we are fond of everything French. France, I think, of all the non-Germanic nations is the one that appeals the most to the German. We find in her the gifts we lack and which we envy. Our literary folk are enchanted with her terse and elastic prose. She is for the German rather what a woman or a pretty child is; he may be ready to rail at her vagaries, but that does not prevent his loving her. It is not a personal quarrel that we seek with you. Nothing of the kind. But it is interest, profit, do you see? The whole of Germany is hypnotised by the golden calf of profit. Everything is subordinated thereto. Rather than risk a failure in business Prussia prefers to submit to shameful humiliations; as, for instance, her electoral régime. That is the question in a nutshell. So long as it is only a matter of the highest game it does not matter who the adversary is."

"I don't quite see."

"You are rich," said Herr Kerr curtly. Then he resumed: "You are rich. Therefore your possessions are coveted. But I must say we gaze more towards England than

towards you." Herr Kerr started talking of England, and I encouraged him.

"Here, 1911 is not forgotten. No more should you forget it, if you have any gratitude or foresight, no matter what you may hear among us. England did you a good turn then, and she can do it again; she is a firm friend of whom you are in need. If, for the sake of an alliance with Germany, you fall out with her, you will be left without friends. What an alliance! As a German I should hail it with all my heart. As a Frenchman, no."

"I do not understand you," I said. "According to your hypothesis we should lose a friend no doubt, but in order to gain another."

"Do not trust to that. You have divided the world with England, and you know what your share is. With Germany it would be another affair altogether. She is in course of development. Does she know herself what she may require later?"

"Notwithstanding the world's peace?"

"The world's peace! For Germany it means the possession of colonies. Yours are desirable."

There was a short silence. All this interested me exceedingly.

"And that is really the idea entertained by the Germans?" I asked.

"Certainly it is. These are the dominating tendencies of the moment. It is in this manner that Germany meditates putting her little business on a sound footing. If, like her, you are seeking to unravel the enigma of to-morrow, reflect well what you are doing. For you hold the key. France and England united are invulnerable. Nothing could shake them. But disunited, Heaven forefend! War would result almost automatically."

" Driven on by the incentive of public opinion? "

" Driven on by the logic of facts, which would render it necessary; a much graver thing. Opinion with us has only a relative importance. It is, moreover, created by the men in command. I should say rather that it is an orchestra of which the conductor is the government itself, and the Pan-Germans, the most stirring element in it, are only allowed a limited sphere of action. Don't let us speak, therefore, of public opinion; above all, do not let us call by that name the clamour of discontent last year caused by the government policy, the blunders of which united all parties against it. And what came of it all? Nothing."

" How is it possible to believe in the fatality of a conflict if the nation does not consent? It seems to me that there is no other question but the following: Would a war be popular? Does Germany want to fight? Would Germans rush into the combat with alacrity? "

" There is a warlike foundation in the temperament of the race, a superfluity of animal force that requires to vent itself. The German is accustomed to obey, if war came he would blindly follow the flag."

" All soldiers, in all wars, follow the flag."

" Yours will march too, and with courage, I am convinced of it. But will they march with the same discipline? That is a word that with you has not quite the same significance as with us, and I perfectly understand why. To begin with, you possess more to live for; more than our men, yours cling to life, which is sweeter to them; an unfavourable condition for accustoming men to the idea of sacrifice. Again, you are individualists, you want to know the reason for things, to understand and judge for yourselves. That does not 'pay' in war so well as silent

obedience. Your soldiers, I am sure of it, will accomplish individually magnificent feats of bravery, of which, perhaps, ours would not be capable. But heroism is secondary, the principal thing in modern warfare is the function of machinery, and ours, with all the order, method, and discipline that is inherent in us, will march to victory better than yours. That is what is generally believed. One recollects, too, the explosions on your boats; it is thought these incidents indicated, in a certain degree, lack of order. And taken altogether this gives us a tremendous confidence; you will not find many Germans who have any doubts as to the result of a war with France."

"Whereas we," I said, "wish to avert it!"

Herr Alfred Kerr continued to talk gently and rapidly in his clear incisive voice. It would be impossible to have been more concise and more direct, and at the same time he showed himself most amicable. He punctuated his discourse with delightful little lively gestures, and every moment he interrupted himself irresistibly with such phrases as: "I assure you it is so," "I repeat that this is what people think," as if he regretted having to make such revelations.

"You are ripe," he said with sympathetic *élan*, "perhaps too ripe; that is a fact for sociology to consider. You have had a glorious historic career, and have attained a pitch of civilisation that all other races may well envy you. A certain degree of culture and prosperity always indicates a summit; knowledge is only purchased at the cost of faith which produces great works, and prosperity at the cost of energy which is the mainspring of robust effort. To enjoy too much, multiplies selfish reasons for loving life and fearing to imperil it. It may be that you have always had born in you the germs of an incurable weakness, for Tacitus

in early times discerned in the Gauls a certain instinctive generosity and love of justice; but does not this love of justice, sole refuge of the oppressed, imply with those who practise it a sort of distrust of self and a confession of weakness? We others, on the contrary, less advanced in civilisation, have preserved a more vigorous temperament which makes us appear abler for resistance and more game, and I state this without vanity, for I have always had a predilection myself for more cultivated fruits."

"In short, we smell of rust, and you believe in the decadence of our race."

"To progress is to be continually renewing, and I do not see in your race any sign of an approaching renaissance."

"Still, are automobiles, navigation, submarines, aviation, and sport, evidence of a race in retrogression?" The question did not at all embarrass Herr Kerr.

"Sport is merely a fashionable distraction. It has no social value. Automobiles, submarines, aeroplanes, are all admirable inventions, certainly, and worthy of the French genius. They are not the last, and I quite expect you will astonish the world with something else. But what can you do against the inevitable?

"A people whose men don't want to be soldiers, and whose women refuse to have children, is a people benumbed in their vitality; it is fated to be dominated by a younger and fresher race. Think of Greece and the Roman empire! It is a law of history that the elder societies shall cede their place to the younger, and this is the condition of the perpetual regeneration of humanity. Later our turn will come, and the ferocious rule will apply to us; then the reign of the Asiatics will begin, perhaps of the blacks, who can tell?"

"When the yellow or the black peril, or simply the Slavs, arrive among you, it will be the same look-out for us all. Till then I believe that every one can go on living in Europe."

"But I do not say that France ought to disappear. Far be it from our thoughts to imagine any such terrible misfortune. I love your country too much not to be apprehensive for her, as you yourselves. Nevertheless, I see France, with all that stands for her beauty, her charm, and intelligence, living on eternally adored in the hearts of men. Look at Italy! This careless Florentine is the descendant of the splendid and indomitable aristocrats of the Renaissance. The race is dead, but is not the old blue-blooded Florence ever alive in our memories?"

"Many thanks!" I said, "you scatter flowers, but a corpse is underneath."

A slight protesting motion of his thumb and forefinger, and he replied in his even voice:

"Nothing has any power against the destiny of history. The German has arrived with his red corpuscles, and I believe his hour has come. The law of life ordains that the least strong shall be eliminated, and the real conquerors are the famished. That is to say, we Germans. The money that we have earned has given us the taste, and conquered prosperity has increased our appetite. When the German contemplates the rest of the world, he finds that he has not been spoilt, and that all that has been left him are the stale remains of a good dinner. But this share is merely a provisory one in his mind, and I believe, indeed, that some day a new redistribution will take place. The question is if it can be arranged without friction."

"What do you mean to say?"

"This, that the world may end perhaps by deeming

it preferable to spare itself a war which would be disastrous to all the combatants. But I take into consideration that such a bargain would be difficult in your case, but easier to conclude with England, who has more commercial spirit and in the matter of interests is not so constantly prone to interpose her national susceptibilities. I perceive that I astonish you, but if I say these things to you, it is because I see them as they are and I am sincere. It is not my sentiments that prompt me to speak, but my clairvoyance. For no one can love your country more than I do, and it is not enough to say that I love it. She is entirely congenial to me. I was brought up on the pithy style of your great writers, I love your wit, your character, and all that contributes to make the French intellect what it is. I know your great towns and countrysides, and I never leave Germany without terminating my tour—even were I at Naples—by a visit to France. It is, therefore, impossible to meet anywhere a soul more attached to, and nurtured on, French thought than I am. But what have these things to do with the reality?

"The reality is the permanent threatening of war. Whether it comes from here, from England, or France it is potentially behind every incident that attests antagonisms.[1] That is the truth which all manly hearts have to face. In France you are blinded by illusions. You dream; you revel in the luxury of humanitarian ideas. You believe in justice, goodness, peace, fraternity; and that is a very dangerous state of things. You say, 'War, violence, and conquest are things of the past, out of fashion, and altogether *vieux jeu*.' But I answer you, 'War is not out of fashion, it's a thing of to-morrow.'"

[1] Grave events have transpired—Turkey in Europe has been nearly completely wiped out—and yet European peace has not been broken.

Herr Alfred Kerr drew himself up on his low seat and with his animated forefinger pointed to solid phalanxes on the wall waving flags and firing thunder: "The Return of the Huns." [1]

[1] A certain number of intellectual men—Herr Alfred Kerr among them—signed a petition against the military law of 1913. It was couched in these words: "The new military law to be imposed on the German people is repugnant to our civilised instincts and compromises Germany in the face of history. Far from being a guarantee of peace, it is a stimulus to other states to increase their armaments, and it is an obstacle in the way of a pacific understanding between the nations. There is little likelihood of the Reichstag rejecting this measure, but the intellect of Germany can at least claim the right to affirm here its detestation of such pretended representation of the nation's voice."

XI

A REALIST

In the Kingdom of Books—Herr Maximilien Harden—Opinion Neutral—For Peace—The Profundity of French Thought—There can be an Understanding—If it becomes necessary to fight it will be for us to say when—An Alliance possible—Germany does not want French Colonies—A Question of Prestige—Morocco, the Natural Heritage of France—Germany's Faults—The Incident closed—The Alternative—The Alsatian Question speaks for itself—Things we could do together—War or an Understanding?—War will not put an End to Anything—The Price of Friendship—" Not too Long."

Some one rose from a bureau as I entered the room, and I saw struggling among piles of books a thin little man with smooth, clean-shaved face and crisp black hair drawn back above the temples in heavy black waves. I was in a house embowered in trees in the heart of the Grünewald,[1] the house of Herr Maximilien Harden, and so I had penetrated into a kingdom of books.

To speak the truth, the room into which I was ushered was not very spacious, but its walls were invisible, and you could see neither furniture, carpet, nor decorations. It was something like a subterranean vault in the infernal regions, disgorging in every direction books, journals, reviews, publications of every description in every language. They were crammed in rows on the walls from floor to ceiling, they stood in towers on the ground, on the sofas and arm-chairs, they were displayed and scattered about open, and the master of this dwelling of " culture " had

[1] Suburb of Berlin.

scarcely as much room as his two small hands could cover to write in amidst the avalanches of printed matter on the large bureau.

Herr Maximilien Harden, pale and languid, led me into an adjoining room. He glided rather than walked; his eyes of piercing brilliance in a face of an Eastern type, and his head projecting slightly, gave him the watchful air of a tiger about to spring on its prey. His movements are slow and his way of speaking nonchalant. There is something cautious in his manner suggestive of uneasiness, and his glance may be both caressing and fierce. He smacks of the jungle. One divines him to be constructed for the carrying out of long and patiently conceived designs, on which he brings to bear a gift for bold decision and implacable execution. A curious personality. And what a surprise to find in this type of the young faun the debater, keen, meticulous, and formidable, some of whose effective blows have been struck with methodical calm, and have never ceased to resound lugubriously in many illustrious abodes.

You know who Herr Maximilien Harden is? His weekly review, the *Zukunft*, which he edits almost entirely alone, exercises incessantly a searching censorship on public men and events. Independent, and accustomed to spare no one, he is proportionately detested and feared, and the mere mention of his name in official circles is sufficient to paralyse conversation. Faithful to Bismarckian tradition he has fought Prince von Bülow, and he fought likewise the government of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg; he does not spare the Emperor, and the policy Germany followed in Morocco in 1904 and 1911 had no more ruthless critic than himself. It is to be recalled how, not long ago, he carried on a frenzied campaign with

such obstinate pertinacity that it resulted in one of the most distinguished and honoured personages in the ranks of the high nobility at the present time being brought to justice. But he has talent and he is respected, and it seems that this journalist, the horror of ministers and the people in power, but the confidant, of course, of all malcontents, is one of the best-informed men in the empire with regard to present and forthcoming events. I had not to draw him out with many questions, for he is a talker and knows what he wants to say and the order in which he will say it. Almost at once I was made aware of this. As he motioned me to a seat I remarked: "You do not pass for a friend of France among us." He merely shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Let those who don't know say what they like. A public man must expect every sort of injustice. But we shall talk of that by and by."

"Very well," I said, "but since I have come to Germany to try and find out what people think, will you kindly tell me if you believe in the existence of a public opinion capable of entertaining collectively a single thought and desire?"

"No. There is nothing here of the kind that corresponds with what you have in France. The German middle class has no time to occupy itself with public affairs; it has to mind its business, its work, its money grubbing; it has no taste for politics, and finds it answers better to leave all that to those in command. Our leaders do much as they like, they are not controlled, and no one keeps too close a surveillance on them, they are not embarrassed in any way; this is the wisest plan. I am not talking of the Social Democrats who can make themselves disagreeable. This is not saying that common ideas do not penetrate to the mass of the nation, and one of the sentiments that you

will find most generally prevalent is incontestably that of peace. Few people think of war. In fact, peace is too much wanted. War would undo the result of forty years of considerable effort, which has given Germany a great economic power; those who reflect on this cannot desire war, and amongst us war is not loved for its own sake. And now I shall go much further and tell you that this pacific sentiment is deepened by the absence of the least prejudice, no one thinks of you in the light of a necessary enemy. All the same the question is not a simple one. Are there not certain signs in the heavens that show us a France in the throes of a sort of bellicose fever and on the brink of renouncing the path of wisdom? For this she has to thank Herr von Kiderlen and Herr von Bethmann, who did their utmost to cure the curse of *anti*-militarism. . . . But these evidences of French unrest do not surprise us much. The general impression in Germany is that France's constant and dominant idea is to re-enter into possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and that everything she does is subordinate to that idea, and if it is well to measure the distance that separates an idea from its realisation, and to distinguish between a project and an act, one ought to say, too, that a speech may not always be inoffensive, and that there are moments when words may be translated into facts . . . it is wise to take that into consideration.

"None the less, in examining things objectively, and putting aside for an instant Alsace and Lorraine, one must confess that there is no other barrier between us, and that the difficulties of our reciprocal relations are nothing in comparison with those between England and Germany whose interests clash in so many directions. And this should give us confidence. I am convinced that we shall,

one day, come to an understanding. I can add that there are many in Germany who desire it ardently, and I believe also that a great number of enlightened Frenchmen share the sentiment. All that is required to bring it to a successful issue is a little good-will on your side and a little tact and generosity on ours. But I feel already that I am plunging into theory. For it must be recognised that this is not an extremely propitious moment; one cannot see clearly ahead, neither in France nor here. It is doubtful where to begin. There are two aspects to the ill-feeling.

"The crisis of 1911, following many others, did harm which will only be slowly undone. The whole of this Morocco affair has been deplorable. It has been managed without ability and without frankness, altogether minus psychology. That is the worst omission because it has to be paid for. And now that we have come out of all this babel what augury is there for the future? All depends, in the first place, on the manner in which the English and the Germans will choose their places. They will settle that of France. You tell me that France wants peace. We want it too. Undoubtedly peace is devoutly to be wished for, but at the same time the one who considers himself threatened, who dreads that a powerful neighbour will not abandon the habit of playing a game that resembles political extortion, will say to himself that it won't be a bad thing to try and weaken the people who are always provoking and annoying him, and whose power seems to be growing dangerous. To a certain extent I understand you. I can take into consideration that the action of German policy has at various moments been calculated to wound French susceptibilities, but you should remember in your turn that you have often taken a wrong view of the intentions of the country towards you; the insults of which you have

not always complained without cause are not on our conscience, because we have had nothing to do with them. These things are done in the bureaucracies, into which the real thought of Germany never enters. What counts before everything here is, as I have said before, commercial interests; every one connected with these here, as in a less degree everywhere else, errs on the side of being almost too pacific, and among our business men and industrial classes, any one who looks further into the future than the day after to-morrow is rare. If it is advisable to calm occasionally the excitable nerves of the French, with us, on the other hand, there are moments when the national apathy needs vigorous rousing.

"As far as I am concerned my position is clear, and I will discuss it with you straightforwardly."

Herr Maximilien Harden passed his hand across his brow, a gesture he often uses, as if he would gather his ideas together before choosing his words, and then he went on.

"You shall learn in the same breath the reasons why certain Frenchmen have incriminated my intentions: I say to myself and I have said, 'If France really cannot make up her mind to forget a misfortune, certainly a very great misfortune, but not greater than what every other nation has some time or other experienced, and which besides does not put any slur on her honour, but about which she is all the more sensitive as it is almost unique in her glorious history, it becomes our duty to concern ourselves about a situation that is not without peril, and we have the right to choose our moment. Suppose that I have a neighbour who never stops plotting schemes of vengeance against me, and far from keeping them secret proclaims on the housetops that he has reparation to demand from me and will not be satisfied till he gets it, my elementary right of defence and

precaution is to say in my turn: "If you want to fight it shall be when I choose." For, finally, I crave to be allowed to remind you, with all the discretion at my command, that for forty years we have been assisting at a spectacle unique as far as my knowledge of history goes. I can understand a people who hate and who assert that when they think it advisable, according to the degree of their hate and ill-will, they will make war, and, in fact, do make war, but it is paradoxical, it is inconceivable, and, if you will permit the word to pass, *inadmissible* for them perpetually to say and repeat: "We want peace, but it is only while we are waiting to get something better; the day will come, etc." I consider that it would be better for both peoples, and more profitable, to abandon this sort of attitude. That is not saying enough. If they reflect they will admit that better even than peace would be an alliance between them. Why not? Sweep out of the way the thought and the question of Alsace-Lorraine and nothing would be left to separate us. France wants nothing from Germany and Germany nothing from France.'"

"Are you quite sure of that?" I said. "Is it not thought by some people that Germany wants colonies? Was not the Morocco affair the prelude to a colonial policy?"

"I am an advocate of a colonial policy, tentatively and wisely expanded. I know that Germany has need of colonies; but it is not France's colonies that she needs. The world is wide, and she can surely find others. As for the Morocco escapade, God knows the colonial fever was expended there for nothing! It was simply an affair of prestige. National prestige, personal prestige. Germany had no real interests in Morocco, and among those who have any knowledge of historic evolution, no one will

contest that it was the natural heritage of France. I myself have said or written a thousand times, 'France will have Morocco, or she will not keep Algeria.' That is evidence itself.

"Morocco is the key or, if you prefer the expression, the lock of your North African empire of that 'New France.' Most convenient of approach from your coast, most adapted to your national genius, which your earlier colony—I am speaking of Canada—was not. And I have no doubt that it will one day be for you a source of vigour and rejuvenescence. Yes, I am sure of it, although I often hear good Frenchmen say, 'In our colonies we work for foreigners.' I should prefer that they said for truth's sake, 'Foreigners work for us.' The balance-sheet of a colony does not depend on the number of immigrants sent to it by the mother country—look at India—and there is no doubt but that France, industrious and tenacious, has much to expect from an empire that extends at this hour from Bizerta to Casablanca. Those who exaggerate the obstacles encountered by your Lyautey and other brave generals, and repeat over and over again that this new acquisition to the Republic is a doubtful blessing, will soon have reason to repent talking such rubbish.

"This touches, therefore, a vital question for France. We, in some measure, contributed towards it. Was it not Germany, the Germany of Bismarck, which offered her good services on this very ground? Did not the German delegate at the Conference of Madrid, keeping the Chancellor's promise to the Count de Sainte-Vallier, vote always, his eyes and ears shut, with Admiral Jaurès?

"The fact that England, desirous of breaking a lance on land, and understanding at last that it is necessary to pay for what one buys, has abandoned the point of view of

Nelson, Palmerston, Drummond Hayes, and others who proclaimed a hundred times that Morocco would only cease to belong to the Moors to become English; the fact, too, that England accepted, or better still, favoured, the installation of the French rule close to Gibraltar, does not suffice, in my opinion, to alter our course. Germany established in numerical force on the road to Suez and Aden, Germany mistress of the route whereby foreign corn travels to Egypt, India, and British ports. . . . That would mean war. War! That is to say, a positive *Finis Britanniæ* in the case of a German victory!

"I do not wish to insist on this. Let us avoid *infendam renovare dolorem* by recounting the series of catastrophes from Algéciras to the Congo treaty in this unhappy Moroccan affair. I have written on it, at the time, all that was necessary with the freedom and clearness due to so big a subject, and I hope that you will approve of my thinking that no purpose would be served in my repeating it all to-day. Some of your compatriots have thought, and still say, that the affair is not yet closed, that Germany will find fresh opportunities to quarrel with France, that she will wrangle on the determining of frontiers, that she is greedy of more African territory, that she meditates giving an elasticity to the treaty of November 4 which will put an unwarrantable strain on it, and God knows what else! Believe none of it. It is all false, crassly false. Let us remember Galliffet's phrase, 'The incident is closed.' This incident is closed absolutely.

"It is to the future we must now look. I can see no other alternative for our two countries than this: it must be either a continuation of the old embittered relations, both hostile and dangerous, or an alliance. For my part I have chosen. Everything points to an alliance. The

two nations united, the peace of the world is assured; assured by their own free-will and their community of interests. And are they not made to understand each other? Are they not the admirable complement to each other? What can one not hope from the assimilation of the two elements: the brilliant flame of France, the rather heavy strength of Germany! Shall we see them soon animated by a common purpose? So long as the French persevere in the attitude which they have taken up, so long as we see them rejoicing in the misfortunes which befall the Germans, and even contributing to them, so long will an understanding be fraught with difficulties. They should know at least that it all depends on themselves, and that in no quarter of Germany does a spark of animus against them exist."

"An alliance!" I said. "The word sounds well, but how about the conditions?"

"I will suggest some. Is it altogether illusive to hope that France will one day accept the past as an historical fact, since you will never find among us a single soul who wants to reopen the discussion? Have not the chances of war been often enough in her favour to satisfy her justifiable pride? We waged a successful campaign against Austria too, and she is now our friend."

"You left her her territories intact."

"That is true," Herr Harden conceded.

"You tell me there is not a German who would consent to reopen a discussion on the past?" I said. "But that is wherein the remedy lies, because it is going to the source of the difficulty. But we are more concerned with the present and the future than the past to-day. Do you think that France alone is responsible for raising the question of Alsace-Lorraine? Even if we were

silent, she raises it herself. After forty years of conquest you are still at a loss for a method of effectual Germanisation. The third generation in the annexed provinces is more estranged from you than was the first. The sons of the German immigrants are more Alsatian than the Alsatians. Is it our fault?"

"If you backed them up less the Alsatians would be more easily resigned. Yet I am aware that grave blunders have been committed by ill-chosen and incompetent officials. These are the faults of the administration which could, without doubt, be corrected, and which do not touch on the main question. We do not let ourselves be influenced by attitudes. Once France conquered Alsace, and do you know for certain that the Alsatians instantly displayed a keen enthusiasm for becoming French?

"Would you answer for Alsatian sentiments in two hundred years, in fifty years even? You must reflect, too, on the fact that Germanisation and prosperity are two different things. It is true the Alsatians object to their new nationality, but we have done a good deal for their country, and the day will come when, passions abated, they will be able to recognise the economic and material progress which they owe to us. They may even say, perhaps, that we have not been such very harsh conquerors. But when your press and French public opinion encourage them in their discontent and ill-humour, and incite them to abuse us, do they know what they are doing, are you positive that these Alsatians whom you believe to be yours would, if consulted without prejudice, wish to become French again?"

With a tone even more caressing, and gestures more supple and graceful, Herr Harden continued:

"Alas, it is only too true, whosever fault it may be, that

there is a wide breach between us. Is it not time that one of the two sides started something practical? Even suppose an understanding between Germany and England, such as a few weeks back was on the point of being concluded——"

I made a motion of surprise.

"Yes, yes. I venture to say that were such a thing probable, don't you think the position of France with regard to Germany would in a short time modify itself, and that she might find that position rather agreeable? The Anglo-French alliance, it must be confessed, is a hollow combination, for the two races have nothing in common; less so than any other two races in the world, for of all people, you understand the English the least. Why should there not be produced in revenge a union between our two countries? Are we bound always to despair of France seeing how much profit she would gain from a loyal and lasting friendship with Germany, based on solid foundations? Ah! indeed, monsieur, we should be able to achieve grand things in unison."

"Where would be the guarantee of French independence?" I asked.

"And why should Germany grudge to France the big place which would naturally be hers in such a combination? Would she not take the most lively interest in making the most of her ally's amicable inclinations, and to see her once for all, relieved of her cares about a frontier, developing her maritime power? The Empire, I repeat, covets nothing belonging to the Republic, nothing, not the smallest morsel of her territory in Europe or elsewhere. It wishes for nothing but the certainty that it will cease to be the centre of all her antagonistic hopes and efforts. Nothing more and nothing less than that! And cannot you

really perceive what advantages such an alliance would give to France? No airy illusion, but a sure reality; whereas, what she counts on now, her secret hopes of historical reparation, her present friendships, I very much fear on her behalf, are all deceptive. But this I pass over, not having the right to insist."

"I ask myself in any case, if it is possible for the actual state of things, I mean the petty warfare of irritating pin-pricks, the increase of armaments, the perpetual uneasiness, to be prolonged much longer with impunity. It should end one way or the other. But how? By a decisive shock or by a friendly arrangement?"

Herr Harden gave a slight start.

"Shock?" he repeated. "Does that mean war? If so, it would be a war that would certainly not leave our two races facing each other alone. How will these immense armies, which I can foresee, be nourished and revitalised? How will the industries which keep nations alive be carried on, the factories that the regiments have emptied? And which of us will be able to say to himself as a sort of consolation, 'Such terrible evils confronted us, it was better to be done with them'? Done with them! Delusion and deception! For this war, far from being a liquidation, will be merely the beginning of things, and the cannons silent, we shall see the vanquished side, whichever it be, at once meditating vengeance. And what for? For its life and its glory? Not at all; for the delirium and the profit of the *tertius gaudens*. American first, 'yellow' next, and then we shall assist at the bankruptcy and definite abdication of worn-out Europe.

"If this is grim necessity, so be it! Fate will not see either of us, French or German, turn pale. But is it inevitable? One can picture new systems of alliances; an Anglo-German

agreement would confer supremacy on the German mind in its two main currents, Anglo-Saxon and Teuton; a Franco-German understanding, perhaps even more durable; either would render peace and the Empire secure. To such an understanding as the last-mentioned no German voice would be raised in anything but approbation. In our country not any cavilling will take the bloom off the great warlike and civil virtues of a people whom, for once in a way, Fortune deserted. France will become again what she once was in her most glorious epoch, and her free development will be untrammelled, and on her eastern frontier she will meet only with friendly assistance. What is the price? Oblivion, and the firm resolve not to associate herself any more with those who persecute Germany with hostile thoughts, and who make the mistake, unhappily for themselves, of judging her to be poorer, weaker, and less resolute than she is in reality. Is this purchasing at too high a price peace and security for the future? The present hour may be decisive. Let us reflect, but not too long. . . ."

"Not too long." As he uttered this phrase I took my leave of Herr Harden. On the way back from Grünewald I saw before me his fine head and heavy hair, his hands with their hesitating gestures. I listened again to his soft-toned voice; I marshalled in my memory the many weighty thoughts he had thrown off with apparent carelessness, but which one felt had been thoroughly premeditated and arranged by a commanding intellect.

"Not too long." These words lingered in my mind and seemed to take possession of me. "Not too long." On my return to my hotel I wrote these lines to Herr Harden: "Excuse me if I beg for a slight extension of our inter-

view. Your hands are clasped round your knees, you cast down your eyes as you say to me, 'Not too long.' Then I lean forward with my elbows on the table between us and I ask, 'Why?'"

The next day I received a note written in the minutest of cramped handwritings, in which the letters seemed to play at who should take up the least room, and I read:

"Why did I say 'Not too long'? To save us from having to say the saddest, the most lamentable, words in the history of nations, the fatal words 'Too late.'"

I had seen the claw of the beast!

XII

THEIR STRENGTH

Continuation of Military Effort—The Laws of 1911–1912—An Addition of 50,000 Men—Inexhaustible Reservoir—Fallacious Calculations—The Military Budgets since 1909—In a Hurry—Another Law in 1913—Consequences of the War in the Balkans—Peace maintained by Intimidation—Words addressed to the Reichstag—Interior Politics—Herr von Tirpitz—Why?

Every one whom I questioned agreed in trying to mitigate the serious purport of the military law of 1912, and a man renowned for his *intransigeant* spirit went so far as to say "The law of June 14 was not a military question at all, it was a question of finance."

Nevertheless, when the Reichstag voted it on May 10, all its members, who are generally in the habit of being reserved, greeted the result of the ballot with loud and repeated cheers, except the Alsace-Lorrainers and the Poles.

So these Liberals, who later posed as the warm advocates of abatement and who have talked about the diminution of recruits, neglected on that day to maintain the principles enunciated in their subsequent conversations, and made no scruple of going into the same lobby with the uncompromising apostles of force. For it had been constantly asserted that the law for which they were about to vote represented an effort in military history the like of which Germany had not attempted since 1871.[1] The fact that

[1] This chapter was written before it was possible to forecast the further and colossal accession of military strength that Germany was to make in 1913. I have not considered it my duty to suppress

it came less than a year after the law of 1911, which had been accepted as the point at which the government and army administration had drawn the line for a long time to come, increases its importance; in the interval there had been Agadir, Lloyd George's speech, a protracted negotiation, and the treaty of November 4. Let us endeavour, therefore, to calculate the enormous additional strength with which this measure has augmented the power of Germany.[1]

On March 27, 1911, Germany had already passed a military law of extreme importance. But who, outside a few specialists, disturbed themselves about it in France? Indifferent to what goes on in other nations and to their action with regard to things which merely concern our own existence, we add to our callousness an unconscionable optimism, and are pleased to think that nothing exists if we choose to ignore it. Though the German bill of 1911 was already a gigantic measure, it was scarcely a year later that it became necessary, apparently, to stir up uneasiness anew. If the recruiting section of the army remained more or less stationary and the numerical increase did not exceed 11,000 men, all the special corps were increased, organised, or reorganised, such as automobile corps, railways, balloon corps, pioneers, and field-trains,

or alter anything in it. I should have liked to add a certain amount of information on the law of 1913, but at the moment I was correcting my proofs its details were still unknown. Besides, it matters very little. The more the law of 1912 is demonstrated and explained, the more the case against the excessive law of 1913 which left the other so far behind is established. Moreover, this inquiry concerns itself more with moral documents than statistics, and in this respect the following chapter retains its full significance.

[1] I have omitted intentionally here mention of the repeated strides Germany has made in her naval development, reserving it for a table which will be found further on. Her programme is well known, and there has been a special reason for isolating the description of the increase of her land forces.

rifles, etc. And this huge overhauling would add enormously to the importance and technical efficiency of the army. Why, nine months later, was it necessary, in the law of June 14, to begin to augment again?

Details are not easy to obtain. The Germans evince little eagerness to furnish them, and if they were willing they could not always do it. It is difficult, indeed, to produce the exact figures and to verify them by the official papers. The only ones which have value for the purpose are the documents connected with the budgets, but in them the expenditure is not specified, the surplus is carried over to the following year, the chapters overlap and get entangled, the whole, indeed, seeming well adapted to embarrass parliamentary control and to balk the indiscreet inquiries of curious outsiders. All that can be definitely ascertained is the number of soldiers, recruits, and corporals, and that is really all that is essential for our purpose; this effective service numbers in virtue of the new law 544,211. The effective service of 1910 was 504,446; the one that resulted from the law of 1911, 515,321. From these figures it will be seen that an increase, which in 1911 amounted to 11,000 men and in 1912 to 29,000, is a total, taking the two measures together, of 40,000 men.

And that is not all. We must add to the number of these those of the non-commissioned officers (about 97,000, augmenting by 10,500 those of 1910), the volunteers of a year (about 14,000), military employés, military subalterns (about 5000), finally, the assimilated officers and functionaries (about 35,000 instead of 28,500 in 1910); in times of peace the total of the effective service should be 695,000 men, including officers, instead of 637,500 in 1910, and the actual increase of the German forces will be on a peace footing — deducting the officers — *fifty thousand men*,

which means two corps of the whole army. Understand that every year 25,000 young men will be enrolled who were not before, and that in consequence in ten years the empire will be able to put in line *two hundred and fifty thousand* combatants more than it now actually possesses. According to Article 60 in the Federal Constitution of 1866, the budget estimates of the effective forces of the Confederation should equal, with the exception of the officers, one for every hundred of the population, and the law of April 1871 had confirmed this principle; this improves on it, since Germany will have henceforth out of 65,000,000 inhabitants, 660,000 citizens serving the colours, not including 35,900 officers, whereas the principle inaugurated in 1866 did not accord her more than 650,000.

Fifty thousand men! It is thus nearly 25,000 young men that Germany, drawing on the inexhaustible reservoir of her population, makes into auxiliary soldiers. Let us compare what the French army is in this respect. Its conscripts, according to budget evidence, were in 1912, 555,900 men, in 1913 they are 563,500 men; these figures include the African army (Algerian, Tunisian, and Moorish) but not what is called the colonial army, so that the effective service with us is not absolutely effective strictly speaking. Deductions have to be made for the dead, the sick, and the conscript deserter. But in Germany, on the contrary, it is always complete, for as soon as one man fails he can be replaced out of the vast human reservoir.

How can we respond to such an increase? Germany's strength consists in this, that without enrolling the whole effective contingent, she may as it suits her purpose, according to the number she takes, amplify her fighting force. In fact, this is her object. We are now told that

the law of June 14 was merely a preliminary stage, that before it has achieved its full effect it will be followed in 1915 by further legislation for which we are invited to be prepared.[1]

It is said that it is high time for Germany, prosperous as she is, to put into force the principle of compulsory service inscribed in the Charter; and it would appear from the campaign carried on by the press (too general and persistent to be uninspired) that even already 1915 seems too distant a date to wait for.

With us it is true that compulsory service calls any and every sort of young man of twenty years of age, without exception, to the barracks. The sick, the feeble-minded alone are exempt, and those who rebel against the law, and are a law unto themselves. France is really in the strictest sense of the word "a people in arms," the phrase invented by Prussia when she introduced compulsory service. If she augments her effective service budget by artificial means, if she indemnifies with high pay re-enlistments, and adopts the three-years' system, she will possess, certainly, in the event of war, a greater number of men, better trained and disciplined; but the total of her combatants will be always the same, since those that she enrols invariably compose the whole nation. What is so striking in the example of Germany is that in ten years she will be able to concentrate on the battle-field 250,000 stalwart men that without the law of June 14 she could not have mustered there. For these new contingents

[1] This page is one that has appeared in the form of an article. It was published in the *Figaro* of September 9, 1912. At this moment it is seen that even before the Balkan War was thought of, much less before the result of that eventuality was known, Germany did not consider the law of 1912 as anything but a paving the way to still more gargantuan measures. In Chapter IX. we have seen how General Keim, moreover, demanded new armaments in July.

new separate staffs of officers are necessary. The law has created them. Two divisional staffs, twenty-two "inspections" of the Landwehr, sixteen battalions of infantry, six squadrons of cavalry, thirty batteries of artillery, ambulance section, battalions of pioneers, twenty-six field-trains, aviation sections, etc.—all this the law inaugurates. And if we pass over the details, and come to inquire into the spirit which has inspired the war department in the conception of these two schemes, we shall find that in 1911 and 1912 it was prompted by the idea of augmenting the effective power of the army through the accelerated rapidity of mobilisation, so that at the first shock its immense mass of reserve forces would be rendered more numerous, and more easily put in movement. The question, there can be no doubt of it, is that of a considerable accession of military power to Germany, and if, after having considered it from a technical point of view, we now examine it from the point of view of finance, we shall be more than ever impressed by the persistent continuance of measures taken by Germany to strengthen her military position.

A statement of accounts, taken from the only source that it is possible to draw on, limits itself to the estimate of the expenditure for the years to which the law applies—1912-1917—and in giving the total, which is 440½ millions of marks. A fallacious method of presenting sums, because, on one hand, the execution of the law will leave behind it a permanent augmentation of expenditure which will encumber all the succeeding budgets (the statement estimates it at 58 million marks a year), and, on the other hand, all the expenses have not been expressly provided for. This sum, therefore, is for us an altogether inadequate indication of the financial liabilities created by the law. In reality,

one might say that it is equivalent to an expenditure of 800 millions of marks, or about *eleven hundred millions of francs*.

The table below, which cites together the figures of the war and marine estimates, will enable us to grasp in a concise though pregnant form the stupendous enterprises undertaken without cessation by Germany.

It will demonstrate the proportions in which from 1900 to 1912 she has augmented the credit of her army and navy. These figures are taken from the latest military budgets (the millions are represented in marks).

	War	Marine	Total Military Expenditure
1900 ..	656	167	823
1905 ..	698	246	944
1910 ..	808	442	1250
1911 ..	816	458	1274
1912 ..	945	472	1417

If we dissect these figures and calculate the annual increase for a dozen years they have been about as follows:

From 1900 to 1905	24,000,000	marks
From 1905 to 1910	60,000,000	,,
In 1911	24,000,000	,,
In 1912	143,000,000	,,

Read and observe well, 143 millions of marks (nearly 180 million francs) annual augmentation of the military estimates from 1912 onward, and in this sum 129 millions of marks stand for war alone.

And I have not said all there is to say. The German government has, without doubt, wanted to do big things,

but it has undoubtedly, too, wanted to rush them, and this is not one of the least remarkable characteristics of the law of June 14. Provision was made for a five-years' delay in the application of the law of 1911; in 1912 it was decided that all the precepts of the two laws should be put into execution immediately, and carried out with all possible speed. "If we wish to fortify our army," the Minister of War, General von Heeringen, declared before the Reichstag, "the improvements ought to be made as quickly as practicable. The extremest limit is October 1, 1912. All the proposed measures, as far as it can be done, should be executed by that date; we should not put them off till following years; an adjournment now would be of the greatest inconvenience from a military point of view." That is clear. For Germans are not satisfied with words only. They did not wait for the bill to pass before they set about preparations for putting it in force. And they made all haste to follow them up. By the date fixed everything was accomplished, and while France was still slow to grasp the full significance of the law—its mechanism and resources—it had already emerged from the latter stage, and had become a living fact.

Better still, yet a new law was being prepared in haste. This strengthening of the military system demanded by the shrieks of the Pan-Germans, and vaguely desired by many ordinary Germans, was wrung from a weak-kneed government of undoubted pacific intentions on the plea that the war in the East threatened grave risks to the course of European peace. The defeat of Turkey was bitterly resented in Germany. Certain French journals did not flinch from the paradox of saying that with the beating of Turkey were beaten German methods and German material; and without going so far as this, it was felt in Germany that

in a certain degree their national prestige was at stake. Especially their military prestige! These Turks who were continually being defeated were the oldest pupils of the German military staff; the most obedient, the most apt; those of whom they had been fondest of boasting; the most distinguished of the Young Turks, Chevket, had lived for years in Germany, and the famous Field-Marshal von der Golz had himself superintended the organisation and training of the Ottoman army, the formation of its regiments and *cadres*.

No doubt the field-marshal and his officers could give good reasons if they had to defend themselves. But what good was a demonstration? The confidence, in reality the moral security of popular German opinion, was called in question, and made a crisis in national pride urgent. The following lines were printed at the time in a leading article in one of the great German newspapers, the *Berliner Anzeiger*, and are significant, and bear out this point: "One has only to converse with a number of officers of all ranks to be convinced that all confidence and all joy in them have changed to pessimism. The change is lamentable, but more so are the reasons that justify it."

And to reassure this public opinion whose confidence wavered at the moment when the ground of Europe was vibrating under threats of war, nothing better could be thought of than to show it new battalions. Since it was in doubt about the quality, one could at least dazzle it with quantity! It was to be given more companies of *mitrailleuses*, more battalions of infantry, trains of artillery, squadrons of cavalry, air-boats, aeroplanes, bicycles, and all the rest of it. All this was done, too, in the interest of peace, judging by the article from which I have

already quoted, which speaks of "A great war, perhaps delayed, but not averted, if German armaments are not of a nature to intimidate every adversary into beating a retreat."

Peace to be gained by intimidation, but peace notwithstanding. Such was the programme that had been drawn up.

Increase German power; reinforce an already formidable engine of destruction; act quickly and let it be known that more were already on the way, and that it had been decided to strike while the iron was hot; that is what Germany meant in 1911 and 1912, that is what she means again in 1913. And we ask why?

In face of this enormous military activity which the law of June represents, and with more to come, how can we help asking, "What's behind? Towards what bloody conflict is Germany leading Europe?"

The words spoken in the Reichstag and written by the press at the time the law was to be voted, or being voted, were not words likely to promote peace. The precipitation with which the proposals were brought forward, the feverish haste with which they were carried through parliament, have not the appearance of being the index to a pacific condition of mind. A renewal of force was required, and it was required on the spot. The desire for it was disclosed later, when even a further increase was set on foot. "We want," said General von Heeringen, Minister of War, "to fortify our national defences, and before all to acquire a greater alacrity in our preparations for war." What menace was confronting Germany to justify this urgent necessity? Who menaced her?

That is the question. The same minister had already declared: "The events of the summer and autumn of

1911 have compelled us to recognise that the proposals brought forward last year will not be sufficient in the long run. Since 1910 the military situation in Germany is in course of modification." How? Herr Erzberger, one of the most fluent and convincing orators of the Centre, supported the proposed measures before the commission, by announcing that Germany had henceforth to fortify herself on three sides: on the east and the west against Russia and France; in Holland and Belgium against England. The day the bill passed, May 10, all parties delegated their chiefs to the tribune whence each, by a solemn declaration, notified to foreign Powers that Germany was resolved to make herself respected and to augment in every way necessary her means of defence. General von Heeringen finally pronounced these words:

"Every one is in accord on this point, that the army should present a sound constitution in face of the enemy. So long as political affairs do not modify themselves, there can be no thought of lowering the peace standard of the army. We have need of an army ready for the struggle, and one which will be able at any moment, without counting on the incorporation of recruits, to confront the enemy."

Nearly the whole press spoke in the same tone; Germany ought without delay to develop her means of defence, and to hold herself in readiness for all events. Now all this followed a period of diplomatic tension, to which Agadir had been the prelude, and we know that it was neither France nor England who had sent the *Panther* to the coast of Morocco.

The vote agreed to, things altered, and one heard different language. It was no longer a question of stamping the foot and drawing the sword, but merely one of taking pre-

cautions and bringing into force laws that had been "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." A deputy whispered in my ear, "Pay no attention to what was said just then. It was a case of playing to the gallery. Voices had to be raised to reach it. The important thing was to get the law accepted by the people, and how was that to be done without exaggerating somewhat the gravity of the outlook?" I understood, but what need had there been to "exaggerate," and to bring in a law of force, if no one cherished anything but pacific designs?

A most distinguished publicist, one to whom the press looks for information, and who is on terms of intimacy with the men in power, said to me in his turn:

"I will reveal a secret to you. It is a matter of domestic policy."

He then explained that for a long time the militarists had been agitating for a law to regulate effective service. For reasons of finance, easy to guess, and because of the difficulty of procuring resources, of which the country did not understand the necessity, the moment of satisfying their demands was constantly postponed, but on every occasion when grants were voted for the navy, they returned to the charge with obstinate persistency.

Nevertheless, the Chancellor still held out. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg is a man of moderation and prudence, and of a peaceable disposition, in whom no one, it is true, sees a successor to Bismarck, but whose lofty probity and unimpeachable "gentlemanliness" the whole world agrees in praising. It is said, too, that, earnestly attached to peace and solicitous of governing wisely, he is not one of those who urge the indefinite extension of the naval programme. But he has ranged against him here the Emperor and Admiral Tirpitz, the Minister of Marine, a

man of brains and strong will. Herr von Tirpitz is not only the tenacious author of a strong naval programme, and constant inspirer of the Emperor's energetic policy, he is, besides, the commanding power behind the scenes and instigator of the present government.

Herr von Kiderlen knew this, and only tolerated with impatience an influence which fearlessly trespassed on his preserves.

Herr von Bethmann, if he could have had his own way, would have called a truce in the increase of armaments, in order to husband the resources of the nation as well as to allay English uneasiness; but the admiral was exigent, the master imperious, and when the Chancellor found himself constrained to put his signature to a new scheme he remarked, "Very well, so be it; but it shall not be said that we give everything to our army on the sea. Our army on land shall have its share this time." Or if he did not make use exactly of these words, they were in his mind, and not to be ignored.

"And there you have," said my informant, "the origin of the military law. There is no reason why you should seek for other reasons, and pray do not interpret it as a menace directed against any one."

"Still," said I, "it is certainly curious that this combination of influences and domestic policy should have just coincided with the crisis of 1911. And you will have difficulty in convincing me that it all meant nothing."

"But I did not say that. On the contrary it meant a great deal. It was done to set public opinion in motion. However submissive, disciplined, and patriotic a people may be, it is never with a light and joyous heart that a young man leaves his home and people to pass two or three years in a barrack, and for a long while the people have

been giving their governments too much money for the latter not to hesitate asking them to make fresh sacrifices. The Morocco affair, the English speeches, the conflict with France, the Chauvinistic stimulus have done in three months more than all the orations of ministers and the newspaper campaigns have succeeded in doing in two years. Public opinion was found to be wound up to the required pitch. When it was proposed to reinforce the army, it seemed to it quite simple; and as a matter of fact, the law passed backed by a universal approval. Ah! our ministers are cunning, you will say. But it was a clever game to play! Your mistake is to suppose that the crisis of 1911 was the cause of it; it was only the occasion."

I have accepted this explanation, but I have only accepted it as part of the absolute truth. Wherever I looked for the whole truth, I failed to find it. I caught no accent of it from any lips that I listened to. I saw men most incontestably pacific reconciling without difficulty, in the calm of reflection, an ideal of fraternity with the taste for brute-force. I heard them in even tones associating eulogy of peace with eulogies of the law of June, hope of reconciliation with the military fever; and it did not satisfy me when this man demonstrated to me the benefits of the principle of "one to every hundred of the population," or that another assured me that in Germany the education of the barracks took the place of "sport" dear to the English, and that it is altogether excellent.

Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, and others with him — though these were rare — took less pains to mince their words. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, it will be remembered, told me honestly, "We are obliged to strengthen our army because we foresee, if the case arises,

that we shall have to defend ourselves at the same time against you and against the English."

All the same, it is not on land that one would fight against the English. Is it to be credited that the recently acquired supplement of 50,000 rifles are to be used against ironclads? If my informants were so sincerely attached to peace, why could they find no language in which to express regret for a law which affords so much justifiable cause for alarm? And if they were not, why shouldn't they speak out boldly, and say, "Yes, we must have new forces, and we shall use them when the necessity arises"? But how could I fail to be struck by this almost unanimous persistence in lessening and disguising the significance of the law, and in presenting it as merely a natural and simple reform?

One evening as I sat at a table, round which my attentive host had gathered a circle of friends whose acquaintance he thought might be useful to me, I expressed my perplexity, and, with the freedom of speech assured to all, I asked the questions which I have been asking here, and several more. One of the guests then said:

"I see, monsieur, that you are worrying yourself. You imagine that you have been deceived, and you account for it in a way that is scarcely flattering to any of us. No one is ignorant, I presume, in France of the barbarous ends which Germany has in view in reinforcing her army! But it is from German lips that you desire to hear the avowal. You cannot understand it because none of us will tell you anything that you have made up your mind to hear. Allow me to point out that you don't understand because you don't know. It involves knowing a good many things about the history and life of the German, to judge fairly the work which with one accord the nation

has, of late, thought fit to accomplish. Such knowledge constitutes, as it were, if the term is not too ambitious, the philosophy of a military law. Would you like me to indicate when you are smoking a cigar by and by what its elements are? "

The man who spoke thus was tall, slender, and fair, with an intellectual forehead and pale-blue eyes. He was a Würtembergian and a staff-officer, so I listened to what he had to say with interest.

XIII

A MAJOR'S IDEAS

An Affirmation of Power—But not a Warlike Affirmation—*Primum vivre*—For the Good of the Country and the Army—The Tragedy of Jena—The Resurrection of the Army—The First Military Constitution—A Great Sovereign—The Reform of 1860–1866—Trial of the Instrument—On the Eve of 1870—As Strong as it is possible to be—Character of the Race—Military but not Bellicose—You are the Warriors—Always aiming at Something Better—What Bismarck said in 1888.

THE major began, choosing his words carefully and emphasising them by action. His fair eyebrows gave his eyes at moments a strange expression; an air of cold affability combined with a sort of visionary exaltation.

"Yes, the Morocco affair created the law of June. Mr. Lloyd George's speech, the English threats, the inflexibility of your diplomacy, the tone of your journals, the excitement of your people—all tended to rouse the German nation and confronted it with the task of augmenting the forces of the empire. Yes, the certainty to which we were suddenly awakened, that the Franco-English *entente* was ceasing to be a mere play of words and becoming a concrete reality, was what all at once woke up Germany. The government had only to use its ears to hear public opinion sending up a howl of wounded *amour propre*. Finally it was an affirmation of power which the Emperor, the government, the Reichstag, and with them the whole nation intimated to Europe.

"Say, if you like, that we acted from pride, precaution, or a desire to intimidate, who can tell? Or under the brutal

impetus of a vigorous reaction. I shall not contradict you. But when you conclude that in arming ourselves thus we intended at once to make the power of our arms felt in a practical sense you are wrong, but your error is nothing new. Whenever the constant evolution of our military equipment becomes more marked, whether it is a matter of formations, or of armaments, or of an infinite variety of elements belonging to so complicated a machine, some one is sure to be found in France to attribute to us aggressive designs without reflecting that for the warlike desire to become act it would only need to become conscious of itself, nor that in the economic state of Germany the most exquisite victory she can be ambitious of gaining—remember it is a soldier who is speaking to you—is that of peace!

"You are badly versed in our character socially and individually. We are a military nation. But necessity made us so to begin with. The first thing we have to think of is how to live, and our first duty is to organise ourselves to defend life. Because the conditions of a military state are in agreement with our temperament we have become a military state from choice. Germany cultivates militarism as an individual cultivates hygiene. Everything with us centres in the army. We think that the army is of all the services of the nation the most magnificent. No duty can be nobler than to serve your country, and none is more honoured. In villages the young man whom the conscription has passed over is the object of his comrades' ridicule. In the religious service of the churches the army comes next to the Emperor, before the government and other institutions of the state. If a nation wants to exist, how can it hesitate to put in the first rank its best servants, those whose daily sacrifice insures

the free evolution of its life? Germany is not content with honouring, she exalts them. The child from its birth is reared to reverence it. Public ceremonies, family example, school education, sermons from the pulpit, military speeches, all these concur in giving him the cult for his country, the sentiment of pride in its power, the conviction of its pre-eminence, and teaches him that the first binding obligation of every German citizen is to consecrate to the nation his whole heart and strength.

"No doubt we have also become an industrial and commercial people, but the industrial and commercial people are soldiers themselves, and they are proud of it. The German loves his army not only because it is the sword on which he leans, because it is the symbol of his power, because he is vain of it and revels in its story, but he loves it also because it is the refuge of that idealism which lives eternally within him and which no positivism can repress or kill. In short, there is a very old saying in use among us that is always applicable: 'Such and such a country may possess an army, but Germany is an army that possesses a country.' That is why every event in public life at once affects military life, any wave of emotion, happy or the reverse, turns the people instinctively to its army. We are military, and you may ask why we are military up to such a point as this. We owe it to Prussia. I am a Würtembergian, but feel no scruples in rendering her this homage. Prussia has made Germany, but it is the military spirit which has made Prussia. She has had her man of genius to whom she owes her historic education, Frederick the Great, whose whole work of government was that of an incomparable diviner of the future. Even in his time Prussia, organised by his father, Frederick William, the 'drill-sergeant' monarch, into a military state, was

able to keep up an obstinate war against a huge power like Austria, who had the support of the Russians and sometimes of the French. And what was Prussia then? A handful of soldiers and scarcely quarter of a million inhabitants. But a terrible probation was in store for it. Jena!

"You have no idea, monsieur, what Jena was. The vanquished cherish memories; the conquerors soon forget the anguish they have caused. Jena, and the consequences of Jena, came to be regarded as Prussia's Golgotha. The nation, ravaged, mutilated, and overthrown by a pitiless war, was almost reduced to nothing and hurled back on the other side of the Elbe. It was subjected to exorbitant taxation, and worst of all ground down to the humiliating conditions of limiting its effective military service to 40,000 men and being forced to fight for those who had beaten them. They were dragged by their conquerors to fresh battle-fields, and thus, till peace was restored, groaned under the lash of the victor.[1] Ah, your Napoleon had a heavy hand! But we are military to such a degree that there exists the greatest admiration among us all for that great lord of battle. You will find his portrait everywhere in Germany, in our houses and in our shop windows. Napoleonic literature is not less prolific here than in France, and there is not any people, including your own, among whom his cult is more abundantly celebrated.

"It was Napoleon, nevertheless, who prostrated Prussia

[1] After Jena the distress of Prussia was such that its inhabitants, who beggared themselves to serve it, were reduced to the direst misery. M. Jules Huret, in his book *Berlin*, gives an anecdote which he heard from Prince von Bülow to the effect that lovers were reduced to plighting their troth with rings of iron, on which was engraved the inscription, "I have spent gold to get iron." The story has become classic, and the Emperor himself alluded to it in one of his speeches.

with a blow so ferocious that it seemed as if she could never recover from it. But the Prussians are a patient, energetic, and hardy race.[1] From defeat it saved an intrepid and stubborn spirit. It set itself to the task of rehabilitation with a will at once tenacious and discriminating, and one may say with truth that its young glory dates from Jena, that without Jena Prussia would not so soon have realised German unity. Yes, Jena, from which Napoleon hoped the ultimate destruction of a disquieting neighbour, proved the point of a new departure and, as it were, the first condition of its glorious destiny.[2] What had been designed for its ruin was destined to prove the source of its greatness. And it is by means of her army that Prussia has known how to accomplish this miracle of resurrection.

"She applied herself to the work of reform without

[1] On February 5, 1913, in his address to the Diet at Königsberg, the Emperor William conjured up those days of disaster. He said: "It would be hard indeed to picture at this hour the misfortunes and reverses of those times. We had been robbed of a precious part of our national territory by an unhappy war. The population had been almost swept away; the country, with the majority of its fortresses, was in the hands of the conqueror and crushed beneath the enormous burdens of the war. The enemy submerged our countrysides with the flood of its armies. Commerce and industry were interrupted; prosperity had disappeared; our fields were only partially cultivated after the disastrous rout of the previous year. The king, shadowed in his smallest action, was no longer safe. He was obliged, in order to save his crown and the country from utter shipwreck, to send to the East, as auxiliary troops, half of the small army left to him by the conqueror. It was then that Divine Providence put an abrupt termination to the victorious career of the formidable Corsican. It was felt that Europe had touched the low-water mark of her sore trials, that the moment was come to realise the ardent desire of all true Prussian hearts and to burst the bonds of long servitude."

[2] "But this severe punishment for past times' inaction and therefore decay has performed a work of purification. It has revealed in all clearness that to the conscience of the Prussian it is impossible to live without honour." Thus the Kaiser expressed himself in the famous address "To my Army," in commemoration of the great days of 1813.

delay, without prejudice, and with no other end in view than the salvation of the nation. But she did more than reform the army, she exhibited it to the people in the light of an august instrument necessary to their redemption. Committees were organised, secret societies spread their fervent offshoots throughout the land, poets arose, a new pedagogy formulated its methods and pointed out the road; but all the statesmen and committees, the technicians, the initiated, the preachers, lecturers, apostles, pedagogues, and poets, all were spokesmen for their country and the sword, in other words, for the army.

"Seven years after Jena, in 1813, Prussia made a gigantic effort to recover herself. It meant an appeal to arms, the raising of the whole mass of the population, and a contribution of 200,000 men to the coalition. In 1814 she endowed herself with the first of those military constitutions of which her actual army is the outcome. She was then a small people. But on September 3 she established a compulsory three-years' service, and with 10,000,000 inhabitants she was able to put in line of battle 520,000 men, of which 360,000 formed the active army.[1] She spent on it 94,000,000 francs in a year, courageously raised on a budget of 270,000,000. It was with this army that she fought in 1848 and 1849 the campaigns of Schleswig-Holstein and Baden, and which she mobilised in 1850 and 1859, but then to obvious defects were added a badly directed use of the Landwehr which produced

[1] From the same address "To my Army" quoted above: "It is with boundless admiration that I think of the heroes of those days. I think of Scharnhorst who, by his labours in time of peace, established the principle on which Prussia's resurrection was based —compulsory service—but to whom it was not granted to help reap the harvest he had sown. I think of those generals who led the army on its victorious marches, of Blücher, York, Bülow, Gneisenau, and many others whose names are inscribed in letters of fire on the tablets of history." March 10, 1913.

lamentable results, refusals to join, desertions, refusals to march, bad discipline, disobedience in face of the enemy, so that directly calm was restored Prussia in 1860 gave her army a new statute.

"The kingdom was, at that time, ruled by a regent who in the following year became king. This was William, a great military sovereign. He voluntarily yielded up the management of all domestic politics to his ministers, as well as foreign policy, but every moment of his life, all his thoughts and all his affections, were engaged by his army. No day passed that he did not devote several hours to work that concerned it, and if he rode out on horseback it was to a review or an inspection, to ride at the head of a regiment or to visit a barrack.

"Indeed, this military zeal was such that Moltke more than once, without going the length of making it cause for complaint, expressed regret that his majesty's zeal was so 'exclusive,' and he could not have said more.

"In forty-five years Prussia had almost doubled her population! She numbered 18,000,000 inhabitants and passed a budget of 480,000,000 francs. During this period she had applied slackly the rule of compulsory service exactly as she does to-day, and in spite of the increase in the population the annual contingents reached only the same figure as in 1814. Then, anew, she promulgated compulsory and universal service—without derogations or exemptions—established an active three-years' service, reorganised the Landwehr, and had an active standing army of 630,000 soldiers, to which had to be added about 200,000 men belonging to the Landwehr.

"With the aid of such an army, one battle was enough to finish Austria in 1866; but the Austrian campaign in the eyes of the king and Moltke and all Prussia was merely a

sort of testing of the instrument which they had created. The war over, Prussia, not content to rest on her laurels, organised the Confederation of North Germany and asserted her place in the life of Europe; she still worked, worked unremittingly, to correct and perfect, to polish to the highest pitch of smoothness, the powerful machine which for fifty years had never ceased to become more and more robust. In 1867 there was a new law, in 1868 a new reorganisation of the Landwehr—in short, on the eve of the great war Frederick's little Prussia with its scanty population of 4,000,000 was at the head of a vast federation of 30,000,000 souls and its king was in command of 1,000,000 soldiers."

I had listened to the major without interrupting him, confining myself to verifying his figures, and he paused for a moment. Then he resumed:

"I feel I am talking like a pedantic historian and must ask you to excuse me. But I wanted to show you that this military activity, which apparently surprises you to-day and to which you are not far from attributing sinister motives, is in reality part of the country's most ancient traditions, and the most binding and least disputed. We perfect our army without ceasing, and it is not requisite to have any precise object in view; we do it because it is for us the nation's occupation, a most natural and serious occupation that seems to us of urgent importance. There is not a German who, by habit and education and inherited memories of terrible reverses, has not had it impressed on him as an absolute principle, and to whom it is almost a truism, that the first duty of the country to which he belongs is to be, at all times, as strong as it is possible to be. I flatter myself that now you understand better the reasons of Germany's passion for her army.

"We are a military nation, and, as I have explained to you, after being forced to it we have become so from choice. Why? Because military education is for us the complement of civil education. Because the army is certainly the *milieu* in which the characteristics of our people find their most complete development, such as their sense for order, discipline, and subordination, their love of work, their plodding energy, their faculty to adapt themselves to monotonous circumstances, and because the army is thus to them a mirror in which the nation every minute is reflected as it loves to see itself.

"It is to the army that the German nation owes its greatest patriotic transports, because as a people the Germans are conscious of their shortcomings and know that they are neither amiable nor pleasing, that they have never owed their success to anything but force, and thus the army is in their eyes the constant, ever-present, and living monument of German power.

"We are a military nation, because we are a people endowed with the military spirit. You Frenchmen may talk as you like about our 'sheeplike temperament,' which I believe you think is funny. You, of course, are admirable individualists of the first water, the most thorough individualists that the modern world has known; it is your individualism that has made your civilisation what it is: that individualism which led Europe when the great national forces which are her arteries to-day were still seeking an outlet for themselves.

"You have imagination and enthusiasm, you know how to accomplish at the psychological moment an unpremeditated act which will, whatever it is, certainly be the parent of other acts. In fact you are daring, and because you are daring you believe in yourselves. To this soul of

the individualist the German opposes the heavy weight of his collectivism. When you suppose that he is merely thinking, he is measuring and calculating; when you hope that he is about to act, he is computing the risks and the reasons and looking about him. Before he takes one step forward he counts the cost and feels the ropes; he seeks his support not in himself, but in the community; the force that carries him on is not faith in his own efforts, but a serene confidence in the solidarity of human endeavour. Energy that with you is an emanation of personal character is with him nothing but an effect of mass. It is necessary to be constantly forming him, drilling, urging, and leading him. He is a peerless instrument, but still he is an instrument. Is this the picture of a citizen? It is the picture of a soldier. We are a nation of soldiers. We are military to the core, but we are not warriors, and that is just what the French find so hard to understand. We excel in organisation, in discipline, in the practice of arms, and in the calling of war, we excel to such a degree that there isn't an army that has not profited by our experiences, as we, for instance, have borrowed from you, and have retained in our vocabulary certain technical phrases such as *feu de salve*, *feu rapide*, and *mobilisation*.[1] But we have never

[1] If my informant had had a more profound knowledge of philology he would have known that a great many of our military terms have a Germanic origin. Those introduced into Gaul from the third to the tenth century, whether by the Barbarians enrolled in the Roman armies or whether by the conquering Franks, Goths, and Burgundians, took a Latin form, and through the Latin became by degrees Gallicised according to phonetic laws. Hence the words: *guerre, halte, boulevard, arrai, auberge, brèche, beffroi, briser, butin, cible, dard, épier, flèche, heaume, haubert, héraut, étape, blesser, brandir, cotte, crampion, blinder*, etc. Others introduced into our language at the beginning of the thirteenth century during the wars of the Crusades and later in the Thirty Years' War and the wars of the fifteenth century, have been retained in their initial form almost without alteration. For example, *bivouac, blocus,*

made war for the pleasure of it, only when we have been obliged to uphold the idea of nationality or forced to it by the course of events.

"The warriors for war's sake are yourselves! Your whole history is full of the bellicose fever that Julius Cæsar first noticed in your remotest ancestors. You glory in battle. The smell of powder intoxicates you. Acts of heroism come naturally to you. Valmy was an outrage on every law of discipline; it required Frenchmen to win such a victory. You will find nothing to equal it in the long history of our wars. Every people acts according to its temperament. Our virtues lie in the direction of work, preparation, organisation, method. It is these qualities that have won for us success. It is by applying ourselves diligently to the perfecting of rules which we have not always invented that we have conquered. Be tolerant, then, if we stick to our army and don't be astonished any more if in all that concerns this sacred force, which really means the country's destiny, we have it at heart not to trust to those improvising methods in which you excel.

"We have needed an army to expand ourselves, and in the first place we needed it to exist. Our self-preservation depends on it. Now we want a powerful army to insure our liberty to carry on a policy conducive to our interests, to develop peaceably our trade and commerce, to fear nothing and no one in fulfilling our destiny and defending ourselves against aggression and the untoward opposition of other powers.[1] We want an army, in fact, for the same purpose as you possess one.

blockhaus, chabraque, colback, flamberge, fifre, havresac, hourrah, loustic, lansquenet, reitre, obus, sabre, rosse, sabretache, schlague, vaguemestre (V. A. Bracht, *Dictionnaire Étymologigue de la Langue Française,* Introduction).

[1] The *Berliner Anzeiger* (a government journal), discussing in 1913

"But it is not when the cannons begin to roar that the right time comes for thinking of how one is to estimate the proportions of the attacking and defending forces. You cannot speculate on the power of an army. You must know at the first blow exactly what its strength is to be. In times of peace we ascertain for times of war how far the resources of the nation will bear the strain. Surrounded as she is by neighbours in arms, Germany sees wisdom in augmenting with a turn of the screw her instrument of war. Can any one wonder that she should do so at a time when one nation vies with the other in seeing which can manufacture the most terrific and deadly machinery of war and mobilise the biggest masses of men?

"Germany is obedient to her old traditions. After her victory she improved her army in 1872, introducing reforms, amendments, and reinforcements, as she did again in 1874, 1880, 1887, in 1888 and 1890, in 1893 and 1911; to-day she is improving it afresh. Should she choose to employ them, all her soldiers are ready. Whether she contemplates doing it is the affair of politicians, who are better able than I am to answer you.[1]

the claims of the Balkan allies to Adrianople, wrote: "The evacuation of Adrianople could not have been decided if in these last ten years we had not introduced universal compulsory service and created in the heart of Europe an invincible army." It concerned, therefore, not merely the protection of interests, but their right to affirm their principle of supremacy. Pan-Germans could not have said more.

[1] In February 1888 the Reichstag debated a new military bill, which was to give the German army 700,000 more men. Bismarck, in defending the scheme, maintained that this accession of force, far from being a danger to peace, would assure the contrary, and it would be interesting to know how the French press of that time received these pacific assurances. Bismarck said: "In the same degree as these forces will strengthen us, they will increase the inclination for peace. That may sound like a paradox, but it is, nevertheless, the truth. With such a powerful machine at our disposal there is no necessity for aggression. If we should ever

"But what I protest against, monsieur, is the notion that any aggressive intention, any warlike disposition, exists among officers like myself, or that there is any unanimity of public opinion here to support such a notion. I assure you that there is nothing of the kind, on my word of honour as a soldier."

want to make war, it would have to be a war in which all those who took part in it, all those who had made sacrifices and borne the burden, in a word, the whole nation, should be of one accord as to its righteousness, that is to say, it would have to be a popular war. If it came to our attacking, all the weight of the 'imponderables' or incalculable forces, which have more weight than material forces, would be on the side of the adversaries we attacked. 'Holy Russia' would be exasperated. France, as far as the Pyrenees, would rise in arms." Who will dare say to-day after the lapse of years that Bismarck was not sincere and, at the time, meant what he said?

XIV

FINANCE

How the Cannons are paid for—Business has no Politics—Badly managed French Finance—"We can shift for Ourselves"—Dr. Helfferich—Bagdad—The Friends of Peace—Herr Carl Furstenberg—They adore the French—The Great Barrier—The Newspapers responsible—Let us be done with Morocco—German Wealth—German Money stays in Germany—How much French Money is there in Germany?—Three Critical Months after Agadir—Paris Quotations—Germany's Desire to enjoy herself grows with her Wealth—Some Figures—Climbing the Slope—The Views of a French Statesman and a French Financier on German Wealth—An Economic Revolution pending.

This is a question on which financiers have something to say. War is made with cannons, but it is financiers who help to pay for them, and during the Morocco negotiations it was commonly supposed in France that German finance played its rôle in diplomatic negotiations.

I consulted a certain number of them, and all, even the most influential, responded courteously to my questions. I talked quite frankly with these gentlemen, and since have referred to numerous documents which have substantiated our conversations. I need only name a few to show that none could be better qualified to enlighten me on the financial affairs of their country. I shall mention Herr Carl Furstenberg, manager of the Berlin Handels Gesellschaft; Dr. Helfferich, manager with Herr von Gwinner of the Deutsche Bank; Herr Robert von Mendelsohn, Herr Eugen Landau, Herr Gutmann, manager of the Dresdner Bank, and his colleague, Herr Nathan. I may

add the name of Herr Walther Rathenau, and perhaps that will suffice. German financiers complain of France, or rather they complain of French financiers. They themselves taboo politics.

"We don't pretend," said Herr Gutmann, "to have opinions upon what does not directly concern us. Politics are the affair of the government. That is their business. In this office we never talk politics; we do business." But, of course, their business with France is not the business they would like, and that is the reason of their dissatisfaction. One of them, eager and loquacious, poured out his regrets, gesticulating and wriggling about behind his vast desk.

"French finance treats us so badly! We do not ask for its money—we have no need of it; we should like to collaborate with France in mutual enterprises; to meet her on an equal footing in international trade. But no, the French financiers look on us as beggars, starving wretches, who can lay hands on nothing at home, and therefore go abroad to pick up the good things belonging to others! . . . They will trade with anybody; there is no 'dirty gold mine' (*sic*) too dirty to find some one willing to undertake it; but we, we do not exist. They make a point of ignoring us. We are plague-stricken, and the Paris Exchange does not seem to know of the existence of a market at Berlin. You alone, of all the countries of the world, refuse your confidence to securities which have after all proved their value, and as a whole are worth the best of other nations. Twenty years ago it was otherwise. An active movement on the Exchange was growing up between Germany and France; then it slackened off, ceased, and to-day we are further than ever from the co-operation that we should like. Ah, the French! always

the same! They must needs bring in politics wherever they are out of place! Do *I* talk politics to you? No, I do business. We do not feel as you do the necessity of mixing up politics with business. Besides, business is international; we are ready to trade with everybody. You do not understand this. We are not carried away by our feelings, and that you see is our strong point. We see nothing but our end. But France is so nervous. At the slightest alarm she becomes uneasy; in trade such a state of mind makes everything unstable. . . . I am speaking to you without any *arrière pensée ;* don't go and imagine things. . . . We do not need the support of anybody, we are perfectly able to shift for ourselves, and I am thinking of your interest as much as of ours. Your financiers know well that this barrier which separates us is a great misfortune for both countries. They know, but they are afraid. They are afraid of the press—of public opinion. They do not attempt to shut their eyes to it. They themselves say: 'Ah, we should like to make such and such a transaction with you. But there are the papers; they would go for us (*sic*)!' Well, so much the worse for everybody!"

I said to my interlocutor:

"You talk of nothing but the evils of 'politics.' You distinguish between 'politics' and 'business.' But do you think that politicians won't trouble about you because you affect not to trouble about them? And the question of peace or war, do you call that politics? A fine thing it will be for your trade if there is fighting!"

"That is true. But on this question of peace or war Germany is unanimous. She wants peace. At the same time she is concerned for her dignity; she wishes to be treated with respect; she is ready if necessary to defend

her interests in a becoming manner. She is afraid of nothing. What is the good of our military strength if we are going to be afraid?"

Dr. Helfferich does not express himself so freely, nor in such picturesque style; but behind his grave and measured speech the grievances and regrets are practically the same. Dr. Helfferich is not only one of the great financiers of Berlin, and at the head of a powerful house, but he is also one of the cleverest and most versatile men of contemporary Germany. As professor, scholar, and financier, *privat-docent* of political economy, author of standard works on economic and monetary questions, formerly a Councillor of the Legation, then manager of the Anatolian railways before this present manager, M. Huguenin, he presents a combination of scholar, diplomatist, author, administrator, and financier almost unique in Germany. He is still young, with close-cut grey hair, an energetic appearance, tall and slender, and he speaks in an even voice, using simple and carefully chosen terms.

The first thing he thinks of is the East. He resided at Constantinople from 1906 to 1908, and is well acquainted, as he told me, with a field in which Germany and France might easily co-operate and effect a collaboration profitable to both. Turkey is still so vast and so behindhand, and her pressing needs so various, that there is scope for the activity of both without danger of mutual obstruction.

"You have thrown 2500 millions of francs into the business, and we 1500 millions, and our interests are not antagonistic. A little while ago we were acting in full agreement with the French Embassy, the Ottoman Bank, and the representatives of all the French groups; why should not this blessed harmony continue at Paris? Why

should all the difficulties and objections on every point come from your side? In the Bagdad affair, your sentiment prevailed over your reason. It depended, and it still depends, on you alone to make a third with England and us. At one time we even proposed, that in the event of England's withdrawing you should take half——"

"I know," I interrupted, "but you reserved the management for yourselves."

"That was our work; how could we give way on that point? In short, since the Ottoman Bank has been unable to induce the Paris Exchange to quote even the shares of its French group, the matter has been hanging in the balance ever since 1903. Is that reasonable? Why not settle the question without further demur?"

"Would you," I said, "be in a position to carry it through without foreign support?"

"Certainly. Up to the present the Deutsche Bank has alone been concerned; it would rest entirely with it to solicit, if necessary, the support of the other German banks."

"Why, then, are you anxious for the co-operation of French finance?"

"Because we wish to work with you, and not only in Turkey, but on any field of action that may present itself: the Balkans, Bulgaria, South America."

At Kissingen I had already heard much in the same strain.

Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter had spoken to me, with fewer details, about Turkey and the opportunities for common endeavour which it might afford our two countries. But what did German finance understand by this productive collaboration, of which the necessary condition was equality? I shall quote the following remark from a

letter recently received by me from an important personage whose word is indisputable: "We might have agreed to an accommodation with Germany in Turkey, to refrain from competition, and to fix the limits of our field of operations. We should have met on our boundaries with a smile. In this matter an agreement could not be effected, and the collaborations proposed to us have always amounted to this: 'Let us have French money to do our business in Turkey.'"

Yet all declare their desire to enter into cordial relations with French finance. All affirm pacific intentions both on their part and on that of the nation at large. "One thing is quite certain," said Herr Gutmann, "we desire peace above all things. We are men of business." Herr Helfferich enlarges on the statement: "Peace alone can enable us to develop our trade, and increase our national wealth. There is no real commercial competition between us, and we have no reason to bear you ill-will." The manager of a great house goes further: "An alliance with France would be very popular in Germany; but I am quite aware that under existing conditions it would never be accepted in France." And all repeat: "What interests separate us? None."

I remember Herr Carl Furstenberg's first words, when he was seated opposite me and had lighted a long cigar. I was in the luxurious hotel of the Berliner Handels Gesellschaft, in the company of an extremely gentle, courteous man, who reminded one physically of Edward VII.; shorter, narrower, and slighter, but with the humorous glance and friendly tone of that delightful king. Herr Carl Furstenberg, who has never allowed himself to be talked about in the papers, and, as he wrote to me, devotes his whole time to the great house of which he is manager,

kindly consented that day to receive me, and keen but nonchalant, looking reflectively at his cigar all the while, he said:

"It is a curious thing: here in this country they worship the French. They do not care about Russians, English, and the rest, but they adore the French. As soon as a German has learned two or three words of your language his one idea is to trot them out on every occasion, and whether it arises from vanity or from real sympathy, it is a fact."

"Well," I said, "in 1911 your German had quite forgotten his three words of French!"

"You are mistaken. We never at any time in 1911 believed that war was either probable or necessary. We said: 'Here have we been living at peace for forty years; is the forty-first to spoil everything?' We thought, too, that the English, who find us awkward rivals, were delighted to push France to the fore, and that really in this struggle between us, England and Russia were only playing their own cards. . . . I may tell you that when it comes to analysing our mutual relations, our view of the matter is much more realistic and objective than yours. There is really no antagonism of interests; on the contrary, we are obviously the two nations in Europe whose immediate interests are most nearly allied. There would be nothing to separate us, were it not for a certain reason you know. That is the great barrier. The French have not given up their lingering hope. The Germans on their side—pardon me for having to say this—could not contemplate reconsidering a treaty which has been written in their blood: how are we to come to an understanding? . . . Ah! it has been a surprise to us here to find France so obsessed with the memories of old grievances!"

Herr Carl Furstenberg wonders if Germany might not show

her good-will towards France by benefiting her trade, and reverting to the most favoured nation clause in the Treaty of Frankfort, offer to conclude a commercial treaty by which the customs duties on certain products should be lowered. At any rate, he is well aware that some one or something is responsible for this persistence in an antagonism kept up from day to day, on every possible pretext: and he thinks that it is the press. Neither one nor another, but the press of both countries. He complains that the papers, by their partisan statements and disputes, keep up a dangerous state of excitement.[1] He wishes that instead of seeking out irritating news, they would only open on news of general interest, and he dreams of a union of the editors of the big German and French papers, which would be, he said, a sort of "congress of the gentlemen of the press," and which would resolve once for all to refuse publication in the great organs of quotations from scurrilous rags and sensational miscellania.[2]

Was it then the press which led the gunboat *Panther*

[1] In 1888 Bismarck said: "Every country is responsible in the long run for the windows broken by her press; some day, in a fit of bad temper, the other country will send in her account."

[2] Herr Carl Furstenberg here approaches M. A. Vanderpol, the militant French Catholic, who keeps up a constant pacific propaganda, and has undertaken to turn against war all the Catholic influences of Europe. With this object, he has founded an "International Union for the study of the rights of nations according to Christian principles," which already has branches in nine states, and he has published a certain number of pamphlets, such as *The Laws of War According to the Theologians and Canonists of the Middle Ages* and *The Scholastic Doctrine of War*, in which the Catholic doctrine is very clearly put. M. Vanderpol's enterprise is the more interesting to note, on account of its unexpectedness, militant Catholicism in France being the source from which Nationalism draws the greater part of its recruits. M. Vanderpol has, moreover, received definite support from various prelates, notably Cardinal Rampolla. Finally, he tried to carry out a scheme of union —purely moral—between German, English, Belgian, and French papers.

to Agadir in July 1911? Was it the press which rendered so laborious certain interviews between Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter and M. de Cambon? I have noticed that most Germans do not enter with zest into conversation on Morocco: "On that point," an official acknowledged to me, "you beat us. One does not care much to talk about one's defeats." But it was Herr Helfferich again who said: "Let there be an end of this; let this affair no longer come between us. The question is exhausted. It is the most serious that has arisen between France and Germany these forty years; it could not be settled without some fuss. Morocco is a large morsel; with such a stake, can you wonder that feeling should run high? You suspected malice on our part, you thought you had provocation? No. The constant development of our industry and the considerable increase of our population are facts with which we have to reckon. We are no longer justified in ignoring any partition or acquisition of new land. The Morocco question was forced upon us by circumstances. But once more, let us drop the matter: for us it is the dead past. Let us see that it is well buried, and hope on both sides that it may never again be allowed to raise its head. For our part, we need nothing but tranquillity and peace. Leave it to time to heal all wounds and make *us* forget Morocco, *you* the Congo."

"Granted," I answered, "since all Europe is hunting colonial game, your wish to take part may be legitimate. Will you, however, compare the starting point of the Morocco affair with its finish. Do you think that in getting from the one to the other so many shocks, crises, and so many *coups de théâtre* were necessary?"

"I do not say that. In diplomacy one is never sure of one's game. One has to grope one's way. The essential

is that henceforward the question should be irrevocably settled."

"For ever?"

"I sincerely hope and believe so."

This is what the German financiers say. But the discussion of war and peace was not my only object in seeing them. Since they are the administrators of the German finances I wanted to talk with them about the condition of these finances: they did not shun my investigation.

Dr. Helfferich is well qualified to pronounce upon the financial position of Germany. I have said above who he is; well known, too, is the power represented by the Deutsche Bank with its capital of 200 millions of marks (250 million francs) and the twenty-five subsidiary banks affiliated according to the system of concentration practised in Germany. At the end of 1912 the total capital administered by it and its affiliated banks amounted to 4672 millions of marks (more than 5802 million francs); this group has increased still more since that period, and the Deutsche Bank is indisputably the most important private establishment in Germany. It can be imagined with what interest I listened to Dr. Helfferich.

"You are dominated," he said, "by memories of the past. We feel this here, and that is what creates this feeling of embarrassment. You preserve towards us a feeling of mistrust which enters into financial matters, with which I am chiefly concerned, as into everything else. And this same feeling of mistrust leads you into many mistakes.

"One of the points upon which French opinion is most seriously mistaken is the question of German wealth. Allow me to tell you that you have gauged it wrongly, and that it is unfortunate for the general good that French politicians have under-estimated our increasing financial

strength. To hear you talk one could almost believe that you only have the balance-sheets of a former generation at your disposal, and that you ignore completely the evolution which develops and transforms it from one day to another.

" You picture us in a continual state of anxiety, seeking capital on all sides, only escaping the agony of one settlement to be worried to death by anticipations of the next. It is a great mistake; a deplorable mistake, because it leads to others. France is richer than Germany, I do not deny; but does that imply that Germany is poor? Every year we subscribe foreign loans to the amount of nearly 700 million francs, to be precise, 660 millions in 1910, 650 millions in 1911, taking recent examples. It is less certainly than the 8607 millions lent abroad by you during the same period. If, however, we reckon up the total issues at home as well as abroad, we shall get for France and for Germany figures that are practically equal.

" For the last six years (1906-11) the yearly average of issues has been in France 4334 million francs, and in Germany, 4829 million francs.[1] But in France the home demand was only moderate, most of the money going in investments abroad; in Germany, on the contrary, owing to industrial requirements, it is large, and capital remains at home. Thus for the years 1910 and 1911, of which I have just given you the figures, the proportion of foreign bonds in France forms 84 per cent. of the total, in Germany 16 per cent. only; the proportion is as you see just reversed. Thus it may be said that the financial strength of the French and German markets is about the same, the only difference lies in the nature of the investments."

[1] " The figures for France," said Herr Helfferich, " are taken from the *Economiste Européen* (1911, p. 811), those for Germany from the *Volkswirtschaftliche Chronik* (1911, p. 1048)."

This argument, and these figures, are constantly brought up by German financiers. Four days after this conversation, Herr Gutmann said to me: "You invest your capital abroad; ours goes into our industries. It remains in the country, it works for us, it benefits the whole nation in the form of wages, labour, and purchase, while yours works for others. Our money helps us to trade, while yours enables others to do so. It brings you in 3 or 4 per cent., ours brings us double.[1] That is the difference. But," concluded Herr Gutmann, and here he exaggerated, "the wealth of Germany is, I am convinced, in no way inferior to that of France: every year it increases by four or five thousand millions. Neither more nor less. And it is large enough to enable us to invest in foreign loans: we have sunk money everywhere."

This figure is generally accepted in Germany. Herr Helfferich confirms, and Herr Rathenau exceeds it. Herr Carl Furstenberg comes very near it. "The wealth of Germany increases visibly every year by 3000 million marks, and we may estimate at a similar sum the capital taken out of realised profits, and employed in founding and extending factories and other works which help to swell the national exchequer."

[1] On November 30, 1912, M. L.-L. Klotz, the Minister of Finance, announced in the House that foreign investments for the current year had been considerably less than in preceding years, and the result was to the advantage of French securities. He added that he had his share in this result. "The government," he said, "considered that it ought to keep the balance between sums reserved for the country and those exported." M. Klotz continued: "I wish to say, moreover, that quite recently I gave instructions to the management of the general movement of funds, that all credit houses should be directed to supply without delay all information regarding engagements they might have in view with foreign establishments, and that they should be formally requested to undertake no engagement of that nature without having consulted us." These are excellent words, and most unexpected, coming from the mouth of a minister.

Germany then is rich, but her wealth flows with the blood in her veins, and the two cannot be separated. All the money she possesses is indispensable for the nourishment of her industries; all the money she acquires is at once swallowed up by those industries, and money produced by money is instantaneously turned into works and machines. The disadvantages of this form of wealth were admitted by M. L——, himself a banker. "In time of war," he said, "there is immediate need of money, and foreign securities have to be sold. In 1871 France paid her war indemnity by means of Austrian, Italian, English, and other stock. If there are no foreign securities, national securities have to be sold, and you begin war by financial defeat. That is the plain fact. If you want an additional reason for our pacific tendencies, think of that. In a country like ours, in which industry is dependent upon finance, finance is necessarily in favour of peace. Our Socialists—and yours too, moreover—who do nothing but clamour for peace, and at the same time cry out against money, are absurd: the total internationalisation of finance would mean the peace of the world."

German wealth has yet further arguments.

"It is possible," said Herr Helfferich, "to allege incontrovertible proofs. The progression of our capital wealth is continuous. In 1911, without counting government stock exempt from the stamp tax, more than 3200 millions worth of securities came under the Imperial stamp, that is to say, about 500 millions more than in 1910. Do you want to know the state of our savings banks? In order to give you ground of comparison I must go back to 1909, because the figures for all the nations for the succeeding years are not known. Well, in 1909, when England showed nearly 4500 million marks in her savings banks, France the

same amount, and the United States 17 thousand millions, Germany had more than $15\frac{1}{2}$.[1] To-day she is said to have nearly 18.

"Here are some more figures, which I find in an excellent publication; the registrations in the books of the Prussian national debt have risen from 2637 millions of marks at the end of 1910, to 2916 millions in the following year, and those in the books of the Imperial debt, during the same period, from 998 to 1126 millions. I am now consulting the balance-sheet of the Reichsbank (Imperial Bank), which I have just received. Look at this column. In 1895 the foreign securities of the Reichsbank amounted to 2,569,000 marks; in 1910, fifteen years later, they rose to 140,648,000 marks; in 1895, the foreign loans of the Reichsbank amounted to 5,335,000; in 1910, they rose to 84,098,000 marks. Are not these striking signs of the financial strength of a country?"

"And yet," I said, "does not this prosperity largely depend upon foreign co-operation, notably on that of French capital?"

"Ah," said Dr. Helfferich, "how often have we been told that story! And not only foreigners tell us so. Even our own press has helped to give it credit! Yes, of course, there is foreign capital in Germany, as in all countries, and we cannot deny that French money has passed through our hands. But how can we estimate the quantity? In order to do that, we should have to investigate the accounts of all the financial companies and industrial enterprises, and then how could we trace the money to its sources? All I know is that in the Deutsche Bank we have not a penny of French capital. They have harped on that note in France, and greatly exaggerated a participation which is

[1] Statistics of 1910 show 16,780 million marks on deposit.

really only normal. Some have even gone so far as to reckon it at 800 millions. That is perfectly childish. . . Besides, they forget that side by side with short foreign loans there are important German loans, and that for years we have always arranged so that our foreign liabilities are balanced by loans and securities disposable abroad. I may add that for a long time we have avoided taking any form of French money at a short date."

All the German financiers tell you the same thing.

"I do not believe," said Herr Carl Furstenberg, "that at any time France has had more than 300 million francs invested in this country; to tell the truth, I don't believe that amount was reached. Granted that figure, however, what are these 300 millions with regard to the regular and continuous increase of German wealth?"

I got the same answer from Herr Carl Furstenberg's colleagues. One of them added, "I could even tell you that the president of the Imperial Bank is not at all anxious to have a great quantity of foreign money working in this country, as we should thereby risk becoming to a certain extent dependent upon other countries."

This is only talk. Not a man of finance in Germany but knows that the German market is not yet in a position to dispense with foreign aid. I find this acknowledged in a financial article of a high tone and semi-official character, from which I translate an extract: "In reckoning the interest on German government loans, compared with those of other countries, it appears that the amount of capital in German economy is still lower than that of England and France. But, on the other hand, it is established and recognised by foreign critics, that with the yearly increasing industrial growth of the country, with the extension of her commerce abroad, the need of money is more

acutely felt in Germany than among the other nations. That is why in German transactions the use of foreign credit remains desirable, although Germany, on her side, shows a distinct increase in wealth." [1]

With such wealth, such millions, how is it that at the first alarm the German market shows such an edifying spectacle of disorder and confusion as it offered from July to September 1911? Has it not been said and published that the Berlin Bourse was only enabled to arrange its September settlement by the special assistance of the French banks, which provided funds for the carry-over, through America as an intermediary, according to some, or through England or Belgium, according to others, to the amount of from 260 to 300 millions? Did not two French deputies put questions on the subject, which, however, never came up on the business for the day?

The German financiers have their own explanation of these alarms which suddenly shook their market. But, to begin with, they strenuously deny having ever received under any form, and at any period of the negotiations, aid of any description from French finance. On this point they are unanimous, and complain that on account of the vagueness of what they call these cock-and-bull stories of the press, they have never been able to discuss or disprove them. They do not deny the crisis, but they dispute its extent. They say that it affected all the markets simultaneously, and they declare that the Morocco difficulties and the withdrawal of French capital were not its sole causes.[2]

[1] *Nauticus*, 1912—*The German Commercial and Financial Market during the Morocco Crisis*, p. 290.

[2] This question of the withdrawal of French capital invested in Germany played a great part in the newspaper discussions during the Morocco affair. To-day it seems well established that for one thing the withdrawal of capital was not so general as was supposed at the time, and for another, that the diplomatic tension was not

"These withdrawals," said Herr Carl Furstenberg, "played a very small part in the matter. We had a very bad harvest, which helped to empty the banks; then a bad crop of beetroots, which reacted on the sugar export—such a crisis, in fact, that by adding together the losses caused by exports that we did not make, and imports that we were compelled to make, you get a figure of about 1000 millions."

"Add to that," said another, "the low condition of the market at New York, with which we are closely involved, and which reacts heavily on us, and you will understand that the Morocco crisis was not alone responsible for our embarrassment." [1]

Another cause must also be borne in mind: that is, an old custom which four times a year causes a periodical embarrassment in the German markets, and aggravates all elements of unrest that may happen to exist at the time. "The custom existing in most districts of the empire," says the report of the Deutsche Bank for 1911, "of paying rents, salaries of employees, mortgages, interest, etc., every three months, necessarily creates a great demand for gold and banknotes at the end of every quarter, especially the end of September and December."

the only or even the principal cause. Herr Arthur Raffalovich writes: "Besides the political danger, the Exchange had erred on the side of optimism. The public and the markets were glutted with securities, the very latest issues could not find a market. Agadir was not the cause of their failure; it served as an excuse." Further on: "In consequence of the bad harvest of 1910 and the excessive issues of 1910 to 1911, France was obliged to withdraw funds from everywhere, not only from Germany."—*The Financial Market*, 1911–12, pp. 7 and 10.

[1] In 1908, M. Jules Huret noticed that the immediate cause of a financial crisis in the Berlin market was the panic which in 1907–8 had seized that of New York.—*Berlin*, p. 179.

" But this crisis of 1911," adds Herr Helfferich, " was not as great as has been too readily affirmed. The wildest things were said about it. For instance, that the Société Générale had refused the Deutsche Bank transfer of a loan of six millions; or that the Deutsche Bank was trying to negotiate a loan of six millions at 7 per cent. with Mr. Pierpont Morgan! . . . Such charges are not worth answering. The truth is, on the contrary, that Germany went on importing gold up to September, and then only did she begin, first to reduce her imports, and soon afterwards to export; that the Imperial Bank had more gold in its vaults than the Bank of England; that the price of government stock showed more resistance in this country than in England and France; that disbursements from the treasury were only 35 millions here, as against 100 in France; and, finally, that the importation of gold exceeded the exportation by 124 millions of marks; [1] the proof being that in 1911 the balance of payments shows an asset. Compare the price of government stock between 1910 and 1911: you will find that while in German stock there was a fall of 3.50, in French stock it showed at 5.64. The rate of discount rose in Berlin, it is true, but how much in comparison with 1910? By 0.31 in September, by 0.17 in October. During this time it rose at Paris by 0.70 and 0.62. Moreover, it had never stopped rising since July, whereas at Berlin in July and August it dropped considerably. To sum up, the Morocco crisis seriously affected the markets of London, Paris, and Berlin, and did not merely overthrow the Exchange at Berlin." [2]

[1] " For the first eleven months the import of gold exceeded the export by about 120 millions."—A. Raffalovich, *The Financial Market.*

[2] " At Berlin the eight large banks, which issue reports every two months, showed a difference in the total deposits between August 31

I said to Herr Helfferich:

"The exchanges of Paris and London, and of London and Berlin respectively, are closely involved. Those of Paris and Berlin have no contact with one another. Do you not sometimes regret that German securities are not quoted at Paris?"

"No. As regards government securities I see nothing but difficulties, and in the case of industrial securities, no real advantages. We are not really anxious for it, and we read with considerable surprise the discussions sometimes raised on the question by the French press. It is not on such grounds as these that we must seek the foundations of peace between our countries. In a case like this, nothing good, nothing useful, nothing durable can be accomplished by artificial means. No other method can be more efficacious than the working together of mutual enterprises."

Prince X—— had already said to me:

"Our government funds quoted at Paris? I hope we shall never see that! The most obvious result would be to give you the whip-hand of our public wealth."

However, Herr Carl Furstenberg is less scornful. He admits that "since German industry is booming, it can only be advantageous to her to accept such money as is offered." But at the same time he makes certain reservations, and declares that "as the French market is strongly protected, German financiers would prefer, before entering it, to see certain reforms introduced into French legislation." As a general rule, those who do not side with Herr Helfferich side with Herr Furstenberg.

I have recorded with perfect accuracy the opinions of

and October 31 amounting to nearly 500 million francs, of which 268 millions belonged to the Deutsche Bank."—A. Raffalovich, *The Financial Market.*

the German financiers. They take a point of view which the French public is unaccustomed to hear. It clings to the archaic conception of a needy Germany, with no reserves and no credit, awaiting bankruptcy at the first industrial difficulty or untoward political incident. During the Morocco crisis of 1911, what did we not hear daily in conversation and in the papers? How many Frenchmen took it for granted that, if Germany refrained from breaking off the negotiations, it was only because she could not afford a war?

My informants quoted above show us, on the contrary, a Germany, if not yet rich, at least hard at work building up a fortune which goes on increasing year by year and day by day. France, like an old lady, anxious for the morrow, with her bourgeois love of order and habits of economy and self-denial, is jealous of the riches accumulated in her coffers throughout two centuries of prosperity. Young Germany, thrown in her prime upon a century of enjoyment, wishes to enjoy in her turn; but if she has not the same patience and the same self-denial, she has at least a zeal for work, a feverish eagerness and a determination to succeed, which kindle the furnaces of her factories from one end of the country to the other, and spread her manufactures throughout the entire world. She has succeeded in constructing alongside of us a great organism, already a powerful commercial and military force, and our mistake is not to see that financial strength is both the result of her efforts in the past, and the condition for her efforts in the future.

Is it then merely natural inclination for work, desire for enjoyment, love of monopolising and ruling, which for the last thirty years has inspired Germany with this mania for production? It is sheer necessity.

Germany is prolific. In 1870 her population amounted to 30,000,000 inhabitants; to-day it numbers more than 65,000,000. During the last thirty-five years it has increased at the rate of 52 per cent.; ours at the rate of 8 per cent. There are, it is true, the first symptoms of that decline in the birth-rate which is in every country the price of well-being;[1] but German mothers are far from having no more children, and they will not lose the start they have gained. The financial prosperity of the country has advanced on parallel lines. The Imperial budget has risen in forty years from under 340 million marks in 1872, to 3,421,146,578 marks (or 4250 million francs) in 1913. The sum total of the Imperial budget

[1] In *The Financial Market* (1911-12), by Herr A. Raffalovich, I find some interesting statistics. "Between 1816 and 1910, the population of Germany increased from 25 to 65 million inhabitants. The increase per 1000 was:

	Births	Deaths	Surplus
1872	41.1	30.6	10.5
1908	33.0	19.0	14.0
1909	31.8	18.1	13.7

"Between 1901 and 1910, in towns of over 15,000 inhabitants, which represent 36 per cent. of the population, the number of births declined from 36.6 to 26.8 per 1000, while the death-rate only fell by 4.7."

From these figures it is clear that the decline since 1872 has been continuous, and that in Germany, as elsewhere, it is more marked in the towns than in the country.

More recent statistics show with what rapidity the birth-rate in Germany is declining. In the vast conglomerations, which are only distinguished from Berlin by their administrative autonomy but which constitute part of the town, such as Schoneberg, Wilmersdorf, Charlottenburg, the birth-rate fell 13.7, 13.9, 18.3 per 1000. In face of this, let us remember that the average decline in France for 1910 was by 19. Here are some other figures. Between 1902 and 1912 the rate of births per 1000 fell: at Munich, from 35.1 to 21.9; at Leipzig, from 31.5 to 22.1; at Dresden, from 31.5 to 20.3; at Mannheim, from 42.6 to 28.7; at Stettin, from 35.3 to 22.7; at Nuremberg, from 38.7 to 25.5, etc. It is no longer a decline, growth will soon be arrested.

and those of the various states amounts to 9661 million marks (nearly 12,000 million francs).[1]

Here, again, are striking (I might almost say pathetic) grounds of comparison. I mean the figures, at a distance of ten years, representing the foreign trade of France and Germany, that is, the whole of their imports and exports:[2]

	France	Germany
	fr.	*fr.*
1902	8,646,200,000	12,731,400,000
1911	14,142,700,000	21,793,400,000

In ten years, while the commercial activity of France increased by 5500 millions, that of Germany gained nearly 9000!

Let these figures suffice. But let us further consider the general progress of trade, the economic advance, and diffusion of well-being, borne out by the multiplicity of transactions, the development of railway traffic,[3] the growing production of coal and cast-iron,[4] the consolidation of the average rate of discount, the increase in consumption,[5]

[1] And we complain of our nearly 5000 millions.

[2] These figures are taken from the Annual Report (1912), edited by M. Alfred Picard, in the name of the Customs Assessment Commission.

[3] In 1870 the German Empire had 19,575 kilometres of railroads; in 1910, 61,148. It has 50,575 post offices; France has only 13,631; that is, per 100,000 inhabitants, on the one hand 79.4, on the other, 34.7. While Germany has 974,640 telephone stations and 26.2 calls per inhabitant, France has only 219,333 stations and 6.5 calls per inhabitant. Germany has 1,000,000 kilometres more telegraph lines than we (1,950,000 against 914,000).

[4] Germany supplies nearly a quarter of the total production of the world in iron and steel (22.1 per cent.); 19.3 per cent. in coal; a quarter (24.3 per cent.) in coke. She employs nearly 1,000,000 workmen in her mines.

[5] Between 1880 and 1910 the consumption per inhabitant increased in the following proportions: potatoes, 80 per cent.; meat, 46.9 per cent.; sugar, 188.5 per cent.; southern fruits (largely

the rise in wages [1] and in the cost of living, more pronounced than in France, and let us conclude with one of our economists: "They are climbing the slope, not descending."

"... They are climbing the slope.... But if Germany has remembered the need pointed out by Bismarck of digging mines and founding industry, it is, let us repeat, from sheer necessity. In 1870, and the years immediately following, she might have lived on herself, and remained content with the products of the soil. But German land is poor, incapable of supporting more than 50,000,000 inhabitants, and when a nation is forced to import the food of 20,000,000 of her children, how can she pay for it, except by finding in her manufactures the equivalent of the produce denied by the land? That is how Germany, driven towards her destiny by the poverty of her soil, and the richness of her sub-soil, became industrial and commercial.[2] By this

French), 300 per cent.; coal, 120.5 per cent.; crude iron, 203.8 per cent.; zinc, lead, copper, 225.9 per cent.; cotton, 100 per cent., etc.

[1] The schedule of the rise in wages shows, in twenty and thirty years, an increase of from 50 per cent. to more than 100 per cent. For instance, the masons and carpenters of Berlin, who earned 3 marks in 1882, received 6.75 in 1908; the wages of the hands in the Krupp factories at Essen rose from 3 marks 19 in 1880 to 5 marks 35 in 1906.

[2] Nevertheless, Germany, which comprises only 28½ per cent. of agricultural population, works her soil as vigorously as she develops her industry. She makes abundant and sagacious use of chemical manure. She makes scientific experiments. At present she far outstrips France in certain products of the soil, such as wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, beetroots. These magnificent results are obtained by collective energy and co-operation; 2,500,000 cultivators are now grouped, through the whole land, into co-operation. (Information taken from a document of great interest: an article recently published by the Dresdner Bank, under the title of the *Economic Forces of Germany*.)

Encouragement is given to agriculture by the highest authority. Last February the Emperor William gave a regular agricultural lecture at the National Circle of Agriculture at Berlin. "I have proved," he said, "that we are capable of carrying our production

means she soon attained some degree of prosperity; her needs increased, and with them the desire of increased production. Thus she was carried along by a fever of work, which has now increased tenfold. Thus German commerce throughout the world is continually opening out new routes for the products of German industry. Hence has arisen the need of a mercantile marine, and then of a fighting navy.[1] Thus there is growing up day by day a wealth which it would be childish to deny.

The Germans are inclined, doubtless, to exaggerate it. Some even go so far as to assert that it exceeds that of France. Recently an economist of repute, M. Steinmann-Bücher, estimated it at about 440,000 million francs; but without entering into his details here, I may say that he was very wide of the mark. In 1902, the great Professor Schmöller, of whom we have heard previously, estimated it at 250,000 million francs; so that to-day it would be nearly 300,000 millions.[2] On the other hand, according to M. Edmond Théry, that of France has risen to about 290,000 millions. The assets of the two nations seem practically to balance; but if our capital is distributed among a smaller number of heads, and therefore indicates greater prosperity, it is, on the other hand, certain that Germany's increase in wealth is more rapid than that of France.

The Agadir crisis was a formidable test of our neighbours' financial soundness, and they are proud of having stood it. As I have mentioned above, certain financiers tell us that it fell less heavily on Germany than on France,

to such a point of development that we may provide our country not only with meat but also with bread."

[1] For instance, the tonnage of boats used on the rivers and canals has increased fivefold in thirty years; that of boats crossing the Suez Canal, sixfold.

[2] The Dresdner Bank, in the document quoted above, brings it to 270,000 million marks, or about 333,000 million francs.

and their reasons, as they themselves stated them, or as I find them in special publications, may be summarised as follows:

The Berlin Exchange was certainly in some difficulty in the summer of 1911, and it cannot be denied that the Morocco crisis had a great deal to do with it: notably, on September 9, under the influence of bad news from Paris and London, there was a "black Saturday" when prices all went down in the squall. Nevertheless, the primary and fundamental causes of the unrest are to be found elsewhere; they must be sought in the Mexican troubles, in the disagreement between Russia and China with regard to Mongolia, in the economic situation of the United States and the weakness of the New York market, and finally in the failure of the beetroots, which brought about a crisis in sugar, and in a bad harvest due to the great drought. During this period, the Exchange at Paris underwent similar alarms. France was even obliged, for economic more than for political reasons, to withdraw her money from England, Belgium, America, and Germany. Her banks, having accepted issues of foreign securities which were down in the market, were obliged to make their payments abroad. While the German savings banks only paid out 43,500,000 francs, 100,000,000 were drawn from the French banks. The situation of gold was better in Germany than in France. Comparison of French, English, and German funds was to the advantage of the latter.[1]

Such is the German argument. I give the principal

[1] On this last point it should be noted that German funds do not play the same part in the Berlin Bourse as do French funds in the Paris Bourse. The German capitalist despises stock and much prefers industrial securities; with us, on the contrary, as in England, the capitalist prefers stock. The result is that at London and Paris government stocks bear witness to, and determine, the

points without comment. But on my return to France after completing my investigation, I was anxious, for my personal edification, to place the results, on this particular point, in the hands of persons who could discuss them with authority. I consulted two persons, who wish to remain anonymous, but whose competence and reliability are above suspicion. One is a politician, called to the highest functions and heaviest responsibilities, whose knowledge of finance is acknowledged even by his opponents; the other is the sagacious and active manager of one of our greatest financial establishments.

The statesman said:

"That Germany, being so involved with New York, should have suffered from the back-wash of the American crisis, that the Mongolian and Mexican affairs also affected her, is quite true. But that the Paris market suffered more than the Berlin market is a great mistake. The truth is, on the contrary, that we showed far more resistance to the storm, and there is abundant proof of it. If our savings banks paid out 100 millions, a figure which I have not verified, what does that prove except that our peasants, suffering from the poor returns of a harvest quite as bad here as in Germany, turned naturally to their usual resource, the savings banks? In spite of the greatness of their wealth, which is very real, and the immensity of their industrial labour and profits, the Germans have not yet attained the financial resource of France; that is a fact which seems to me difficult to dispute.

"On the other hand, I agree with your interlocutors in repudiating the stories circulated at Paris in 1911 regarding

tendency of the markets; but in Germany they are simply ranked with other securities. They are the last to be affected by any political or economic disturbance, whereas at Paris and London they are the pulse by which the fever of the market may be measured.

the part played by French finance. What rumours did they not propagate at that time! The Berlin market was said to be under the thumb of the market at Paris! Two contradictory theories were held successively: first, that the French had caused a fatal panic in Germany by withdrawing the funds which fed her enterprises; then, that at the crucial moment, when German finance was driven to ask for mercy, these same banks, by an advance of 300 millions, had enabled the Berlin Exchange to meet its September settlement.

"This is mere jesting. Never at any time, directly or indirectly, did German finance ask, or French finance propose, such a favour. And if Germany got out of the difficulty, it was by her own means. As to French money invested in Germany, there has always been very little. If the financiers estimate the sum, during normal periods, at 300 millions, they are certainly not exceeding the truth. If anything, the sum is too large. French capital could not be to any great extent involved in German trade without its being generally known. The sort of man who holds it is for the most part the small fundholder, who cares little for risky undertakings and looks for safe investments, quoted on the Exchange, so that he can follow the movements of his capital. What he likes is government stock, railways, anything that is well guaranteed. He has investments in Russia, Austria, Turkey, Spain, and America; but he has no German securities, and knows nothing about German industrial matters. There was talk too, I know, of the Swiss and Belgian banks being the secret intermediaries in these transactions. I do not believe it. Very little could have gone in that direction. That is all pure make-believe.

"Germany is able financially to shift for herself, let us be

sure of that. Let us be sure, too, that those superior powers of resistance that we recognise in the France of to-day will not last for ever. Our real advantage lies in this, that since the greater part of our wealth is represented by foreign securities, we should, in times of stress, find it easier to sell our paper than would Germany, since she could only realise her wealth by ruining herself. But this position is only temporary.

"For one thing, the growth of German industry must reach its limits. The birth-rate is already decreasing, and the time will soon come when the population will remain stationary. Do you not notice too the universal tendency to close the frontiers by high duties? The markets will become rarer, and one day, the demand being no longer equivalent to the supply, German industry will be found to have reached its zenith and will no longer absorb all available capital as it does to-day. After that, what will happen? The capital no longer needed at home will be invested abroad, and German securities will acquire an elasticity at present unknown.

"Besides, that is only one side of the question. The real wealth of a nation lies in its sub-soil. Up to the present it has been assumed that the sub-soil of France is poor; she has consequently remained agricultural, and all the long and persevering economy of her population has been necessary to build up her wealth. Now France is on the point of being drawn into the way of modern nations, and passing from the agricultural stage to the industrial. She has been found to possess coal and gold, and she promises shortly to become—with the aid of the new methods of modern science—the richest state in iron ore in Europe, and perhaps in the whole world. This is not evolution; it will be a revolution. We shall presently witness a vast movement in industrial

securities. We shall see France, from being the banker of the world, become her own lender. This will produce in France a great impetus, an economic revival, which has indeed already begun, but at the same time she is certain to have difficulty in realising her capital. In other words, for that is really the question, I consider that only ten years ago, war from the financial point of view would have been an extremely difficult undertaking for Germany; to-day I think the difficulty would be less; less again ten years hence ; twenty years hence, very small. And I believe that as Germany gets rid of her embarrassment, ours will increase with the growing need of a great effort."

The second person to whom I applied for a criticism of the German opinion greeted me with these words:

" So you have been seeing the Germans? Well! are you convinced that if ever there was a peaceful people it is in Germany? "

" Have they the means," I said, " of making war? "

The great financier shrugged his shoulders at my question.

" A general war would involve all the European nations in a terrible economic and financial crisis in which the richest would not be the least affected. In the general confusion, the United States alone would be in a position to do good business, and that at our expense. I grant you that we are able to offer special resistance; let us remember, however, that in 1870, by the Morgan loan, we were obliged to have recourse to English credit. It is a mistake in any case to suppose that Germany would be forced to back out for want of money. A nation like that, in the height of its growth, in the height of its industrial production and output, can always find money, for war as well as for peace. Doubtless it puts back its profits into its industries (which

does not prevent it from having large interests abroad) and is continually adding to its plant in order to increase its production. But at a crisis, money, whether invested abroad or at home, is always difficult to realise. It is all very well to say: 'I shall sell my foreign securities.' But to whom? To the Germans, or the English, or the Russians? Before you can sell you must have a buyer: where will you find the buyer?"

Again my interlocutor said:

"It is quite certain that our country is on the road to an economic revolution. For some time our industries have been undergoing remarkable development. But how different from Germany! As soon as the German has gained 100,000 francs, he puts them back into his industry to develop; the Frenchman puts them away in his safe, rubs his hands, and says: 'A few more years like this and I shall sell my business: it will be worth so much.' We are justly proud of our spirit of economy, but it may be carried to excess. Besides, we have no reason to believe that the love of saving will not come to the Germans. They will then stop increasing their manufactures and will lay up reserves. That will be their worsted-stocking age. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that Frenchmen will visit Germany as much as possible; she can teach them many things of which they have no idea. They will get over many prejudices. For we live in incredible ignorance of what our neighbours are, what they do, what they feel, what they think. We have no idea of their real strength, nor of their wealth, nor of any of the motives by which they are actuated. . . . Now you, who have been studying them at close quarters, what is your impression?"

I answered this abrupt question without reflection.

"It is this: that if to-morrow, in some criminal, delirious

frenzy, our two nations were to come into collision, it is not in Germany alone that we should have to look for the fundamental reasons and responsibilities."

The financier rose and, with a comprehensive gesture, said:

"You are right, you are certainly right. But it is difficult to speak a truth like that, impossible to convince people of it."

There our conversation ended. It had also turned on the state of the German market in 1911, and if I do not go back to that subject it is because I should only repeat the answers of the statesman quoted above. I asked this question, however:

"When Germans declare that they have no wish to have their securities quoted on the Paris Exchange, do you believe them?"

"Germans are practical people. Would it be reasonable in practical people to trust to the vagaries of such a sensitive market as ours, securities which would be at the mercy of the slightest diplomatic incident, for which the least breath of panic would be a storm?' '

This is the opinion of the financier. The politician had said:

"German stock, German securities quoted at Paris? That would give a minister of finance who knew his business the power of playing at will, from his study at the Louvre, on the German keyboard!"

I shall add no comment to these various consultations. They may afford reasons for rectifying certain errors too long credited in France. It is useless to deceive ourselves. Not in deception, but in manly facing of the truth, must nations, like individuals, seek their true strength and foundations of security.

XV

SCHOOLS

Characteristics of Popular Education—The Ideal of Routine—Remarks of a Berlin Mayor—The Historical Innovations of Karl Lamprecht—The Light in which Boulanger and Delcassé are presented to Cadets—A Trick of Bismarck's—What the Teachers say—School Religion—How Curiosity is awakened—Civic Education and the Foundations of Love of Country—The National Spirit is free from Animosity—The Teaching of History—No Chauvinism at the Expense of France—How about Sedan Day?—Final Tendencies—Playing at War . . . Boers to Bulgarians—The Young Guard and the *Pfadfinder*—Working together for Peace.

In most of my talks I made a point of insisting on the distinctive character of the education which Germany gives to the young. Nothing is more essential than to consider this. What is done in the primary school is of capital importance. At the gymnasiums and universities pupils and students receive an education subject incessantly to the criticism of themselves and their families, and those who surround them. The child of the popular classes is made over entirely, without restrictions or counter-influences, to the intellectual discipline of school.

Who can estimate the force of the impressions likely to be made on a young, receptive, and originally docile nature in a society where obedience to rule is the first motive of action, amidst a people bred up to accept, as the main gospel of life, the necessity for a hierarchy, respect for authority, and the subordination of every other idea to the supreme conception of country? Even Socialists are not excepted in this observance of the ideal of routine, for they do not except themselves.

There has been no time, in two generations, to change souls by the process of political opposition and economic reformation. The young Socialist, quite as much as the young bourgeois and the young aristocrat, is the son of fathers in whom the spirit of revolt had not yet been stirred. To him, too, obedience and the maintenance of the hierarchical principle is a necessity. In Germany a Socialist demonstration is a military parade in which the men advance in line and keep step, and which only lacks uniforms and drums. The child of this disciplined race takes with him to the primary school the submissive spirit of his kind. He takes with him, too, deeply rooted in his mind, the idea of country. And in what words is it that his master, who is more than his master, being his guide and chief as well, speaks to him of his country? What image does he conjure up before the child's eager soul? What are the examples that he selects from the past to inspire his emulation? Does he endeavour to awaken in him sentiments of gentleness, tenderness, and joy, or fan into flame a national love that is brutal and harsh? What sort of duties will the country command him to render it through the mouth of this spokesman?

When I asked Professor Adolph Wagner if in teaching history, for example, German pedagogues, running counter to the methodical system followed by French teachers, were not too apt to limit the study of history to a recital of dates of battles, he answered brusquely that I was mistaken, and when I insisted on it, he replied in an imperious tone:

"Wars cannot be eliminated from a people's history."

Who said they could? But what idea is the ignorant child with a brain as impressionable as wax to form of nations when it is shown a picture of Germany exclusively

employed through the centuries in drawing swords and turning them on her neighbours with no other object in view than acquiring territory and guarding that which she has snatched from others? Is this then the sole aim of German education? How can such a picture of a country, full of hate and lust for conquest, fail to perpetuate the spirit of hate and conquest in its offspring? And what must one not fear in this respect from a people who are supported by a military force which they are ceaselessly increasing? It is in considering how the teachers perform their duty that we acquire at the same time a knowledge of the actual tendencies of German civilisation and gain insight into the sort of state which they are preparing for the future.

One of the men with whom I conversed on this subject was Doctor Reicke, sub-mayor of Berlin. The chief mayor is Herr Wermuth, former Minister of Finance, who had been elected the previous summer and had not then taken up his work, leaving the administration of municipal affairs to Doctor Reicke.

Herr Reicke is a keen-witted man, tolerant and cultivated. Still young, he has had a brilliant administrative career, for it is well known that mayors in Germany are important functionaries. Not only is he an administrator but he is a poet and a novelist, and each of his books, I was told by those most competent to judge, is full of delicate studies of character and ingenious observation. I talked with him for a long time, and at first I heard from his lips the same things so many others had told me before, among them that the prospect of a war with France was one which average German opinion to-day held to be the most remote; and if I repeat it here again it is merely for the sake of being accurate. "Without doubt," the burgo-

master added, "there were traces of hostility against France to be found in the generation that came after 1871, but they were but a legacy of the fateful war and have since been in process of effacement; such sentiments at this moment do not exist in any degree whatever among the intelligent and cultivated classes. People like myself have nothing but sympathy with France and the strongest desire for reconciliation."

But this was not altogether what I had come to the Rathhaus to talk to him about, and when I asked Herr Reicke if it was not true that the course of historical instruction consisted nearly entirely of recitals of warlike operations, he replied with the frankness so characteristic of his voice and open expressive countenance, "It is possible."

"Indeed," I said, "and does that satisfy you?"

"I say it is possible," he replied; "but it is not absolutely true, and to give you a conscientious answer involves investigating the question a little more closely. You should know, to begin with, that it is only comparatively recently that Germany has had time to concern herself actively with anything but war. You French, whose history blossomed forth in glory and repose, may boast. But we have known hard times. Look at the maps and you will see that our position is not very favourable; on all sides encompassed by adversaries . . . or rivals, if you like it better . . . on the west *you*, on the east and the south the Slavs, on the north the Swedes and Danes. So many neighbours who are interested in you renders the problem of existence painful. It is embarrassing, to say the least of it" (Doctor Reicke cleared his throat and made a gesture with his shoulders and hands as if gasping for breath). "And during a very long period of strenuous military effort, the main thing we had to think about was how to live, that

is to say, how best to defend ourselves and make our constitution. So do not ask why chapters dealing with war are so numerous in our historical manuals. But those times are over for ever. For thirty years we have counted socially and economically in history; reaction was bound to come; for the rest we are just beginning. Have you ever heard of Karl Lamprecht?"

"Never!" I said.

"Karl Lamprecht is the initiator of a reaction, and he is a master. He teaches history at Leipzig, and has published a history of Germany, planned according to the rules of an objective sociology. He presents history not as a mere chain of chronological facts, but as a human development and outcome of environments. He has made a study of the movements of masses, the interplay of interests, passions, and circumstances; he makes history stand for logic as well as for the unforeseen, and in his distribution of historical events war is allotted its legitimate rôle in connection with the nation's life and other social forces, but it does not absorb everything else. When we think of Lamprecht we think of a new system, and a conception of the future diametrically opposed to the old method of Ranke, whose *History of the World* is principally a history of violence and brute force. Lamprecht, like all innovators, has naturally excited jealousy and raised a storm of contradictions. One does not upset time-honoured traditions without offending those whose work it has been to perpetuate them, and a large party in the old university is ranged against him, while others have responded to his appeal; he is forming a school, and there is no doubt that the new spirit which he has breathed into the study of history will by slow degrees descend to the primary schools."

" Isn't it true, at least, that historical manuals, conceived from a point of view hostile to France, are put into the hands of children at school? "

As I asked Dr. Reicke this question he assumed an air of great surprise.

" Manuals full of prejudice with regard to your country! " he exclaimed. " I assure you that I have no knowledge of them. If they exist, all I can say is that our educational officials must have exercised great ingenuity in concealing them from us, for what you say is news to me. That such books may have been in circulation thirty or thirty-five years ago is possible. That was a time when people were worked up to enthusiasm about the war and imaginations were easily excited. Every one, with you as much as with us, was then not very reasonable. But those times are no more. We have returned to a standpoint of calm judgment, and if these books were written now, believe me, we should burn them in the market-place."

But even according to the excellent methods adopted by Herr Karl Lamprecht of writing and teaching history there are certain ways by which facts are slurred over and presented, if not absolutely with the intention of deceiving, yet in such a manner as to be a distortion of the truth. It is a question of which we shall make a nearer examination. I have thought it well to report here this conversation with the burgomaster of Berlin, because it supplies in some measure an introduction to the more profound and fertile subject which is now to occupy us. As a matter of fact, I have had in my hands some of these school books, and I have been in communication with several of these obscure and remarkable pedagogues who, in the primary schools, devote themselves to their task with such zeal that it deserves to be made an example of.

To tell the truth, if such works, written without doubt with the constant aim of glorifying their own country, are lacking in that sense of objectivity and scrupulous fairness which are part of the honest equipment essential to a writer of history, I am bound to confess that I met with, in none of them, anything that need raise the alarm of a French reader. It is not on that score that I have a bone to pick with them.

Here, for instance, is *The History of Contemporary Nationalities*, packed into 304 pages, and published at Düsseldorf in 1910. The author is Herr Edward Rothert, and the book figures largely in the curricula of schools, especially schools for cadets, that is to say, the youths destined for the military calling. So long as the author confines himself to following Prussia through her misfortunes and her redemption in the nineteenth century there is nothing to reproach him with. Nor is there when he explains in just and moderate terms the historic quarrel of France with the German elements on the Rhine, the cause and origin of the secular discord, nor when he sums up the victories of Louis XIV. and Napoleon without grudging homage to either. The volume ends with a chapter that condenses into a few impartial pages the contemporary history of France. One notices in it eulogies mingled with criticism on the subject of the rôle played by Gambetta and M. de Freycenet during the war, but these do not transgress the just limits of history, and I should not have lingered over them had I not come on these lines in which truth appears in a rather summary guise:

" Boulanger attempted to put himself at the head of the French government, on the condition of a war with Germany. All the preparations were under way, mustering of troops for the frontier, etc., but France did not wish

to risk a war which might prove too costly, and finally Boulanger was forced to take refuge in a foreign country like an adventurer. He ended his days by committing suicide on the grave of his mistress."

We would let Herr Rothert know that, recalled in these terms, the history of Boulangism strikes us as being recounted from a very Germanic point of view indeed. And as much may be said of what follows, for the author continues: "The same thing repeated itself eighteen years later when Delcassé thought to profit by the Morocco complications to form an alliance hostile to Germany in order to subdue her by force. Delcassé was not any more successful than Boulanger had been. France was as unwilling as Germany for a war of which the result was, to say the *least of it*, doubtful, and of which she would probably have had to bear the burden alone."

It does not surprise us that the author, in addressing himself to Germans and giving an account of events still alive in their memories, should find himself unable to take a dispassionate view of them, and that in a history designed to serve as the pabulum of future officers should cast no doubt on the probability of hazardous and terrible events being the issue of the diplomatic *mêlée*. But it is rather a quarrel relating to lofty morality that I have to seek with Herr Edward Rothert. On page 159, apropos of the preliminaries to the war of 1870, he relates the history of the insane scheme of annexing Luxembourg and Belgium which Napoleon dreamed of, and he writes:

"The plan of annexation was submitted by Benedetti to Bismarck, to whom the French ambassador handed a memorandum containing the proposals of his government. The Prussian Chancellor put the paper in his pocket in order that he might have time to consult and reflect on the

precious document. The next day when Benedetti came and asked for it back, Bismarck declared that he had mislaid it and that it was not to be found. All searches proved futile, nowhere could any trace be found of the famous memorandum. 'Nevertheless it will turn up,' Bismarck is reported to have said. And, in fact, it did turn up, but this was after the French had declared war on Prussia. It appeared in *The Times*. The emotion in England can be conceived at the news of a great territorial and naval power invading the mouths of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Escaut. It was this revelation of Bismarck's which alienated English sympathies from France."

Let us admire the complacent satisfaction with which the author in his historical *résumé* insists on retailing the trick which Bismarck played off on the French ambassador. What elegant tact and good taste were therein displayed! What smart duplicity! Bismarck, indeed, had with malicious intent bamboozled the ambassador who was simple enough to confide to him, trusting to his honour, a private document, and with him he bamboozled his government and his country. Herr Rothert forgets apparently that the tricks of diplomacy, especially when carried out in the Bismarckian manner, make scarcely improving anecdotes to relate to young people who are being moulded for a profession in which some affectation of straightforwardness and rectitude is supposed to be essential.

But this is the moment, as Dr. Reicke expressed it, to "investigate the subject more closely." We shall now enter the schools themselves and see how the teachers teach.

The German teacher, within the realm of his school, appears to be an absolute and universal initiator. He has not only the brains of his pupils in his keeping, but

their morals and religion. Together with arithmetic and grammar, history, geography, and literature, he teaches singing and drawing, and in some schools, where there is a manual labour department, modelling, gilding, carpentry, and locksmith work. He gives religious instruction and inculcates respect for public authority. His teaching embraces intellectual education, moral education, religion, and physical culture, in fact, everything that is necessary to make of a child a man and a patriot. So that the moral liberty of each may be safeguarded, the primary schools in Prussia and in the majority of the states are divided according to their creeds. There are Protestant schools and Catholic schools, but very few Jewish ones, for though the Israelites are distributed all over the country they do not generally form a sufficiently large colony to justify the opening of special schools, but everywhere in certain Protestant schools classes are reserved exclusively for Jews. This is the general rule. In virtue of the law of July 28, 1906, it is established as a matter of fact that a Catholic professor may not teach a Protestant pupil, nor *vice versa*, and exceptions, determined by local circumstances, are rare. At 306 primary schools in Berlin the Catholics number only 32; 4654 Protestant rectors and professors of both sexes give instruction among 357 Catholics. It is necessary to add to these figures 44 Israelites, who by a derogation of the law of 1906 teach in Protestant schools.[1]

Only a few states make exceptions to this fundamental rule, such as the grand duchies of Baden, Hesse, and Saxe-Weimar, and a few Bavarian towns. But in every place where it is in force it is necessary to deduct exceptional circumstances, as, for example, the impossibility of the very

[1] This sectarian specialisation does not apply to any but the primary schools. The higher schools (such as gymnasiums, colleges, and secondary schools) are mixed.

small localities being able to supply more than one teacher. Again, these localities are sufficiently numerous. No doubt there is a tendency for the equivalent of the little French village or hamlet to be more and more a feature of German soil; within an area roughly equal to that of France, Germany contains a population larger by 50 to every 100, but far from spreading it further afield she, on the contrary, condenses it, being inclined by her gregarious tastes to settle in compact masses round her factory chimneys. Notwithstanding, there are many regions where industrial life has not disturbed bucolic tranquillity, and, as we have seen in the preceding chapter, it would be a mistake not to take into account agricultural activity, which far from retrograding is developing. It is in the little villages where it advances laboriously and unostentatiously. Some statistics will give an idea of their number; for example, Prussia employed in 1911, 117,164 primary teachers of both sexes, and among them 20,198 taught in schools where they were the only teachers.[1] Even in these small schools the legal rule is scrupulously applied; they are either completely Catholic or completely Protestant, according to which creed predominates in the village, and the children of the minority are sent to be educated in a neighbouring locality where their religion is the prevalent one.

Except in Würtemberg and perhaps in one or two other states, religious instruction, whether Catholic or Protestant, is given by the teacher exclusively; the public school meets all requirements, amply fulfilling its object,

[1] In 1871 Prussia had 33,130 primary schools, and sent to them 3,900,655 pupils; in 1911 she possessed 38,684 schools, containing 6,572,074 pupils. In the same period, notwithstanding, the number of pupils to a teacher fell on an average 82.9 to 43.5. (Statistics given in *Les Forces Economiques de L'Allemagne*, already quoted.)

and the question of religion not being a state one in Germany, private schools are rare and neither priest nor pastor plays any part in education. Who, then, is to exercise control of the schoolmaster in his rôle of religious instructor? There is, first of all, the scholastic inspector who undertakes this duty, but he is more often than not a layman. It is true that in the country in schools that consist of fewer than six classes and of which the director is not supposed to be sufficiently authorised, the inspectors of the schools of the district are for the most part generally ecclesiastics but nominated by the state. These have no active connection with the Church and are independent of it; an opinion becoming more and more pronounced would have them, in spite of the opposition of the Clericals and Conservatives, replaced altogether by pedagogues. When this reform is accomplished, the ecclesiastical authorities, with regard to religious instruction, will be shorn of all but a very distant control; they are recognised by the German states in being allowed once a year to delegate one of their members to catechise the pupils of a regulation religious class, and without being qualified to interfere directly with the teacher may submit their observations to the scholastic powers of the state alone. It goes without saying that this sort of religious education is distinct from the preparation for confirmation by the Protestants and for communion by the Catholics, which is relegated without any restrictions being put on it to a member of one or other of their clergy, and which preparation class is held in one of the school halls during two or three hours in the week.

Such is the elementary organisation of German schools, such are the materials of which its education is composed,

and such is the harmony effected in it between instruction, morality, and religion, without in any way calling into question the superior power of the state. We now know the outside of the structure. Next we ask what goes on within? What is it that is instilled into the young minds assembled there?

On this subject I drew up a list of questions which I submitted to several teachers commended to me on account of their intellectual probity, and whom I selected not because of their opinions or tendencies, about which I was not solicitous, but because of the guarantee of sincerity I expected from them. The matter I am going to give here was partly written and partly verbal. I shall not always distinguish between which was which, for my main object is to group the questions and answers, but there can be no doubt of the authenticity of all of them. I shall mention constantly Herr Paul Samuleit, whose generosity and thoughtfulness of mind is much appreciated by me and who has authorised me to mention his name as often as I like. "I am not the least bit afraid," he wrote to me, "of taking on myself the responsibility of all the remarks I have made to you."

Herr Paul Samuleit is one of those teachers who have won the highest respect of their chiefs; he is head of a girls' school at Neukölen, close to Berlin, and he directs the education of 950 little Protestants.

What is understood in Germany by civil education, and what are its methods?

"Civic education," a teacher said to me, "is distributed in all its various forms among the different branches of education; it is intellectual as well as moral, and no occasion of perfecting it is let go by."

Some one else said: "When we teach history and speak

of Germany, when we point out on the map her boundaries, her mountains, rivers, and sources of her wealth, we are engaged in civic education."

Another: "When we mention the names of our great men to our pupils, we are promoting civic education."

No doubt, but in this way of reckoning civic education will become merely a product of general education; this was not what I intended my question to be.

"If by civic education," said Herr Samuleit, "you understand knowledge of the régime and public organisation of the state, the hierarchy of authority, the power of princes, the duties and rights of citizens, it does not exist at present. There is not any teaching in our schools of this special nature. But for several years the necessity for such teaching has been pointed out at educational conferences and in discussions in the newspapers."

"Has the necessity been pointed out for the primary schools?"

"It is generally thought, and very rightly, that serious education on these matters ought, if it is to bear any fruit, to be directed to pupils of a certain maturity, I should say those past their fourteenth year; and we may expect to see it introduced in due time into the curriculum of our perfecting classes. It is in these that we prepare, in six or seven lessons weekly, the adult pupils of fourteen and sixteen who have just passed out of the primary school for a commercial or business career. Most of the states make a point, to-day, of developing the value and influence of these schools by rendering them obligatory for young people of both sexes. This is not saying that our children are not initiated to a certain extent in the civil life to which they are called. Naturally, we find opportunities of instructing them on the subject in their history and

geography classes and even in the religious class. We hold that this method of instruction is more profitable in the case of young children, because in this matter as in others it does away with the preaching of abstract doctrines. It is, indeed, customary in all our primary schools that the lessons should consist nearly entirely of conversations between master and pupils. We make of instruction an exchange of ideas and avoid wearying and saturating minds that are still fresh and untrained. We consider it as a kind of heresy to teach for hours with pupils ranged before us who listen but do not speak. All the efforts of our actual system are, on the contrary, directed to awakening the pupils' interest and mental energy during the class. We wish, as we say, to replace as much as possible the 'study school' (*Lernschule*) by the 'working school' (*Arbeitschule*), that is to say, a school in which the pupil, through personal experience, instructs himself. I mean that we desire to substitute for the passive absorption of the master's teaching, the active research of the pupil. We would have the former gradually disappear in favour of the latter. For example, in the study of natural history or of chemistry it is the pupil who, with his own apparatus, will make the experiments that are indicated to him, and it is thus that he will discover for himself the laws of nature. It is he, and he alone, who will draw, if asked, a plan of the school, of the adjacent streets, and the whole town. In a word, it is no longer from his teacher that he is learning but from himself through the result of human researches; to attain this end we impose on him the hardship of effort and infect him with the joy of discovery.[1]

[1] We must admire the intelligence of such a method applied in those first years of school-life to a people who, endowed with remarkable collective faculties, lack those personal qualities which characterise strong individuality, and who are conscious of the

"So step by step, almost unconsciously, the child is initiated in the history of the states and led to understand their constitution, and thus at the same time his rights and duties as a citizen are revealed to him. In learning, for instance, how the different German states passed from absolute monarchy to a constitutional form of government, at what period the first parliament was elected, he will distinguish the different foundations of authority, and will know what the nature and utility of popular representative government consist of. And what is more, it is always taken care that this special instruction shall be given him in connection with events of which he is permitted to know something; the day of an election, the opening or the dissolution of the Reichstag, the nomination or dismissal of the Chancellor, all would be taken advantage of to associate in his mind actual facts with clear ideas."

All that, no doubt, is excellent. But in what direction does it bend the child's mind? In that of authority or of liberty? What civic ideal does it suggest to it? Herr Samuleit's reply was:

"Of course, in a country that has been under monarchical government for centuries, the conception of one's duty to a sovereign, especially when he is head of an army, plays an important part. But in general, in proportion to the child's intelligence, we show that the political régime is derived from the action of forces which in the course of history unite and exist to create it, so that the knowledge of one is allied to a knowledge of the other. Now, with us

defect. How can we fail to be impressed by the efforts of these educationists, who apply themselves by such careful methods to awaken in a race the taste which is latent in it, for taking the initiative in moral and intellectual responsibilities!

it is the permanent interests of justice and public welfare which have determined the most suitable form in which these should find expression. If, therefore, civic education is with you democratic and with us monarchical, you should not arrive at the hasty conclusion that here we do not think as much of the marvellous benefits of peace and justice and not do our best to promote them. The German citizen regards them as the indestructible foundation of every system of modern government, and the German schoolmaster recognises it as his first duty to teach his young pupils to see with their own eyes how priceless they are."

Does not such a system of education conform to the rules of reason? What teachers in any civilised state can fail to appreciate its soundness? And it should not be forgotten that the German obligatory primary school system is the oldest in Europe and has had nearly twenty-four years of experience. But there were more direct questions still with which to ply my informants. I asked them, "What motive do you suggest for the love of country? Do you point to a German country hereditarily and of necessity opposed to some other nation, such, for instance, as the people of France? And in that which concerns the history of civicism, what are the features you attribute to France?"

I have in my hand a letter which was not addressed to me. It is a letter that Fräulein S——, a science mistress in a municipal school in Berlin, wrote last summer to one of her friends, German like herself. I give the following extract:

"Our father fought in the campaigns of '66 and '70, and was decorated with the iron cross; he is like all of us—staunchly Bismarckian. He thinks, as does your husband, that there is no desire here to speak of for war with France,

but that our economic interests may bring us into collision with England. As far as I know, our best scholastic literature (I am a member of the literary section of the Association of Berlin Teachers) contains nothing in the least hostile to the French. But in our books for the young, much is made of all that relates to the German national conscience and love of country, which are kept energetically in evidence."

This is the theme which every one whom I questioned expatiated on. I did not pick and choose my informants, and they were not in league with one another, notwithstanding, every one of them, nearly to a hair, bore the same testimony. Not any of them, it is true, added that among German pedagogic methods (in the country places if not in the towns) the old bombastic oratorical method is still in vogue, a method which has not been tolerated for long in French education, and which no schoolmaster would be able to revive with impunity. But this was not a point on which I made inquiries, and my clearly defined questions obtained clearly defined answers. Herr G—— said: "Education is carried on in a national spirit. Love for their country is constantly impressed on the minds of our pupils. We instruct them in the inherent beauties of character and natural grandeur of the German people, and also in the defects of these qualities; we trace their evolution during twenty centuries of hard fighting and progress, we call forth the pupils' admiration for the great men who have made Germany—Luther, Stein, and Bismarck, Wallenstein, Blücher, and Moltke; we teach them loyalty to the empire and to the Emperor, gratitude for the great historic work achieved by the Hohenzollerns. Those are the subjects we talk to them about. But why should this cult of

country be made to score a point against any other? The first place in our plan is given to the peaceful emulation of nations in the domain of science, art, industry, and commerce."

Herr Paul Samuleit, whose thoughtful mind always goes to the heart of a question, said in his turn:

"Love of country is a sentiment. The manner in which a teacher awakens sentiments in his pupils is always more or less a subjective process on his part. By his sole example he will engender in a raw young soul the sort of patriotism by which he himself is animated. You will understand, then, how difficult it is in this respect to pronounce any general and final judgment. But I am pretty well acquainted with the psychology of the teachers in our primary schools, to whom 95 out of 100 of the youth of Germany owe their education. We have formed an 'Association of German Teachers' (*Deutsche Lehrverein*) which numbers 124,000 members who are inspired by a single thought and work for the same end with regard to promoting the cause of civilisation. It can truly be said of this vast mass of teachers that they love their country in the best sense of the word. We love our country and we teach our children to love it, because it is a fine country and one to be proud of; it is a country inhabited by a people who for two thousand years have fought to raise themselves inch by inch in the scale of civilisation with indomitable perseverance, a country that has achieved its greatest triumphs in the domain of intellect, and when it has been beaten has not let it interfere with its intellectual development. Finally, the foundations on which we build our love of country are not found by us in the prejudices of an egotistically subjective education, but in the objective and methodical teaching of history and geography."

"I understand you," I said. "But you know where the study of geography leads you; to the West, does it not? And you know with whom the study of history puts you in competition. In 1674—not to go back further—in 1680, in 1688, in 1757, in 1806, in 1813, and in 1870, who in each of those years were the combatants facing each other on fields of battle?"

"I was coming to that, and I have no wish to dissimulate anything. There was a time, certainly, when we often found ourselves talking of France as our 'hereditary enemy.' I recall that in my own schooldays—twenty-five years ago—we made use of that expression. And even to-day it may be possible to hear it from the mouth of an isolated teacher here and there. The study of history from 1806 to 1815 and from 1866 to 1871 could not be carried on at the actual time without sentiments of hostility to France vibrating through the class. You wonder at it? Historical instruction is not worth much if it does not awaken in the pupils sentiments in harmony with the times under consideration, for I believe it is the function of history to produce such effects. But let this be said, then, it is a fact for which I can most solemnly vouch. To-day our schools teach our younger generations to regard France as a country, it is true, with whom we have had frequent conflicts, the last of which we have not forgotten, but at the same time to regard her as a very great nation, worthy of our highest esteem by reason of her intellectual wealth, her scientific, artistic, and industrial activity; a nation, finally, with whom we desire to live on the best of terms, in peace and friendship, so long as she wishes it herself. To suppose that German education tries to promote any kind of animosity whatever, towards France or any other nation, is wrong, such animosity does not exist."

"Chauvinism, at the expense of France," a colleague of Herr Samuleit wrote to me, "is not included in German teaching. Undoubtedly it is difficult to avoid it on certain occasions, notably when the question treats of Napoleon I. and Prussia, but none of us ever hesitate to assign to that great genius of war, that indefatigable worker, the place in history which he deserves. The same thing applies to the history of the French Revolution. 'Impartiality' need not be 'panegyric'; light and shade, according to the demands of justice, are cast equally on the demonstration of facts."

"It is mostly in Clerical and Conservative circles," another confided to me, "that teachers of both sexes may be found who talk of France as the 'hereditary enemy.'"

And Herr P. G—— said:

"I don't think there can be any doubt that these questions are not treated by the majority of schoolmasters with extreme prudence, or I should say, perhaps, with great tact. But is history not enough to demonstrate with *éclat* that of all non-Germanic peoples there are none so likely to prove of fascinating interest to the German scholar as the French with their original and charming character, their brilliant qualities, and those traits which we call, perhaps wrongly, their faults? France is never, I say most emphatically, never represented by any of our teachers or school books as the necessary and hereditary enemy of Germany. On the contrary, it is a current belief among our pupils that a righteous and loyal understanding with her would not only be a great benefit for both races, but for the whole world, and would promote the spirit of universal culture."

In this manner German teachers express themselves with

regard to the patriotic idea and the main tendency of German education. Yet, all the same, we cannot have dreamed that we have come across in literal translations of certain little school primers doctrines of a less generous nature, and have we not heard, in proof of them, accounts of students who at their beer-drinkings anathematise the *Erbfeind* in their cups? When I asked Dr. Reicke, Mayor of Berlin, about these, he answered:

"I don't know the manuals in question, I have never seen them; they do not exist in any of our schools. As for students, why pay attention to what young men of eighteen say when they have been drinking? You have to reckon there with a sort of ritual become classic. They swagger and wish to be taken for doughty conquerors, but at bottom they are good fellows, destined to become respectable and law-abiding citizens."

Herr Samuleit summing up general opinion continued:

"There certainly may have existed once school books the authors of which, believing that they could impress the idea of national glory more profoundly on the mind of their readers in this way, have not always displayed strict historic fairness towards France. Without wishing to exculpate them, I beg you to remember that in these elementary historic expositions the raw intelligence of the child requires something exceedingly simple, and the inaccuracies we deplore arise more from an attempt to convey to them a purely plastic picture than from any desire to arouse in them feelings hostile to a neighbouring people. But I am talking of what is past. I don't know a single book to-day which gives any false or prejudiced view, indeed, on the contrary, our school books which have the largest circulation and are most highly thought of preserve an objectivity in historical narratives at which

one cannot but rejoice. But much as I regret the translations of which you speak, I must, in revenge, say there are others to set against them; a whole series of French school primers are filled with the most unfair and untrue things about Germany. It is true, as the proverb says, that the exception proves the rule."

Some one else wrote to me thus: "I have no doubt such books may have existed. Nevertheless, in the course of my fourteen years as a pupil and my fourteen years as a teacher no example has ever come under my notice. The books used for reading-lessons to-day are not at all of this character, and it would not be possible for them to exist in accordance with the present conditions of German education."

"But the anniversary of Sedan? Is that celebration calculated to promote in children's minds sentiments of European fraternity? And what do its rites consist of? Historical orations from the schoolmaster, patriotic songs by the class, theatrical performances, processions, children's demonstrations, fêtes, sports, etc."

"The tone of the speeches on Sedan day," a teacher told me, "is generally inspired by Schiller's appeal: 'Cling to your country; cling to your beloved country; clasp it to your heart.'"

"Poetry and plays are not always models," said another, "of objectivity and fairness; but their faults are of a kind that are common to such commemorative festivities in every country. We are not very proud of them it must be owned, and we see that there are injurious elements in this sort of literature, from the intellectual as well as the moral point of view. But perhaps you don't know that this year, on July 14, at a banquet which the French colony give every year in Berlin to celebrate your

national festival, one of your compatriots who resides among us declaimed a poem of his own composition on Alsace-Lorraine, in which the following lines occur:

> ' Pour nous la rendre, Allemands, combien
> Vous faut-il d'or.'

I am sure that there are not many people to be found in France who would think such apostrophes in good taste, especially when they are produced on German soil."

" In Würtemberg," wrote Herr Samuleit, " if not elsewhere, they have given up celebrating the anniversary of Sedan, and I believe, though I cannot positively say for certain, in Bavaria too and the Grand Duchy of Baden. The majority of Prussian teachers, I can assure you, would gladly dispense with these festivities in days when every effort is being made to dispel Chauvinism and uncalled-for excitements."

In my seventh and eighth questions I asked, thinking of the differences in birth, religion, and politics among the children, if it was possible to distinguish between their attitude with regard to the lessons of their teachers, and finally I said this: " Taking them as a whole, does it appear that their ideas incline in the direction of the humane ends of peace, or that they favour the solution of things by force? " Most of the teachers replied that nearly all their pupils brought to their lessons an equally open and docile mind unbiassed by the influence of any antagonistic *milieu*. It was sought to develop in all, love of justice and hatred of injustice. Tolerance was preached to them from " the point of view of nations as well as of religions." Not the least tendency to manifest an aggressive and boastful spirit was to be discerned in their midst. But here again I prefer to quote Herr Samuleit:

"In a system of education which allows the pupils to express their own ideas, and even encourages them to do so—which I myself should always think advisable—it will frequently happen that in the higher classes, at any rate, opinions on history and religion held in the home of the pupil will be cited in opposition to those of the teacher. If they feel that he is sincere and see that he is willing to respect the natural authority of parents, it may happen that these divergences of opinion will result in more than one interesting discussion, though, without doubt, a great deal of tact and eloquence will be required on the part of the master. In that case it may prove of as much profit to him as to the pupil. Personally, during my twenty years' experience of teaching I always had reason to welcome these little conflicts of opinion when they arose, which, however, was not often. They are less rare in the higher-grade schools, but the prevailing methods of education are not, as a rule, of a nature to promote the free expression of the pupils' own thoughts. If you would like to know what certain celebrities of the day think of their school life in looking back on it you should read a book by Graf called *Schülerjahre*. You will find there very interesting reminiscences by men of all parties and every profession, and confirmation of what I have been impressing on you, that the relations between France and Germany have not played a very considerable part in the historical instruction of the last twenty years. Otherwise the schoolboys of those days would have retained more vivid memories of them.

"A class generally, as is only natural, is infected by the spirit of its teacher, and I think I have said enough to convince you that the latter tends in the direction of peace and concord, justice and civilisation, far more than towards ideas of conquest and domination. Why should we be

surprised, nevertheless, at boys of twelve and fourteen finding delight in playing at soldiers and warlike games? Do little Frenchmen in this respect differ from little Germans? In my time we played at imaginary battles between French and Germans; later we have seen the vogue of English and Boer games, Russian and Japanese, and to-day it is the turn of the Turks and the Italians. Who will it be to-morrow? [1] The child is eclectic. This taste for playing at war has besides been introduced among our boys of from fourteen to sixteen from a rather artificial source, by the formation of associations formed after the pattern of the English Boy Scouts, *i.e. Jung Deutschland*, *Jugendwehr*, and *Pfadfinder*. These associations have been formed of recent years, more often by old officers, and are designed for the practice of military drill. The fashion for playing at being a soldier before the time, though strongly encouraged by the authorities, is disapproved of by many people, of whom I am one. Yet it can safely be said that however much the military spirit may be cultivated in this way, it is not in any sense offensive, but always and everywhere a matter of defence. I wish to lay stress on this point, because there cannot be a doubt about it, 90 per cent. of the German population cherish nothing but the most anxious desire to pursue their avocations in peace. They do not wish to contribute in any way to warlike schemes for future conquest, which does not prevent them, on the other hand, from being ready for all emergencies. I do not belong to any political party, I am in no respect whatever a militant politician; the opinions I express are the result of a sane judgment, the exercise of which is permitted to me as much as to any other private individual who comments on what he sees and knows."

[1] The primary school boys must have been giving Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Montenegrins, and Turks a bad time of it lately.

This youth which Herr Samuleit and his colleagues are moulding will be in ten or eleven years' time modern Germany. Let us hope that it will never forget its lessons of tolerance, fairness, and peace. Let us hope, too, that it will meet with many other teachers to influence it like those we have just been questioning. "I am delighted," wrote one of them, "that my lessons appear to you useful, and if they contribute even in a small way to bring our two nations nearer to understanding each other that will be, I need not say, the richest reward. You will find me always ready in the future to help in such a noble work." New and unexpected words these, at least for French ears, and evidence of the most generous consideration on the part of those who gave utterance to them. Thus it will be seen that all these teachers, without a single exception, are animated by a common idea, the idea of peace. And, as I said before, I did not select them, and I was in ignorance of their views before I addressed my questions, and asked them, as a preliminary condition, to speak out with sincerity in their answers. Why, then, not admit that the great humane wave which is passing over the life of Europe has now begun to lave in its turn the German mind, cleansing it from those iniquitous elements which work together for hatred and death?

XVI

WHAT A FELLOW-TRAVELLER SAID

In the Train from Breslau — You may know a People by its History—Yesterday contains To-day—Napoleon I. the Maker of Germanism—Klopstock the first Patriot — The Pillars of the State are Humane and Pacific—The Obsession of Jena—The Awakening wrought by Language—Fichte—The Grandeur promoted by Peace — Hegel — The German Opportunity — But To-day?—Prejudice and Passion—The Fatal Laws—An Equation—Not a *War de Luxe*—A People of Profit Promoters —Military Speeches—The Morocco Hoodwinking—The Question of Alsace-Lorraine and the Idea of War—The Partisanship of the Newspapers—Always Truth—The Future.

I was on my way back from Breslau. At Sagan a man got into my carriage, of which before I had been the only occupant. He took a heavy book out of his bag and, fixing his gold eyeglasses on his nose, was soon engrossed in it. As we were both reading we should probably have travelled together as far as Berlin without speaking had not some incident of the journey moved us to break silence. Our conversation progressed, we exchanged cards, and I was astonished to find that my travelling companion was a personage to whom Count Z—— had offered to introduce me on my return to Berlin.

"Ah! you know the count," he exclaimed, and he went on with genial candour, "Don't trust to his judgment. He is half a Pole and knows nothing about the matter that you are investigating."

"But is he not a diplomatist?"

"Undoubtedly; but to be a diplomatist is nothing. Diplomacy is a habit, and a habit that does not fathom

things. In a question like this, it is not only necessary to know and understand, you must feel. You must have a temperament which, unknown to itself, at certain hours is brought in contact, as if by an electric current, with great national reactions. In short, you must be a German, a real historic German, true to tradition yet modern. A Prussian if you like. I am a Prussian."

My companion had a rather dogmatic and grandiloquent way of talking, but not coarse, and at times he was eloquent. He let fall many thoughtful remarks, and the vivacity of his expression and the intelligence of his lofty forehead lent him a singular air of authority. Besides, I knew him to be a man of culture and good sense. He held a high office in the empire and had had charge of several foreign missions. He was the author of books written in a lucid and forcible style, and altogether he enjoyed a reputation which his attainments fully justified. It was a happy chance for me to meet him as I did, alone, and to be able to enjoy uninterrupted a long *tête-à-tête* which lasted till we alighted on the Berlin platform nearly three hours later. His shaggy moustache and closely cropped white hair and his loud authoritative voice made him at first a little alarming, but I soon discovered him to be a thoroughly good sort, full of kindness and good-nature.

" It's a fine subject, a great question, that has brought you among us," he said. " There's nothing that can be of more serious import to either of us. Our whole future hangs on it, and the future of the world. That's terrible to think of, is it not? But I fear greatly that we shall never understand each other."

" Never? "

" Oh! I am not saying it in the way you mean. No, no! The reasons for a good understanding between us, on the

contrary, are numerous. But what I wanted to say is that you don't understand us, and I am afraid that you never will."

"Is that altogether our fault?"

"We are a little to blame, but you are a good deal more to blame than we are. To begin with, you don't believe us—don't say no! I know you pretty intimately. I am often in France. So-and-so and So-and-so are my friends, and we talk together with open hearts, and I repeat, you do not believe us. The average French opinion of a German is, that he is a brute, a liar, or both. And when you say 'a German' it never enters your head to distinguish between Saxons, Würtembergians, Badenese, Prussians, Hessians, etc.; whether he comes from Berlin, Dresden, Breslau, or Frankfort, Leipzig, Munich, Bremen, or Cologne, a German for you is a German, that is to say, an uncongenial creature, wicked, gross, and brutal. In all the dealings you have with him you make him appear just what you want him to appear, and make up your mind he is trying to get the better of you. Is not that very near the truth?"

I made a gesture of vague dissent, but before I could say anything my fellow-traveller continued:

"You have decided that Germany entertains hostile sentiments towards you, that she is always on the watch and on the prowl to find a favourable moment for attacking you. You do not reflect that if this were the case, she has been very stupid. Countless occasions have arisen that she might have taken advantage of if she had liked, but she has missed them all! She might have profited, to go no further back, at the moment when your Russian ally had an affair on in Manchuria, before your friendship with England was sealed; and for seven years she has had the

permanent pretext of the Morocco question. Yet we saw her patiently giving Russia time to re-establish herself, and not succumbing to the temptation to interfere in your flirtation with England. And led on by a triumphant diplomacy in the Moroccan affair, from Tangiers, Algéciras, Casablanca to Agadir, she never ceased to avoid a *fracas* and withdraw in your favour. Upon my word, if Germany is your enemy, I should not mind having many such enemies. And you blind Frenchmen will not see how much she wants to be your friend! And why does she want to be your friend? Not simply because of her sympathies with a great intelligent, industrious, and cultivated people, but because she sees that such an alliance would assure definitely, and once for all, the peace of the world; and after that will you still say Germany is bellicose?"

"If she is pacific, why does she go on increasing her armaments? Why does her patriotism so often take the form of aggressive and imperious demonstrations? Why——?"

"Those are the very questions I expected," interrupted my companion. "How many hundreds of times was I not asked the same in France? I can assure you that if Germany augments her armaments from time to time, she does it without any design of attacking any one, though she wishes, of course, to be on her guard against surprises from without and to be sure that she is adequately equipped for conquest; and I could give you other reasons which would be equally valuable. But it is a mode of discussion, however legitimate, which is best left to the polemical journals. I imagine that you have come to Germany to be coached a little on the subject, and to go deeper than the surface of mere superficial and ephemeral motives, and to find out the profound reason for things. I am going

to tell you, then, that it is very difficult to probe into the secret soul of a foreign people, and to follow the intricate working of its underlying motives; any one who wishes to understand a people, cannot ignore its history with impunity. How many Frenchmen know ours? They are taught the names of sovereigns, the dates of battles and treaties, all the chaotic perfidious intrigues of hatred and violence, quarrels and reconciliations that in every country compose the sum of historic accuracy; they are told that Germany, till to-day, was a nonentity, that all Western civilisation has developed without her aid and outside her. But of *bonâ fide* history, I mean the history of ideas and of manners that are attested by contemporary writers, and are evolved and elaborated from age to age, what have they been taught and what do they know about it? You would like to know, you say, what Germany thinks to-day, you are seeking the direction of her vital forces? But was it only yesterday, or this morning, that they were put in motion? Are you going to neglect in your inquiry those mysterious links which give to a race its unity and beauty of continuity through the ages? Truth, if you are seeking it with sincerity of purpose, will not reveal itself in the spectacle of a day. It's only to be found in the study of the past. That is the book of reference in which it is writ, the only one that can answer you!"

My fellow-traveller struck with his open palm the book which he had just now been reading, and which he had put down on the seat beside him.

"What book is it?" I asked.

"A history book. Nothing but a history book. A history of German ideas since Frederick II., that is to say, if the book justifies its object, a history of the whole moral mechanism of modern Germany. This Germany which

tends more and more to unification, will go far, monsieur, and this patriotism which you find aggressive and arrogant, is only so, maybe, because it is very new. You would be wrong to reproach us on that score, for you have had a hand in its growth, your Napoleon on the battlefield of Jena proved a great promoter of Germanic patriotism. After him, it was no longer permissible throughout the length and breadth of Germany to repeat Goethe's words, 'I was Frederician.' For it was in the eighteenth century that we were 'Frederician,' we were for the king, against the Holy Roman Empire, and beyond this loyalty to the King of Prussia the best Prussians then saw no further. For the best Frenchmen too, in the eighteenth century, the king was all France.

"The same form of patriotism I own, but which in different places enveloped widely different sentiments. In France, a country for long unified and centralised, formed and moulded in the crucible of history several hundred years old, royal faith was the name given to national faith; it included already an earnest of all that modern patriotism which your Revolution exalted in revealing it to itself, and love for the king was really love for the nation represented by the king. But how different with us! Germany was neither a state nor a nation, Germany was nothing but a name, and the Holy Roman Empire, even, was nothing but an antiquated organism, without prestige or force, in and around which the small states dragged out a wretched and laborious existence. No one arose who attempted to galvanise this huge dislocated body into co-ordinate life; neither statesman, writer, nor poet had tried to make out of it solidarity, and still worse, there were people who treated, as a dangerous extravagant chimerist, any dreamer who dared to entertain the possi-

bility of creating a national spirit, and that was the time when Lessing avowed there was no understanding of a conception of what love of country could be. There you have, monsieur, the antecedents of a patriotism which, to-day, you declare to be too exigeant.

" It began to appear soon, however, not in a political form, but in a literary one. Like all great social departures it was bound to show itself first in the popular mind, before stamping its impress on politics, and having no other support than the community of language, it was through literature that it made its début in history."

My companion interrupted himself for a minute to ask if these details bored me; I protested, but he, nevertheless, thought it necessary to reassure me, and said, laughing:

" Do not be afraid that I am going to let pass in review before your eyes the whole of German history during the last century. I shall be brief. But if you consent to follow me you will soon see what point I have reached in the subject.

" Klopstock, the Prussian Klopstock—mark well this name. It is that of a poet, though I do not say of a great writer. But Klopstock was a great patriot, the first of all German patriots. The first to discern behind Prussia and its king the great immobile dormant mass of Germanism, he told it of its heroic ancestors against Rome, he was the announcer of its brilliant destiny, of a constellation of splendid and innumerable victories, but—note this—victories of ideas, not of force. For Klopstock, Germanism was devised to be an instrument of reconciliation and peace for humanity, and if the poet in him sang of the French Revolution, it was because it introduced the era of humane fraternity.

" Now the road was opened up. Writers, poets, philo-

sophers, hastened to pursue it, and thanks to them the language of Luther underwent a magnificent renaissance. It was at a moment when most of the men who had composed your incomparable eighteenth-century school of writers were dead or become obsolete, and there is not another instance in the world of a single people being so splendidly served by thought and letters in a country which, so far, had not so much as a name. All now worked together resolutely to form the mind of the nation. To do this it was not necessary to make themselves into professors, to organise phalanxes, to propagate the doctrine by didactic speeches; it was enough that they honoured the past, that they found it again and revived the continuity of Germanism, enough that they thought, wrote, spoke, and sang in German.

"It was Lessing who earlier had denied the idea of patriotism, and who, ferocious in his criticism of your seventeenth century, and enthusiastic in his apology for German thought, became one of the most vigorous founders of the new patriotism. Herder who, with incredible fertility and a kind of inextinguishable inward fire, established dogmatically the superiority of the German intellect, was the first to formulate an appeal so vehement that it seemed a call to assemble hurled at the whole race. His adjuration was responded to by two writers of merit whose contribution to the national work has been preserved through the nineteenth century—Arnim and his friend Bretano. They endorsed Herder's appeal by constraining their compatriots to self-admiration in their collections of old *volks-lieder*, which they resuscitated, and to lean firmly on the past in order to dominate the future, they uttered to the slumbering German world the summons which was to be obeyed, you know when: For Germany through

Prussia! It was Arndt, tempestuous patriot, from whom the sight of Alsace in French hands drew ardent and sorrowful protests. Finally, to be brief, it was Wieland, Schiller, Fichte, Goethe, whose works, combined with those of old Kant, were monuments raised to the country which had not yet come into being.

"And nearly all of them were pacifists, remember. They believed in the German genius and its ultimate triumph, but had no intention that it should be used against any one. This was what Herder said: Arndt was democratic. If most of them hailed with transports, at any rate, the dawn of the French Revolution, it was because it seemed to them a beneficent event. Schiller before he retracted was revolutionary and very near to speaking the same language as Robespierre. Kant wrote: 'Perpetual peace.' Wieland was the same as Schiller. Goethe said: 'To get peace we propel force against force.' These men were humanitarian, liberal, and fraternal, they believed in goodness, in progress, if force was invoked it was as an instrument of love. Such were the men; such the ideas that nurtured German patriotism at its sources. It was born of instinct of race allied to unity of language. It demanded merely to live, and sought no object for destruction. And if it showed itself occasionally aggressive with regard to France, it was because France had all the military, historical, political, and literary prestige, and being jealous of her, she thought by diminishing to be more on an equality with her.

"It then came about that this bantling patriotism was put to a bloody test, and received a mortal blow—Jena! Jena, in striking down Prussia, prostrated the whole race with her."

"Jena!" I said, "always Jena. I have not met a single German who does not talk to me of Jena. How you are always harping on it."

"Would it be possible for us not to be obsessed by it? Jena was the sepulchre in which the conqueror of the world hoped to bury our corpse, and of which by superhuman efforts we have raised the stone. Yes, truly Jena is the pivot on which modern Germany turns; and the literature which had done such honourable and pacific service in directing the nation's path, what became of it? Far from being discouraged it redoubled its efforts. It repeated again and again to these Germans, who had no longer the fragile link to bind them together of the old holy empire which perished in torments six months after Austerlitz, that their salvation lay with themselves; it never ceased to proclaim to time and space, from the Alps to the Baltic, from Königsberg to Strasburg, the fraternity of a people whose lips sent the same words resounding through the different provinces. With more profound earnestness than ever it had done before it plunged into the past to inspirit and brace up the national mind. It gathered from the obscurity of the Middle Ages all the flowers which were to adorn the Crown of Germanism—poesie, legends, architecture, art; Görres, the brothers Grimm, Arnim, found there the old *marchen* and brought them into the light of day, Heinrich von der Hagen published the *Niebelungen*, Frederick and Wilhelm Schlegel and Arndt spoke to the people of the historic mission which had devolved on them. 'The German country,' sang Arndt in a poem that fired souls, 'shall be all Germany!'

"'All Germany,' that is to say, you understand, all the land on which the German tongue was spoken, the land on which Germanism bled and suffered. In these patriotic effusions, besides those of a Jean Paul Richter, who held that force should only be the servant of peace, you will perceive a warlike appeal that was absent from those of the

preceding epoch. Arndt, we know, clearly prophesied war; Jahn, democrat and pacifist, who proclaimed himself above all things a humanitarian, and said that no war but a defensive war was permissible, foretold war; the heroic Theodor Körner, poet and soldier, sang a lay of the sword and of revenge, and soon after, leading his *Jaegers* at the battle of Lützow, was shot dead from his horse. That was the time when the *Tugend bund* was schooling minds for the work in preparation.

"Yes, indeed, if you object to me talking of the consequence of Jena, I shall not have taught you anything. What was Germany after it? Nothing. And what was Prussia? Still less. For the first patriots there remained only their shattered dreams and the 'Confederation of the Rhine,' created by the imperial conqueror out of the débris of the conquered, placed under his personal protectorate, bound to a perpetual alliance with the French Empire, and compelled to furnish him in case of war with a contingent of 63,000 men. The foreigner was long in our midst, established on our soil, and in our homes, and in the centre of our government. From him we had to accept our laws. For him we had to fight and die if it suited his purpose to drag us across the world in the ranks of his army. How many Germans of pure blood were not left frozen in the snow in the *débâcle* after Moscow? What duty more urgent than to deliver German flesh from the scourge of the foreigner? And you are amazed that our writers and poets put so much heart into formulating the duty, and then that our statesmen applied themselves with zeal to carry it out.

"But at the same time as they preached and exhorted, what idealism did they not pour like balm on the wounded soul of the German race! There was at that

date a German theologian whose magnificent sermons set his contemporaries on fire. He was called Schleiermacher, and while he foretold the apotheosis of Germany, he pointed out to the people the only road by which to attain it, and that was by hard work. At the same moment another voice, the voice of Fichte, made itself heard. Fichte was a great prophet. On most of his ideas are based the foundations of Germany to-day. A brilliant teacher of prodigious learning, he furnished us with methods of education which still survive. Sociologist, he, more than any one else, contributed to giving our people, pre-eminently, faith in themselves and their destiny. He told them repeatedly, with so much force that it penetrated every German brain, ' All who speak your language are of your own flesh and blood,' and yet Fichte had begun by being a Liberal and Internationalist, his views were revolutionary, and he had proclaimed himself a citizen of Europe. At the very moment when he was demanding an Emperor for Germany, or rather, proclaiming the desire of patriots to gather up the pieces into which their country had been rent so that it should once more become a state, he continued to declare himself a pacifist.

" None of these great men, you will remark, in spite of smarting under defeat, wished Germany to follow systematically a warlike career. They wanted a war, it is true, with the object of being avenged, but once revenge had been taken and liberty regained, it was by the works of peace that the nation was to fortify and consolidate its genius. All German thought was whirling distractedly in a flood of idealism. People were intoxicated with Germanism and lauded the superiority of the race, but no one doubted that this orgy of vigorous self-assertion was destined exclusively for the service of humanity. You

will call it ideology, and you may be right. But there was something grand in it, nevertheless. I am not criticising, I am merely relating and expounding, and now I will add the proof of what I have been saying. Leipzig came, and then Waterloo. That was flight and disaster, and soon, following a transient *éclat*, utter ruin to the Napoleonic dream, and in a few years death consummated the ruin. All danger was now over for Prussia, saved by liberated Germanism and master of the Germanic Confederation. There were no enemies to menace her further. Europe, exhausted, rested on her still bleeding battle-fields. At last one could live in peace.

"Then occurred a remarkable phenomenon, for the very men whose appeal to make a country had been received the day before with acclamation, to-day suffered a decline in popular favour. They were even distrusted. What did they want now? it was asked. Were they anticipating fresh upheavals? And Germany, pensive, listened henceforth uneasily to those who still talked to her without ceasing of the majestic significance of her future. But nothing could discourage them. They continued their sacred apostleship. Stone by stone they reared the intellectual and moral structure which has since sheltered contemporary Germany. They wished to see her politically united, built into the solidarity of an empire. Socially, they wished her to be Liberal, and they proclaimed that it was her destiny to be a torch to illumine the world. Before long some one arose to support with his dry speech and relentless logic the crusade which they had been carrying on for fifty years. This was Hegel. The influence of Hegelism was now to dominate German thought.

"With Fichte's teaching it became one of the two pillars of the temple of patriotism. Hegel, in opposition to the

idealism which had lifted Germany on wings, arrayed and marshalled the maxims of an unflinching realism. He had formulas for the justification of facts whatever they might be. 'That which *is*,' he would say, 'is reason realised.' And what did he teach? That the hour had sounded for the third act in the drama of humanity, and that the German opportunity was not far off. . . . You would rather, monsieur, that I did not go further? If I were giving a lecture I should show you through the nineteenth century the torrent of political and social ideas which had their source here. You would see them evolve, unfold, grow, and bubble over in our literature, our education, our philosophy. You would recognise them in the actions of our great statesmen. You would have a better understanding of the fate-ordained policy of a Bismarck. Finally, you would be convinced how they have by degrees modelled Germany, and led her forward to a supreme point of concentration. It was in 1871 that unity was realised, at the conclusion of a war which for the sake of civilisation was bound to be universally regretted. Is it then to be assumed for a moment that Germany since the eighteenth century has been actuated by bellicose motives, lust for fighting and conquest? You must see from what I have been telling you that it is not so. But certainly pride of race, ambition to arrive, faith in herself, desire to succeed, have prompted her, and these, taking them altogether, are not ignoble sentiments, and merit applause in a nation as much as in an individual. Yet you will say that united Germany found herself again in seas of blood. Do you suppose that we wanted that war? Ah! how much rather would we have practised economy and dispensed with it. But it was forced on us. Ask yourself and tell me conscientiously if imperial France of 1870, regretting she had allowed us to

beat Austria four years earlier, would have allowed us to make our constitution without her consent? You do not answer, but the evidence of history answers for you. . . ."

The train stopped for a few minutes. We were silent, and followed absently with our eyes the promenaders on the platform. Then we moved on again and I said: "And *now?*"

"*Now!* . . . Forty-two years have passed since the war. You still watch us and think to yourselves constantly, 'What surprise are they meditating?' For you can't admit we are not always occupied in concocting some malicious scheme against you. The majority of Frenchmen have never consented to consider us objectively. They can bring themselves to talk of a Spaniard, an American, and even a nigger with fairness if not benevolence, but with regard to a German their standpoint is that of bias, prejudice, and passionate blindness. There are certain traits in our character which shock you, I am well aware, and certainly I am not going to say the German is perfect, but are the Spaniard, American, and negro everything that can be desired in your eyes? What have we not heard from French lips about the English character before the reconciliation with England? And what do you really think of the Russians? Have you not said all sorts of things against them behind their backs? Are you under the impression that the French temperament, the charm and seductiveness of which I gladly acknowledge, pleases the whole universe uniformly? Do you presume to ignore and efface the distinctions of race, customs, and religion which historical development has created among the peoples of the earth? Can you conceive a social intercourse between individuals and an international life of nations without reciprocal forbearance and toleration?

"But passion blinds you. I don't wish to condemn sentiments worthy of all respect; to understand them it is sufficient to conjure up the sorrows which would have fallen to the lot of my country if fortune had abandoned it; pride speaks a language which is always understood between two self-respecting peoples. Nevertheless is it, after nearly fifty years, too much to expect on your part a little attempt to be more just and reasonable in your criticisms? Because in the course of historic evolution our destinies have been contrary, and we have been repeatedly thrown against each other in violent combat, is it necessary for you to retain obstinate memories of only the last of these encounters and to forget how often before you triumphed and our fate was humiliation? You are one of the greatest nations in the world, your interests are enormous and various, but are you sure that during the last forty years your policy has served them to the best possible advantage?

"Had you been more independent of *amour propre* and galling memories you might have carried on a policy equally dignified, but a good deal more just and profitable. You would not have exposed yourself to such misapprehension as you have done with regard to the direction of ours and the true character of our national activity. You cherish two kinds of grievance against us. It seems to you that there is not any part of the world where you don't clash with us, and I grant that you have to contend everywhere with our commerce and the products of our industry, and that suffices for you to accuse us of monopoly. We bestow continual and fervid care on our military power and the strengthening of our navy, and you conclude from that we dream of intimidating the world by the accumulation of our forces. All this is unreasonable. Our industrial output is considerable, and would you forbid us to seek its

expansion and find markets for it in every country on the face of the earth in accordance with the principle of free competition? Have we ever thought of such a thing as interdicting on German soil the sale of your wines, fruits, jewellery, millinery, lingerie, and articles of luxury, or ever complained of their competition? Does it depend on your will or on ours that the industry of Germany is above all things an industry of factories and of furnaces, and that the abundance of manual labour encourages big enterprises? In the last ten years your export trade amounted to 5000 millions and a half of francs, that of England 8000 millions, but ours was over 9000 millions. In face of this fact what good are arguments? Our land, you know, is not sufficient to feed our population; it is then indispensable for us to earn money if we are to live. Nature by chance has arranged things very well for this end. What would Germany be without the coal with which she is gorged? Coal means factories, and it is, you see, nature's own law, not our will or our preferences or our vocation, or encouragement from on high, that has given the energies of our people their right destination.

"And yet you persist in saying that we are bellicose and want war. What are we to do to persuade the French that our designs are peaceful? War for us, whenever it arrives, would mean the destruction of half our fleet, and the ruin of twenty years of tenacious efforts. Either as victors or vanquished our trade would be for a long time annihilated, the beautiful edifice of our economic strength, so patiently raised, would be levelled to the ground, all the pride in our leviathan labours broken. An unnamable and unprecedented disaster, millions and millions swamped, our material riches dispersed, our hopes, our ambitions, all our moral wealth scattered in smoke or drowned in blood. Such

would be our certain risk. And what should we gain? Remember that we are now at the high tide of expansion. The most vital necessity for us is that this expansion shall in no wise be hindered or interrupted. We need peace. Peace is the first condition of a people who are growing rich, as pillage and slaughter are the law of conquering poverty. Victory would give us nothing that we do not possess already, defeat would crush us. These are the things which should serve you for reflection in France. The question of peace or war for us is an equation; facts set it, and the first-comer can solve it.[1]

"In spite of Hegel we have remained a nation of dreamers, but thanks to Hegel, perhaps, we have become at the same time realists and profitmongers. Refer to our past and you will not find that we waged a single war for pleasure and glory; the plumed helmet is not in our line. The whole history of German wars is matter of fact. War for us was never anything but a means to an end. We have only made war when necessity or profit demanded it. Each time that we have fought in the last century it was for our unity we fought, that is to say for our national existence; and this realistic sense of gain, this subordination to profits which have so increased during the last thirty years, has made it the chief business of our people to build up their fortunes. Yes, I repeat, we are profitmongers. And to be that is a bad preparation for war. Before plunging into a war with France, or with any one else, Germany will consult her interests not her passions. Don't talk of war between

[1] Bismarck said in the Reichstag in 1888, during a debate on a bill to reinforce the German army: "I am against an aggressive war in any form, and if war does not come about through our aggression, some one else will have to kindle the flame. Neither consciousness of our strength nor confidence in our alliances will prevent our persisting in the efforts we have made to maintain peace and persisting with the same zeal."

us! Say rather war against us, crass victims. Victors and vanquished on the plague-stricken arena smelling of corpses, we shall resemble two gladiators occupied together in dressing their wounds. I don't know what you say about it in France, but we have something better to do in Germany. The bluster of half a dozen Pan-Germans counts for nothing; it is not to attain such a goal that we have been giving our millions for thirty years past, to supply the nation with tools.

"We arm? Yes, no doubt. But if we have no intention of becoming aggressors neither do we want to be surprised by any of those volcanic eruptions which at times take possession of Europe and drive her to frenzy. We desire that the authority of our diplomacy shall rest on a sure guarantee. We arm in the same way as a man who has his coffers full puts bolts and bars on his door for security. We shall not attack, but if some one attacks us we intend to have taken all the precautions necessary on our side. If we multiply these it is because it is our temperament to be cautious, and to do nothing precipitately. Every one acts according to his temperament and the means at his disposal. We do not cavil at anybody, and we expect others to do unto us as they would be done by. We ask to be judged by our policy and not by the number of our soldiers, and if there is anything that is complained of as belligerent in our policy we have a right to demand the reason."

I had seldom interrupted this voluble and well-balanced oration, even when my informant allowed his flights of eloquence to transcend his logic, but now I ventured to put in a word.

"You forget," I said, "the harangues on dry powder and the military incitements by which the German people

are constantly being spurred on, and you don't seem to appreciate the intrinsic perils of such a monstrous apparatus of war."

My travelling companion shook, or rather rolled, his head from side to side, and stroking his bristling moustache he replied:

"The speeches to which you allude were the military effusions addressed by a sovereign of military traditions to military folk. You would not have him talk to them on the cultivation of turnips? But this sovereign is pacific, he has given many proofs of his French sympathies, and his good intentions are well known in France. To what other peril do you refer?"

"The head of the state is no doubt of a conciliatory spirit, but what of those in his *entourage?* How about the soldiers?"

"I see what you mean. You are thinking of a military party, that party which appears so often to be the bogey of the French newspapers. Of whom is that military party composed, may I ask? Who leads it? What justifies its existence? The Emperor is the chief of the army, and the whole army obeys him as a soldier obeys his serjeant. That there should be any military inspiration acted on in the vicinity of the Emperor not in agreement with his sentiments is with us an unheard-of hypothesis. But how singularly contradictory you are! You make our spirit of subordination and discipline a reproach against us and say that we are incapable of initiative, of *élan*, or of any spontaneous boldness of action, and having said it, you proceed to harbour suspicions against the least individualist class among us, the soldiers who pursue a machine-like *métier*, and attribute to them I don't know what ambitious intrusions into the domain of politics. Can any one ever

hope to meet men in the military profession who don't consider fighting their vocation? In our army, as in all the armies of the world, it is only natural that this desire to fight should increase in inverse ratio to the hierarchy. How would it serve the purpose of our commanders, who are well provided for and have reached the highest pinnacle of honour, to deliver over to the hazards of a combat an unassailable situation, and to rush in anticipation into responsibilities which are so terrible in war and so light in times of peace? You may say, if you like, that the little sub-lieutenant is always brewing mischief, but do you suppose that any field-marshal would order the decks to be cleared? I tell you he would not. And it is he, and not the sub-lieutenant, who is able to let the Emperor understand what he wants.

"There can be no military party except where the sovereign is in the hands of the army, where the nation is disorganised and without a common cause, and the government at the mercy of any blow that may be struck at it. If our Emperor to-morrow had the most venerated of our generals put in prison it would produce in the army a painful impression, one of stupefaction and humiliation, but there would be no thought of revolt, and every one would wait without anger to know the reasons for the sovereign's action. Among all our commanders there is not one who could flatter himself that he has taken the lead in deciding any matter whatever. The policy of Germany is made by the legitimate organs of the government under the instigation of the Emperor and the control of parliament, and this policy is pacific. It is also subject to the constitution, for you can imagine that it would not be permitted to the Emperor to pursue a bellicose line without the participation of the confederated states. Would any of these plunge

with alacrity into a war from which they could hope to reap no direct gain and from which all the moral profit would accrue to Prussia? Do you know a single one of them who would think of entering into league with her light-heartedly merely for the sake of acquiring additional lustre and prestige?"

"Thus," I put in, "the long and short of it is that there's not anybody in Germany who contemplates war, no legitimate interest that a war would serve, no party that urges it, not any historical train of events that disposes the nation towards war, and the national temperament repudiates it. What then is the meaning of the kind of unrest which it is not difficult to discern in your public opinion, and to which your journals make such frequent appeals?"

"Our journals! Say *some* of our journals, and state which! The snarlers that have neither readers nor reputation! I am afraid those are the sort whose vociferations you are disposed to listen to most readily. I don't deny, however, that there is at present a certain feeling of over-excitement among us, transient, I believe, but still real. The tone of your press, the Chauvinistic revival among you, has something to do with it, but above all the vexation caused by our check in Morocco is responsible."

"Oh, indeed! Your check!"

"Is there any contesting the fact that we got the worst of it in the Morocco affair? You French made us laugh when you affected to think you were defeated, when you scolded your ministers, overthrew your government, and lamented your lot to the whole world. How could you be serious yourselves? What did you lose? Two hundred and seventy thousand square kilometres of African land, worth God knows how much, that you never thought of improving, and which apparently you had cared nothing

about till we cast a melancholy glance in that direction. And what benefits have you not got in exchange? A magnificent colony, eagerly watched for fifty years, the achievement of your North African empire, a dream realised.

"And we? Well, it's true that we did not think much of Morocco at first. But we were told one day that we ought to have colonies, and that Morocco should provide us with them. Once we had been told, it was dinned into us repeatedly. Journals and leagues roused opinion. The government blew down its trumpets. From imperial lips the world was told Morocco was to be nothing if not German. Little by little we grew accustomed to the idea, and when at the end of seven years we thought we had touched our goal, we found ourselves suddenly conquered and abashed in face of a treaty that snatched from us our illusion, and with the bitter sensation that our discomfiture was applauded by the whole world. That was bad enough. But we remembered at the same time that this unpardonable blunder was not the first our diplomacy had been guilty of. We recalled its frivolities, its shortsightedness, its incoherences. We calculated how much of the road had been lost, I won't say since Bismarck, but in the last ten or fifteen years. We evoked the significant *ententes cordiales* of France with England, with Italy, and of Russia with Italy; we thought of your coming understanding with Spain, and of how nothing had been attempted to prevent the misunderstanding of Austria and Russia, accentuated by the dismal consequences of the Russian defeat in Manchuria, which all at once turned again towards the West, that is to say towards Germany, the two heads of the Muscovite eagle which before had been stretched towards Asia. And we declared that Germany,

through her mistakes, her negligence, her vacillations, and her successive set-backs, had diminished her moral force and lowered her credit in the eyes of the world.[1] That is what our people find so intolerable. They ask what purpose their power serves if it cannot depend on the support of a far-seeing policy, and they demand of those who govern them more continuity and firmness.[2] These dignified protests on the part of a people who do not consider they have pilots worthy of them, have nothing at all in common with the remarkable demonstrations of excitement that are seen in your country. Here public sentiment is roused against the government not against the foreigner. Can you say the same of French public opinion? One has only to read your papers and listen to your speeches, to go into your theatres and cafés, to distinguish in the expression of the French mind to-day a new accent, which undoubtedly is not provocative, but I should certainly call it aggressively hostile. There lies the danger. I am speaking to you with absolute frankness. I am not a Chauvinist, and I cherish the illusion that I understand your country too well not to dread as a terrible calamity a war in which we two should fly at each other's throats. Please consent, then, to look the truth in the face, and when we say and

[1] The day after the death of the Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German ambassador in London, Herr Theodor Wolff, referring to the regret this loss had caused in Germany, wrote the following significant words in the *Berliner Tageblatt*: "Baron Marschall would have re-established by his personal authority, had he lived, the respect of the world for German authority."

[2] On February 5, 1913, in his speech at Königsberg, the Emperor William said: "The productive and benign works of peace have taken the place of warlike activity. Commerce and industry are in full flower, arts and science are progressing, general prosperity reigns in the towns and in the country. The events of a hundred years have taught us lessons, gentlemen, that the future and the fate of a people are no longer assured by the laurels of war. All depends on the amount of moral force that they may possess."

believe that the danger of a conflict rests with you and not with us, give up accusing us of bad faith."

"We shall never, of our own accord, give way about the revision of the Treaty of Frankfort. You know that, and it is evident that you understand why."

"You shirk the real question. In 1871 Moltke fixed fifty years as the period it would take to Germanise the annexed territories, and he demanded of you half a century of patience. Forty-two years have gone by, and the races which you pretend are German are as far removed from you as they were on the first day. Why not recognise that salient fact?"

"Because there are proposals to which peoples, as well as individuals, will never consent. Because there are faults which one will rather die than admit. Because all Germany would rise to a man to keep the ground which Germans have paid for with their blood. You, who are a proud people yourselves, must have felt this when you refused to give up a part of the Congo for a beneficial exchange. It follows that this resolution on the part of Germany being as firm as it is, a revision of the Treaty of Frankfort could only be purchased at the price of a lamentable war. All this, too, you know and have discounted. When, therefore, you insist on making an appeal to the past, in spite of the pacific or pacifist form in which you wrap your claim for a revocation, it conveys the idea of having recourse to a war for all you may say to the contrary. Yet you won't acknowledge it. That is the reason why you express astonishment every time that Germany augments her military forces. You conclude that she is meditating an attack when she is only giving herself a guarantee. You think that she is drawing her sword when she is only testing it. Directly the

day comes when you will have sufficient strength of mind to accept without qualifications historical facts you will see her suddenly relax her vigilance and put away part of her armour: make the experiment.

"What can she do in good faith to-day as things are? Your foreign policy, however correct it may appear, is full of reticence. But with regard to Alsace-Lorraine it would seem as if your statesmen hardly think it worth while to conceal their secret thoughts. Public sentiment expresses itself at our expense in a thousand ways, of which even the least aggressive can hardly be called pleasant. Your newspapers deliberately pick out and generalise on the incidents in our political, national, and economic life that are most likely to discredit and lower it. And with the same bias they refrain from making any mention of facts which might bear witness to our goodwill. Perhaps you were in Berlin a few weeks ago at the same time as a party consisting of 200 of your compatriots and confrères, whose visit was admirably organised by a French journal in Berlin. If so, you will have been a spectator of the sympathy with which they were received everywhere, the entertainments got up in their honour, of the good-nature and courtesy the Berlinese showed them while they sojourned in their city, and you know the warmth of the reception which our journalists extended to them. None of your own had apparently any reason to doubt it, yet there wasn't any allusion to the visit made in a single one of your newspapers. I ask why? And as I am on this topic I will venture to say something more. The petty campaign of taunts and gibes against us of minor defiances and provocations which we see given a prominent place in certain of your papers is not, if you will permit me to say it, at all worthy of you. It is lacking in dignity and magnanimity.

The whole of your history is in opposition to such paltry proceedings. Either make war or keep peace; let it be one or the other. It is not seemly for one great nation to conduct itself in such a spirit towards another great nation. For my part, I should mind it less if I did not feel that serious consequences may be born of this constant repetition of small bickerings and insults; that it is preparing the toxin that some portentous incident would be capable of causing to react on itself and spreading the poison."

We were nearing Berlin; looking across the level plain, to which there was no boundary but the horizon of dull skyline; houses and buildings were beginning to multiply. My travelling companion, after glancing for a moment through the gloaming at the depressing landscape, turned round to make his concluding remarks.

"You asked me just now, monsieur, what my opinion was of the moral condition of my country and its sentiments with regard to yours. And I have told you what I think. The best service that can be rendered to both countries, that is to say, to civilisation, is to show them the truth. I have tried to show it to you. And in making the attempt, I believe I have done you the favour that you required of me. Let me, before we part, repeat what I said at the beginning, 'You know nothing about us.'

"And if our two peoples had a more penetrative knowledge of each other, what blind errors would be redressed, what harsh judgments reversed, what delusions unmasked, and follies repented! You would be convinced that we do not meditate aggression against any one, and principally not against you. You would cease to attribute to us underhand motives when we extend our military laws, and this, I fancy, is for you the most essential point. You

would learn to comprehend that in modern Europe armies are merely the military aspect of a nation's power, or if you prefer it put in this way, are only nations organised for their own security, and that our military equipment is far from attaining the ample proportion of yours, since you enforce universal compulsory service, while we, on the other hand, exempt a hundred thousand young men every year from the conscription. But above all you would understand, in time, I trust, that our common interests ought to lead us to unite instead of tearing each other to pieces. Glance at the north and east of Europe and still further afield to recall your historical record and ours; calculate the possibilities of to-morrow; ask yourselves if there is not plenty of evidence to show that future progress, civilisation, and even strength may be promoted by the association and co-operation of nations.

"I do not despair of light illumining at last even the blindest eyes, and compelling them to open. No, I do not despair of seeing my life-long dream accomplished; the end of squabbles and misunderstandings, the sincere, true, and definite reconciliation of your country with mine. I believe this dream is shared by many Germans and also by a certain number of Frenchmen."

XVII

THE RIGHT ROAD

German Armaments and the Demise of Turkey—Interests and Facts—The Congress of Heidelberg—International Spirit—"From Fear to Confidence"—An Article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*—The Barrier—Alsace and Lorraine must be mentioned—The Secret of Peace—The Voice of Alsace—The Hurricane—Slavonicism *versus* Germanism—The Old Battle—The Relapse after Frederick II.—The Emperor says, "I am alone"—Colonies—Peace demands Sacrifices—Country—Reconciliations are difficult—France and England—The Right Road.

Since I collected the elements for this inquiry in its present form, a furious hurricane has shaken Europe to its foundations. When the storm abated, important events had happened. The once ever-victorious Turk had been hunted from Christian territories which he had held for five centuries. Expelled from Thessaly, Macedonia, and Thrace he was driven back on Asia, and intrepid powers took possession of the soil to which he, in his fatalism, had so long clung. Austria's dream was shattered and her very existence threatened. Finally, the most ghastly of wars was hanging suspended over the old world, and these stupendous achievements had been brought about by a few days' triumphant marches on the part of Greeks, Servians, Bulgarians, and, lastly, the Montenegrins, that microscopic people against whom the whole of Europe had lately been seen so gallantly leaguing itself.

It was a blow not only for the German Empire, who had been protecting, coaching, and supplying Turkey with arms, but for all Germanism, which felt its prestige suddenly

lowered by this irrepressible rising of Slavism. The Russian and French press and the English, with more reserve, took good care that nobody should be kept in ignorance of what it all signified. Germany, sworn to the cult of force, was not slow to draw a harsh conclusion from the course of events, and with that brutal abruptness of decision to which the universe cannot get accustomed, she began forthwith a gigantic augmenting of forces, compared with which that of 1912 was mere child's-play. She increased her military expenditure by more than 200 millions of marks, and added to her army on a peace footing 150,000 men.

The news of this increase was received with amazement and consternation throughout the world. But the main question to be considered was, had the risks of an encounter become more marked, and if so, why? If it was Germany's firm intention to keep peace, there was nothing in the new distribution of Europe to incline her to depart from that intention. If, on the contrary, she was disposed to be bellicose and in quest of an occasion for conflict, why should she not seize the one that offered itself? Austria and Roumania were ready to engage troops consisting of 1,200,000 men; France was busy training her recruits and had scarcely 200,000 men to put in the field; and it was no secret that Russia, in spite of her military apparatus being already formidable, had not yet completed the reorganisation of her army—thus a rare chance seemed to be afforded by these circumstances of attacking the Triple Alliance. Yet Germany disdained to avail herself of it, and we have seen her, on the contrary, in the months that followed, making a stubbornly pacific effort through her diplomacy, her press, and the action of the Kaiser himself, to restrain the compromising Austrian ally.

The intentions of Germany might be discussed at length, but it would be a vain discussion. Nothing else really counts but the facts and interests involved. As a matter of fact, Germany pursues the path of peace. But has she reasons for preferring peace to war? This is a suggestive question when it concerns a people whose sensibility is not its guide. After careful reflection it is easy to arrive at a conclusion with regard to interests, for they are an ostensible matter and can be measured and weighed in the balance. An economist, Arthur Raffalovich, who is well up in European affairs, has written: "The economic organisation of Germany is cut out for peace." If it is true, he is making an assertion of enormous importance; if he is wrong, it ought to be possible to demonstrate his error, and the demonstration should be undertaken.

Germany, as well as other countries, has her pacifists, those spirits whom, when we listen to them, we call visionaries, who, saturated with a belief in the potential perfection of human societies, think that a time will come when nations will extend to their communal relations the rules which regulate the intercourse of individuals between themselves, and will find it wiser and more just and at the same time more practical and better economy to carry on their own development apart from the fury of violence and to give it the safeguard of its right. These German pacifists are already more numerous than any one supposes them to be in France. In the country of Bismarck they are a singular innovation. I did not meet any of them. Neither did I interview the Socialists. I need not say that this was not from any prejudice or feeling of contempt. I brought with me to Germany no prejudices, and one would hardly hold in contempt a party that has nearly 1000 members and can rely on 4,000,000 votes. But

anything that they would have told me I should have known in advance, and I did not wish this to be a parrot-like inquiry. That is why I addressed myself by preference to men of moderate opinions, free from dogmatism. All the same, these pacifists are much in evidence and speak out. Why is it that a certain portion of the French public that busies and excites itself about German things had nothing to say on the subject of what passed at Heidelberg on October 5 and 7, 1912, when the German branch of the "Conciliation International," founded at Frankfort towards the end of 1910, held its congress there? France, Austria, England, the United States, Finland, and Russia were all represented; ten Alsatians came from Strasburg, and among the list of associates figured the names of some of the most distinguished celebrities of German intellectualism —Foerster, the astronomer; Ostwald, the physician; Karl Lamprecht, the historian, with many other professors and lawyers.[1]

What did Professor Ritter von Ullmann, president of the congress, say in his opening address? He talked of the "common life of nations," of the "judicial order" which ought to rule it, of the necessity of "deepening the idea of international law," of "the solidarity of interests," of the "exigencies of justice and of right." Professor von Lilienthal, after him, exclaimed: "A time will come when it will be possible to realise the ideal of perpetual peace." Professor Nippold, of Frankfort, denounced the Nationalist press and the Pan-Germanist League, the Naval League, and the Colonial Union, which travestied the legitimate sort of patriotism; he bore testimony to the fact that

[1] An account of this congress was given by Herr Theodor Ruyssen, professor of literature at Bordeaux, in the review *La Paix Par le Droit*, October 1912. Also see Chapter V. on the Universities.

German opinion was profoundly pacific and desirous of being on good terms with the foreigner. Doctor Spahn, son of the celebrated deputy of the Centre in the Reichstag, discoursed on the theme of "The idea of peace in the history of the German people"; Professor Pilotry, of Würzburg, on "Different forms of international understanding." Thus for three days the ancient university city rang with pacific speeches. It was the professors who aimed their harangues at German public opinion, and we recall the prestige with which a lesson from a professor is clothed in its eyes.

"An international conception of things," said Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the Columbia University, at the conference held at Lake Mohonk by the International Arbitration Society of the United States, "does not exclude an ardent and sincere patriotism such as was demonstrated by the example of the great statesmen who re-made Europe such as we see to-day. If Lord Palmerston was completely immune from this international spirit, Gladstone possessed it in the highest degree; the lamented Marquis of Salisbury, whom no one ever accused of being indifferent or lacking in devotion to the interests and ambitions of his own country, also possessed it, though more Tory than the Tories; Cavour and Thiers, too; and Lord Morley and his colleague, Lord Haldane, are both impregnated by it."

The professors who held forth at Heidelberg could, with equal justice, congratulate themselves on the possession of what President Butler happily named the "international spirit." Like the American orator, they might say "national glory need not prevent our obeying the instincts of morality," and that "international justice is part of moral education." They might have made their own that

profound maxim which casts a light on human progress: "The whole history of civilisation is summed up in these words, 'Man ascends from fear to confidence.'" They are the noble souls in whom sociology discovers the signs of the future, and who without rejecting the duties their country demands of them, extend their hands to one another across space, and in every diversity of home recognise the features eternally common to the vast human family.

If we have not heard anything of these propagandists of pacificism here, in revenge the Pan-Germans have been reported, and nothing has been done to assuage, rather the most has been done to promote, the military fever which to the misfortune of Europe appears to be raging at present in Germany.

But between the extremes there are other men, rebels against prejudice and dogma, who care less about generalisations and who confine themselves to looking forward to an authorised and loyal *rapprochement* between France and Germany. We have been told what their reasons are. They are those expressed by Prince Lichnowsky and Herr Maximilien Harden, Herr Walther Rathenau and Herr Alfred Kerr, and by many others besides—the reasons which every Frenchman who travels in Germany hears from the majority of German lips. "We ought to see that we have," writes Herr Theodor Wolff, "a vision clear of errors, a state of mind that does not look for intimations of international bad feeling just in the very place where the tendencies are for reconciliation." [1]

[1] An open letter to M. Jean Finot, published in August 1912 in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, by the editor, one of the leaders of German opinion, owing to whose vigorous campaign the allied forces of Radicalism and Socialism won at the last election a great triumph for the Left. See Appendix.

In the same article he says again: "The German people will always accord a warm welcome to any proposal which might determine better relations, but a French President of the Council would never risk setting his foot on German soil for fear of incurring unpopularity.[1] In Germany every one who comes from France is hospitably received; at Berlin Parisian modes are at home, although the most read newspaper in France is never tired of jibing at 'made in Germany' trumpery and what it calls 'the German invasion.' Those of your compatriots who visit Germany are primed beforehand with what they have heard in their own country and inquire at once about our bellicose intentions, but they go back with quite different opinions, yet if they forbear from joining in the demoniacal chorus of patriotism and have no yarn to tell of Germany's preparing a surprise, nothing they can say excites further comment than a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. . . . The German people," he adds with insistence, "taking them altogether, are far more disposed to be conciliatory than the great majority of the peace-loving French."

We listen with respect to this language. But those who express themselves thus are the last to dispute that a barrier exists between France and Germany which nearly half a century has done nothing to level. It is not, as many Germans affect to believe, the Treaty of Frankfort's mere official report of defeat, for which France was consoled by the memory of official reports of victories; it is its conditions, the mercenary bond which revives the practices of barbarism and demands the handing over of the living flesh of an ancient and haughty people, the most advanced in civilisation of any in modern Europe. This

[1] An allusion to the Russian visit of M. Raymond Poincaré, at that time President of the Council, who went to St. Petersburg by sea.

flesh, outraged and humiliated, never ceases to cry out in protest, and outraged justice cries with it. Undoubtedly, though Germany does not seem yet to have awakened to the fact, the position of the Alsace-Lorraine problem has undergone a change, but in its new aspect it appears more formidable than ever, because it invokes an idea, and the idea is fixed and invincible. When the Germans are suspicious that the French remain faithfully wedded to the hope of *revanche*, how wrong they are! The thought of revenge was the first form into which the grief of the vanquished shaped itself, the wounded athlete's outburst of brutal fury, and it no longer finds any place in the hearts of the present generation. There is nobody of sense in France to-day, if we except a little band of old survivors of the war and the Jingo Nationalists (why should Germany entirely monopolise the Pan-German spirit?), who deliberately longs for war. The apostles of revenge counted, with a lacerated soul, the square yards of lost ground, and their eyes were fixed on the soil. Now all eyes gaze higher, upwards to the regions of conscience and morals. Men of our time talk no longer of reprisals, of demanding reparation, of gaining victories, but of obtaining justice. They repudiate violence, but appeal to what is right. That the Germans should delude themselves on the point is a much graver matter. To all whom I interrogated I was constantly repeating, " It is not France which raises the question of Alsace-Lorraine; she raises it herself and it is your fault that she does. You thought that with conquest your task was over, but conquest is nothing by itself. The price of conquest was to make yourselves loved, and you have not succeeded even in being tolerated. Do you imagine that you have a tribe of unsubjugated negroes in the Congo to deal with? You have to contend with culture,

civilisation, and strong will. What are you going to say to these people? "

They would rather not admit that there is anything to say, and that is the worst of it. They meet everywhere with dogged discontent and think only of how they can hide the state of things from themselves. They are uncertain whether their rule shall be one of harshness or benevolence, and before they can decide they obey the dictates of their temperament and exercise harshness, a cardinal error. Alsace-Lorraine is treated by them as a field for colonisation, and in accordance with the custom of nations supposed to be civilised, they send the functionaries that are the off-scourings of their administration to the disaffected provinces. In order to win a people of refined intelligence, whose whole history has been a struggle for independence, they can think of no better method than that of high-handed, loud-voiced coercion. They act as if they had taken leave of their senses. It does not occur to them who dream of founding an invulnerable peace between the two countries, and to re-unite them for the advantage of civilisation, that French distrust is fed by the fuel of Alsatian disaffection, and if they want to disarm one they must first pacify the other. The secret of Franco-German peace lies in the conscience of Alsace-Lorraine. So long as the latter continues to lament, what is the good of hoping that France will close her ears to their complaint? And when they demand only what is just and right, why is Germany deaf to their appeal?

Yes, just and right! What they ask is what all living and conscious beings have a right to. They do not expect humiliations and abdications on the part of the conqueror, but a statute of liberty and autonomy for the conquered loyally discussed and put in force, a régime in which hearts

freed from oppressive burdens may at last feel life pulsating within them, and which without any injury to German pride would solace France in her bitter remorse for not having known how to defend her children! The vehement protestations of earlier days, the cry of hate shouted by the annexed at their conquerors, might reasonably remain unheeded, but an anguished appeal, in which hatred has given place to a claim for justice, surely cannot be treated much longer with contemptuous silence. Voices are raised everywhere; sooner or later they will have to be heard, and whoever thinks that when the question which enlists the service of indomitable moral forces is raised in the centre of Europe an answer can be much longer delayed deludes himself.

They are voices both pathetic and urgent. The voices of Alsatians writhing in the embrace of their country's sorrow. They are not building on war but on peace to obtain justice. Let us hear what the veteran Auguste Lalance has to say, one of the noblest among them, who was the protesting representative in the Reichstag for Mulhouse, and whom every deserving cause has always found ready to make a sacrifice of himself. Let us listen to his exclamation of dismay and horror at the endless and terrifying additions to armaments.[1] "Must Europe perish!" Why cannot men see that instead of devouring each other they should draw together when the means of uniting are offered them, not reject the opportunity? "Nature has placed two great races side by side—the Gallic and the Teutonic—both bearing the imprint of Roman civilisation, though owing to differences of soil and climate they have developed on different lines. These two races are made

[1] Letter to the *Journal d'Alsace-Lorraine*, published at Strasburg, August 22, 1912.

to love each other, to complete each other, and form a joint power, the like of which the world has never seen." And the aged patriot, in the evening of his days, unceasing in his demands that Germany shall generously consult the wishes of the two provinces, concludes with this peroration: " The day when we shall be consulted on the subject of our nationality, as the populations of Nice and Savoy were consulted in 1859, we will swear to become the necessary link between the French and German races; we will swear to lay the foundation of an indissoluble friendship between two great peoples who ought never to have been divided."

It is only a few weeks ago, in February 1913, that from the rostrum of the Reichstag an Alsatian deputy, Abbé Högy, made use of these impressive words:

" My party and myself consider that the Alsatian deputies should exercise a conciliatory influence on Franco-German relations. The Alsatian conferences in France cannot have anything but a favourable result, as they help to lessen susceptibilities." " As convinced pacifists," he adds, " we regret that the question of Alsace-Lorraine reappears perpetually as an element of trouble in the relations of the two countries. We hold the view that the war of 1870 should be the last between two civilised nations. We do not desire that the soil of our country shall ever again be soaked by the blood of people made to co-operate side by side in the cause of peace and works of civilisation. Personally, we wish to combat with all the energy of which we are capable warlike tendencies and the clap-trap talk of revenge."

And we should not forget either the chivalrous sentiments which characterised the speech made on February 17, 1913, by M. Jacques Preiss, formerly deputy for Alsace-Lorraine in the Reichstag, when, in the Hall of the

Geographical Society of Paris, he came to address the French on forty years' poignant experiences under German rule.[1] "It is failure, complete and absolute failure," he said of the enterprise of assimilation undertaken by the conquerors. "Spiritually and temporally the antagonism of the two races and the disparity of their mental vision has never been more profound than it is to-day." Like his compatriot he claimed, "on the ground of an accomplished fact," "Autonomy," *i.e.* "complete equality with other parts of the empire." But having pronounced himself free from hate, he added: "We don't want war made for us or because of us. We know how to wait, and we will wait. We cherish the conviction that immanent justice will surely and inevitably reopen a discussion of the Alsace-Lorraine question, in which the whole of Europe, including Germany, will at last be obliged to listen to us. . . . We have been made the victims of the principle that 'Force exceeds right.' We bring forward in opposition another principle that 'Right exceeds in the end force.'"

These words are not new. It was in May 1907 that a vigorous polemical Alsatian, M. Léon Boll, who edits the Strasburg *Journal d'Alsace-Lorraine*, wrote addressing himself to Germans apropos of the Alsace-Lorraine question: "You pretend that it does not exist. You are seated in the heart of the question and profess to ignore it. The minor issues with which you are surrounded absorb your attention. You cannot see the wood for the trees, to use a German expression. But the question, none the less, exists and is none the less in evidence every day, and makes itself imperiously felt in the great political vortex in the very centre of the difficulties in which Germany is involved."

Another day, in an eloquent and impressive sentence, he

[1] See Appendix.

said: "The question of Alsace-Lorraine, which rears itself like a rock ahead of the ship of empire, is nothing but the question of your blunders in Alsace-Lorraine." He knows, as all who take a wide view of the matter know, that the healing of what the Emperor William, in a private conversation, has called the "sore" would be of not less advantage to Germany than to France, or, what's more, that Germany would really benefit the most from it, and on this the polemical M. Léon Boll is never weary of insisting. He denounces the manœuvre of German Nationalists who, from the necessity of bolstering up their system, affect to believe that the vindication of Alsatian rights implies the revision of the Treaty of Frankfort and the disintegration of the empire. He exclaims, "That is a gross error!" On the contrary, he contends with all the rest of the Alsatian patriots that Alsace-Lorraine is designed to be the rendezvous of the reconciliation between France and Germany. "Pre-ordained reconciliation," according to him "inevitable understanding."

"Let us make of Alsace-Lorraine," he says, "the melting-pot in which shall be blended the double-distilled civilisation of Germanism and Latinism." He goes even further and says, "To-day the logic of events has so turned the tables on Germany, that one can hardly see how she will be able to emerge pacifically from present difficulties except by a formal and sincere understanding with France." [1]

Are the men who talk thus isolated? Germany knows the opposite to be the case. On the 9th of last March an Alsatian manifesto was issued at Mulhouse, emanating from the

[1] The Germans who think the same are numerous, and German opinion, it cannot be gainsaid, is pacific. Unfortunately, Germany has not a policy that satisfies her wishes and interests. She lacks leaders. Those she has to put up with are timid when confronted with prejudice, and dare not speak the words necessary to sweep into oblivion an antiquated and effete political system.

representatives of all political parties, and after pointing out the dangers of the situation, it continued in this strain:

"In face of present events, the duty devolves on us Alsace-Lorrainers not merely to avoid contributing to anything that might cause a conflict, but to declare in an emphatic and resolute manner that we do not wish for war between France and Germany, on the contrary, our most ardent desire is that these two great civilised peoples should come to a peaceable understanding. In these times filled with alarms and rumours of war, we wish to do our duty as Alsace-Lorrainers, being conscious of our historic responsibilities. Though we know full well that our country is not the sole cause of the war peril, we should not wish it to be said that we kept silent when we ought to have spoken."

The authors of the manifesto convened a meeting of Alsatians without distinction of party. It was held on March 13 under the presidency of Herr Drumm, deputy of the Landtag and member of the Liberal party in Alsace-Lorraine. The meeting was attended by the Catholic Hönggi, a municipal councillor of Mulhouse, the Socialist Wicky, Councillor-General of Upper Alsace, the Pastor Scheer, who exclaimed, "We wish for a frank and honest understanding between France and Germany." That is one of the first duties of humanity, and Catholics, Socialists, and Liberals carried the following resolutions with unanimous gusto:

"This assembly met together at the Bourse submits to the parliament of Alsace-Lorraine elected by universal suffrage the following petition:

"'That parliament shall vigorously protest against the idea of a war between France and Germany.

"'That it shall pledge itself to promote an amicable

solution of litigious points at issue between the two races, now and for the future.' "

Documents of this sort, speeches made by Auguste Lalance, the Abbé Högy, and Jacques Preiss, are palpitating with the very spirit that animates all Alsace and Lorraine in spite of small disagreements that do not touch the heart of things. At Paris, a Wetterlé, deputy of Alsace; at Belfort, a Laugel, former deputy; at Toulouse, an Abbé Hackspell, deputy of Lorraine, sound no discordant note.[1] One and all express the same hope under the seal of their approval, that Alsace and Lorraine will see the old quarrel die in their reconquered liberty from which will issue the unalterable reconciliation of Germanism and Gallic Latinism. This is language characteristic of sterling men and the true servants of country.

[1] Last March the Abbé Wetterlé remarked to M. André Morizet, of the periodical *L'Humanité:* " We ought to be able to show Europe an Alsace-Lorraine satisfied with its lot. Instead we show it every day a country where two populations with different traditions and customs cannot settle on a process of conciliation. Alsace-Lorraine should become under a régime of liberty the bond of union between two great peoples, the ground on which two rival civilisations should meet and fuse. She is, alas, instead, made by Pan-Germanism to serve as a battle-field for exploded symbols, where past and present are perpetually at war. We are not such criminal egotists as to want a conflict in which many members of the same family will be ranged on opposite sides, for there will be Alsace-Lorrainers in both armies. France and Germany reconciled would dominate the world. The genius and riches of one, the spirit and enterprise and the method of the other would counterbalance each other harmoniously. The spectre of a sorrowful memory stands between them, but no one tries to efface that memory, and it is kept alive, on the contrary, by incessant want of tact." This interview was authenticated a few days later by a public declaration on the part of M. André Morizet: " M. Wetterlé himself corrected after our conversation the declarations he thought essential to be reproduced. I can show the manuscript which I have in my possession to any one who is curious to see it." In 1910 the Abbé Wetterlé wrote in the journal which he edits: " We should be entirely satisfied if we could obtain complete autonomy equal in every point to that enjoyed by the Confederated States; that is the goal we aim at."—*Le Nouvellist d'Alsace-Lorraine,* June 2, 1910.

Yet it is these very men, nevertheless, of whom the Pan-Germans fall foul; they denounce them for creating "scandals" and for being "traitors," and would have them repent their conciliatory speeches behind prison bars. What an excellent thing for the cause of peace, what an excellent thing for Germany if the practical and sagacious advice of the Alsatians was to be, at last, acted upon.[1] In a new sense it would be an improvement on Bismarck's brutal apostrophe hurled in a crowded Reichstag at the protesting Alsatian deputies: "It is not for *your* sakes, not in *your* interest that we conquered you, but in the interests of the empire." That may be, but where to-day do the interests of the empire lie?

And where to-day, we may add, does the chief interest of France lie? Structures that we believed to be solid are crumbling, giants are tottering. Once more a course of minor intrigues has led up to the happening of the unforeseen; like a blaze it has burst out in the midst of men, and we see them stagger, transfixed, and dazed, put out in their reckoning with regard to their stratagems and their schemes of conquest. Turkey, for so long the prey in reserve for Europe, has been rudely snatched from her reach by sportsmen who were not taking part in the game, and at the moment when she vanished from our continent, the diplomatic compasses lost their bearings.

It was a whirlpool of mysterious attraction, towards which converged, as if drawn by a magnet, all exterior forces, and every sort of cupidity, greed, and cunning was mingled in it. According to new rules European combinations which had been laboriously established were in it dissociated, reversed, or brought into sudden

[1] "It is we," wrote M. Léon Boll, "who can boast the distinction of giving in such a matter the right advice, and yet it is we who are heeded the least."

collision; one saw Russia against France, England against Russia, Germany following the same policy as France, Austria wiped out, Italy, apparently our friend at Paris and Rome, engaged in a passionate struggle to score points against us; the English ambassador working secretly against the Young Turks, backed up by the French ambassador, and a complication of intrigues concocted in the equivocal silence of Stamboul or in the muddy tumult of Pira, where they were carried on almost in the light of day, unknown to French public opinion, to which alone was exposed, under the mask of official illusions, the mirage of a coming deadly encounter between Germany and France. The former being worsted by the latter in the Bagdad affair, it rested with France, Russia being agreeable, to enter into concerted action with Germany.

The moment the whirlpool ceased to whirl, all the dissipated currents of force flowed back to their original sources, and the nations found themselves confronting each other again with their feathers ruffled and a consciousness of having been duped and belittled. The more they examined their position the more they felt that things were not quite the same as they had been before. The dust raised by an empire in dissolution, the din of young races greeting the dawn, brightened the prospect for some eyes but darkened it for others. This one felt that his wings had been scorched, that one that he had been caught in a squall, and all asked each other anxiously what the morrow would bring forth. For now it is a question of something more than of an empire doomed to extinction. Terrible problems present themselves. The chill air of decay is being wafted into the most exalted places. Austria henceforth deprived of her Macedonian dream and the route to Salonica and the East closed to her for ever, what

fate can there be in store for the dual empire arrested in its external expansion and given up internally to a work of disintegration, which will one day inevitably reunite her 12,000,000 Germans and her 24,000,000 Slavs with their brother races?[1] But the question of Austria, which suddenly cropped up in the days of Kirk-Kilissé, Kumanovo, Serandaporo, and Janina, is as yet nothing in comparison with the real question of Germanism raised on the battle-fields of Thessaly and Macedonia. It was regarded as the great enigma of the future, the serious and formidable crux, which had been debated for 800 years and of which European civilisation expects to see a final solution only in the distant future. Men are short-sighted or they would see how near is this final solution. The last word will be written to-morrow in the book of destiny.

The whole history of Germanism is that of a huge block drifting down from the east and in its turn bearing on the

[1] The Southern Slavs held a congress in March 1913 at Abazzia. A memorandum was read there, which was to be submitted to the hereditary Archduke Francis Ferdinand by a group of Slavonic and Croatian members of parliament. What did this memorandum demand? A reform of the constitution on a threefold basis. The dualist monarchy created in 1567 was to give place to a confederation of the three states, Austria, Hungary, and Serb-Croatia, each to be provided with autonomy. The authors of the memorandum added that they belonged to the last of the generations of Servian-Croats, whose loyalty to Austria-Hungary was not to be doubted. The whole of their younger generation, they said, were enthusiastically eager for a future union with Servia, and were drawn towards the South by the recent success of the Balkan League. It was high time that the government should think of reanimating the waning patriotism of Servo-Croatia by granting it the necessary autonomy in the getting of a new constitution. It was more urgent still to discontinue the exceptional régime from which Croatia had suffered for several years. In withholding any longer from the Croatian Serbs the concessions they claimed, the government of Austria-Hungary were preparing the way for a great separatist movement, and perhaps for a revolution of the Slavs of the South.

Census of 1910: Slavs, 24,183,000; Germans, 12,010,000; Hungarians, 10,067,000; plus Romans, Italians, etc.

west, where it opposes to the pressure exercised on its right flank the same reactions which it encounters on its left flank. This oppressive weight is the force of Slavonicism. It is twenty-four centuries since the Greek colonists met with one of their families under the name of Scythians among the Slavs on the shores of the Baltic, the Adriatic, and the banks of the Pont Euxine. Hunted from the Baltic and Illyria, they turned sharply round and gained those barren plains of which the chief was later to form Muscovy. But nothing could stem the tide of the Slavs. In the third century of our era they began to glide towards Germanic soil and founded their colonies in Pomerania and Brandenburg. In the fourth century the Goths drove them back and established themselves beside the Scythians, but in their turn the Goths were repulsed by the Huns of Attila, of whom the Slavs became the natural allies. In the fifth century they resumed their leisurely trend towards the Elbe and the Danube, but we see them next writhing under a new and oppressive scourge, the Avares, who descended from the Asiatic oberlands and swarmed over Europe for nearly a century, plundering as they went. They flung themselves on Italy and were swallowing up France at the moment Charlemange accomplished their ruin.

The wave having swept over them, the Slavs, with obstinate persistence, drew together again and prepared to establish themselves in earnest. This was the time when they began to organise themselves into nations. In the next two centuries Poland, Bohemia, Russia, Servia, and Bulgaria took shape. Then the Slavs behaved with modesty and reserve. They asked for nothing but to be allowed to live, and they made little stir in the world and were content to take up as little room as possible. In the ninth century, hemmed in by Lithuanians, Finns, Turks,

Greeks, Magyars, and Roumanians, they had no other access to the sea than by a small gulf on the Pomeranian coast into the Baltic and another in the Black Sea, which was no longer the Hellespont, but was then called the Russian Sea. It did not matter, it was enough to enable them to build up their empire. The Slav is gifted with a singular faculty for absorption. He is nomadic and migratory, pacific and enterprising. From one end of a vast plain to another seemingly endless, he never ceases to distribute his masses as if moved to it by an inner necessity and with scarcely any definite object. He spreads himself, swells, and devours. He dwells on whatever ground he comes to, and dwelling means striking his roots in the soil. Among all modern races the Slavs are the true colonising people, and are not left behind by even the Anglo-Saxons. From the eighth century onwards they began, sheltered from great devastating migrations, a painstaking and dogged work of advance, which henceforth was not to be arrested till the stream had become a sea and the sea an ocean.

In the twelfth century, hard pressed by the Finns and the Turks, the Russian Slavs held scarcely a fifth part of what was actually Russia in Europe. They had only the northern flank of the Carpathians, the left bank of the Vistula, the sources of the Volga, the Donau, and the Dnieper, and on half of their domain no one but Khazars, that is to say, Turks, were to be met with. What progress was made in eight centuries then! Lithuanians, Finns, Naroviens, Vods, Tchuds, Ingriens, Votiaks, Permiens, Vesses, Meriens, Backkirs, Kossacks, Tatvagues, etc., were one after the other, in more or less time, after more or less resistance, seized, walled in, emasculated, absorbed, assimilated; the rigour and discipline of Islam alone were

able to save the Tartar tribes; the Slavs who once were a mere dot on the soil of European Russia occupy to-day almost the whole in face of a dozen million Lithuanians, Finns, and Turks—the one shut up in regions where they have no independent existence and no future, the others scattered like islands upon the ocean—making altogether a mass of more than 75,000,000 beings. The massive obstacle against which they hurled themselves was Germanism. The Germanic race, too, had been through successive steady evolutions several centuries before them and had organised itself. It had made fortifications in the west and the south; it had measured itself with the colossal Romans, victorious and vanquished in turn; it had, nevertheless, conquered a certain position, deserved enterprising chiefs, and felt the stimulation of the great Emperor Charlemagne, who had commanded it. In 843 the treaty between the three sons of Louis le Débonnaire, confirmed a year later by the Declaration of Strasburg and by the Peace of Verdun made by Charles le Chauve, Louis de Germanique, and Lothaire, had given it and defined its western frontiers. It was now a civilisation. And then, all at once, at the very moment when it was feeling mistress of itself and had no other thought than to develop and expand on the soil that it had at last acquired as its own, it became conscious of the formidable pressure on its flanks. The latest comers in Europe, still chaotic, these Slavs, asserted in their turn a right to a place. They did not conquer the ground in the style of military squadrons, but they fastened on the soil more like a swarm of locusts. A people always on the move, with no intelligent curiosity, without internal development or productive activity, they seemed to Germanism, with its small heritage of Roman culture, nothing but an element of barbarism and destruc-

tion, and in withstanding them Germanism supposed itself to be acting in the service of civilisation. One of their branches, however, installed in Bohemia from the fourth to the seventh century, was ahead of the rest, and at that very moment could boast the glory of having created a culture and of having indicated to Europe the road to the future—these were the Czechs, pioneers of moral liberty and soldiers of truth, who for a long time contended alone against the convulsions of Germanism, and they contended without flinching; conquered at last, at Weissenfels, they did not yield, but bleeding from their wounds awaited their time.

And it came.

On their persistent advance it was, therefore, Germanism with which the Slavs were perpetually brought in conflict. It was through Germanism that they could not increase in an easterly direction; it was Germanic prestige and possessions that they menaced for five centuries; and Germanism recognises the fact that its historical adversary, against whom it will one day have to reckon, is Slavism. For the veil which still hid the closely looming future from its view has now been suddenly torn asunder by the Balkan allies. The Slav inundation has immersed all the races of Asia; it is flowing towards Persia, Afghanistan, and Mongolia; repulsed at the Yellow Sea and on the plains of Manchuria, momentarily held up, by its defeat and the agreement between Russia and England in 1904, motionless on the threshold of Persia, of India, and China, it turns back an instant from Asia to flow again towards Europe, and we behold it encroaching on all the frontiers of Germanism, encouraged by a renewal of the Eastern Question. It is its victory that has been scored on the

fields of Macedonia; it is in German Austria that this victory is being consummated. All the Slavs, in spite of intestine quarrels and ancient jealousy, in spite of religious differences which history has bred among them, whether Slavs of the Balkans, of Bohemia, or of the East, Muscovites, Little Russians, Slovacs, Czechs, Servians, Croats, Serbs, Bulgarians, Bosnians, or Poles, all form at this hour one vast family with one heart palpitating with the same emotions, who, divided as they may be by fratricidal dissensions, join together in a united and compact body to face unflinchingly their enemy of all times.

There was a man who once had a wide enough vision to grasp this vast historical problem, the incidents and conflicts of which every epoch has seen the continuous renewal without understanding them always. This man was Frederick the Great, creator of Prussia, the architect and inaugurator of modern Germanism, who after a reign of thirty years wrote to his brother: " I should be guilty of an unpardonable blunder if I worked for the aggrandisement of a power which will one day be a formidable neighbour for the whole of Europe." He meant Russia. And all his life, without doubt, was devoted to fortifying and increasing the prestige of the kingdom for which his father, the " Drill-Serjeant King," had invented the instrument of military efficiency, but it was also devoted to keeping the Slav peril at bay. To him was due the introduction of the Eastern Question into German politics. He saw with his clairvoyance, from his standpoint as protector of the Ottoman Empire, that in the integrity of Turkey the means existed of preventing, or at any rate postponing, the collision which he deemed inevitable between Russia and Austria, and it is his policy which has delayed, in the familiar language of diplomacy, the clashing of the

" vertical " and the " horizontal," which the march of one or other on Constantinople would entail. It is true he could seize Silesia, wage a campaign against Maria-Theresa, and pursue in deadly earnest the humiliation of Austria, and reconcile such action with the view that this power, though weakened with regard to Prussia and Germanism, would, notwithstanding, retain sufficient authority and vigour to hold its own in dealing with the cupidity of the Muscovite czars in the partitioning of Poland, the bone of contention to which his genius directed the two cannibals with the idea of distracting them from their old competition by exciting their rapacity.

The incapable successor of this great politician, Frederick William II., corrupt and fanatical, did not trouble himself either to repress the Slavs or to follow the high aims of his uncle. But Jena came, and the men who sprang up then from a Prussia crushed and broken saw that to look for a new dawn was to return to the tradition created by Frederick. It was in remembering his lessons that they taught the country to recuperate. Notwithstanding the direction in which circumstances, as well as ambition, were before long to guide the kingdom, it was not always able during the nineteenth century to retain its attitude of watch-dog vigilance against the raids of Slavism. There were even times when it was reduced to seeking the aid of its old rival. The thirst for power, the pretensions to Germanic supremacy, the disposition to accomplish the work of unity by restoring the ancient empire, prompted the Prussia of Bismarck to violate in 1864 the Treaty of London, to wage the war of the duchies against Denmark, and to fling herself into the campaign in Bohemia, and in 1870 to accept, without regret, the conflict with France, if not to urge it on. But had not Bismarck in the mean-

time, by humiliating Austria again (this time definitively), weakened the important buffer which Frederick had wished to maintain between himself and the Slavs?

With the same blow he was bound to shut his eyes to the Slav advance. While he was busy with Denmark, Bohemia, and France, Russia did not lose time. She glided down stealthily to impose her will on the Balkans, and free from the supervision of young Germany, who was digesting in peace her victory, she interfered on behalf of Austria against Turkey. Thanks to her, the Servian, recently crushed by the Turk, was saved; by her good offices Bulgaria was reborn. All the Slavs of the Balkans revived, they felt hope spring up afresh in their hearts and new life dance in their veins; gradually their vivacity increased and extended till it infected even the Austrian Slavs, who, conquered, stifled, and trampled upon, in their turn now began to lift up their heads. And it happened that the Germanic and anti-Slavic Prussia of the Great Frederick, the Prussia that created and defended the Germany of Bismarck, becoming more and more menaced by the "formidable neighbour" that she had been warned against by the king, philosopher, soldier, and politician, now became the ally and friend of the Austria she had beaten and humbled, nothing more, in fact, than the friend of an empire where Germanism was losing more ground every day, and thus the ally of 24,000,000 turbulent Slavs against whom Frederick had felt the necessity of whipping up all the energies of his people! Eloquent lesson in a history in which Slav progress and victories have been the thorn in the victories of Germanism! At the Berlin Congress, Bismarck awoke at last to the claims on his attention of the neglected East, and took up the thread of Prussian traditions by reinstating himself as

protector of the Turk. Too late! The seeds, the sowing of which he had not been in time to arrest, were already working in the soil, and it is these which we see at this hour breaking through their first germination in luxuriant growth.

The present combat is really a continuation of the old; it is the same work of dissolution, which proceeds sometimes at leisure, sometimes at accelerated speed, and has never been interrupted, yet what a difference now in the forces composing it! As of old, Germanism pitted against the Asiatic hordes, stands for progress, civilisation, culture, and the spirit of modern life; in confronting the double-headed eagle, it represents what the Roman eagles for three centuries did to itself, *i.e.* a medium of enlightenment and justice and a medium of defeat. But turn from looking with wonder at a Germany of 65,000,000 inhabitants, compelled to make a gigantic effort to put in line her 900,000 soldiers, and glance for a moment at this formidable Russia, who possesses 160 million souls, 1,400,000 men in her regiments, and even 1,800,000 when she chooses, as was the case last January, to enlist her Liberal classes under the banner, and when her organisation is complete and she finishes mobilising her army, she will only have to turn on the tap to flood Germany with a deluge of troops.

The German Fatherland appears to be very vain of its productive faculty and the wealth of its industries when it compares itself with us, but Russia, with her virgin and fertile soil gorged with minerals, is on the eve of experiencing an industrial and agricultural activity unequalled in the world's history. Whereas Germany increases her birthrate every year by 700,000 or 800,000, Russia increases hers by more than 1,500,000. Herr Alfred Kerr, as the interpreter of Prussian arrogance, said to me with superb

assurance: "It is believed among us that Germany has reached her high-water mark and her supreme hour has come. Later, no doubt, we may have to yield the citadel to barbarian newcomers."

It was before the booming of cannons in the Balkans that he made this remark. I wonder if at present he does not think Germany's hour is in danger of being eclipsed by that of the Slav![1]

In face of such a tremendous concussion of forces, it seems almost frivolous to ask whether Germany intends or does not intend to attack France. Have we gone back to 1875? Cannot we see beyond this got-up fury that splutters in both languages and recognise the hollowness of polemics for which there is only an imaginary foundation? Is there any useful purpose to be served in constructing unrealities out of figments, when all that really matters is to be found in authenticated facts?

The German empire, on the morrow of its triumphs, was elated at the recent result of the trial of its young strength, and was inclined to be elated with the vanity of a parvenu. It gloated over its smoking factory chimneys and its rapidly filling coffers. Placing implicit reliance on its armies and confidence in its brand-new navy, it thought itself already master of Europe and foresaw itself mastering the world. It had near and around it two allies, one of whom could paralyse a French army in the Alps, if so required, and the other would be able to hamper the mobilising of Russian troops and engage the soldiers of the

[1] In 1893, before a commission of the Reichstag, the Chancellor Caprivi said: "Russia is on the road to striking development. This country is very far from having reached a culminating point with regard to economics and militarism. Owing to the wealth of her resources, coal, cereals, etc., she may become, from an economic point of view, one of the independent countries in Europe, and from the military point of view, one of the most powerful."

Czar. Turkey, at the extreme end of Europe, was a friend if not an ally, and, affiliated with Roumania, formed, as it were, a rearguard, the tail of the dragon from whose jaws flames might belch from the Vosges to Heligoland. Assured that no one would dare attack it and having no desire or motive to show fight, the monster reposed calmly in its security, yet promoted the cause of peace in its unique fashion by the sharpening of swords and clash of arms. Then suddenly everything changed. It had believed itself to be at the head of a trinity and found itself alone and stranded. Austria failed it because she had to consider her own safety, guard her frontiers and take the temperature of the mixed races at strife within her gates. As for Italy, she was under obligations to keep on good terms with England and France and too engrossed with her new conquests and dream of the Mediterranean to afford it a single soldier. The Triple Alliance was no longer anything but a sham; Germany alone was the Triple Alliance. It saw Austria cresting the Slav wave at Salonica though smelling of the tomb, and it saw still further, in one of those historic revelations that presage catastrophes, the face of its old foe which it had not expected would reappear so soon. What wonder then that it should suddenly be seized with a frenzy for forging swords and cannon balls, and make appeals to its sons to arm? Did all this mean that it was making threats? Nothing of the sort. It was simply that this superlative power feared that it might one day be reduced to the position of having to defend itself, and so thought it wise to be prepared for the emergency.

The Emperor breakfasting with some intimate friends, told them: "I can no longer count on Austria. Italy is a courtesan. I stand alone!" It won't be tomorrow certainly that Germanism and Slavism will risk

resorting to extreme measures, and those who think that the deciding force of the future will be that of right, cherish the hope that this historic rivalry may be settled by some better way than bloodshed; but it is bad enough that the old conflict has renewed its menace sufficiently to affect the policy of the two great nations of Central and Eastern Europe. They are not, it is true, enslaved by the idea to such a point that the possibility of a rupture between France and Germany is thereby averted. But does Germany wish for the rupture? Would her interests be furthered by it? What has she done to betray that she wishes it? On succeeding to the throne, the Emperor William, in his address to his people, solemnly affirmed his love of peace and his anxiety to labour for that end. Twenty-five years have not belied the imperial utterances. Has not the great work of his reign been devoted to national industry and to the construction of a navy which is nothing more than a necessary guarantee of commercial security?

In these last few months, when on certain days peace seemed to be trembling in the balance, the world has assisted the mutual endeavours of French and German diplomacy to restrain the excesses of the allies in mid-Europe during its state of alarm, and both champions of peace have met with the loyal co-operation of England in their noble efforts. German diplomacy, most assuredly, has received its impulse from the Emperor William, who went so far as to interview in person, when it seemed necessary, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. He thus proved himself true to his ideal of morality. A foreigner of great authority with whom the sovereign, every time that he comes to Germany, voluntarily converses with the most confidential familiarity, and who recently had occasion to talk for a

long time with him, said to me: "There is no fear about peace so long as the Emperor has control of affairs." But is the imperial will at these times the only check? Has not a higher law ruled the policy of the two countries? Would it be very difficult to show that as soon as they quit the Rhine, France and Germany have in no other part of the world anything but mutual interests? Suppose we suppress for a moment altogether the history of 1870; if it had never been, would France have thought of casting in her lot with far-away Russia, autocratic, wilfully ignorant, and semi-barbarous?

Germany, it is said, wants colonies. It would be more correct to say that Germany has a Colonial party. I have met Germans who dispute the necessity of her expanding herself over the universe. "Let us stick to the doctrine of Bismarck," they say, "and concentrate on our own soil all that we are able to accumulate in the way of German forces." What would they do with colonies? Their trade flourishes in the colonies of other people, and the object of their great feud in Morocco, in its second phase, was to assure for themselves, without prohibitive tariffs, the import of their merchandise. It is a great mistake to talk of their being over-populated. The exigencies of manufactures and agriculture require a great number of hands, and however numerous the population of the empire may be, it is not sufficient to supply the demand. Every year they have to call in extra labour, and employ 800,000 Poles, Czechs, Galicians, etc.; the statistics of emigration have decreased regularly in the last ten years, and wages have increased. Germany, in undertaking the Bagdad Railway, thinks not of the present but the future. The day that sees the last dregs of the old Osmanic power dissolve will be the signal for her to set to work. She has traced her

route and marked out the field for her conquests. This is Anatolia, an immense reservoir of half-cultivated ground, which though productive has been lying idle in the hands of an unskilled population without ambitions or direction. But when it comes under the cultivation of hard-working and methodical masters, it will become again what it once was—one of the wealthiest granaries in the world. Meanwhile, the words of Prince X—— hold good: "Colonies for Germany are what a necklace of pearls is for a woman." [1]

If the interests of Germany lie anywhere but in the Vosges, where is the menace to peace? Is it with us? Many Germans believe wrongly that it is, but we should be mistaken if we doubted their sincerity. The traveller whom I met in the train from Breslau complained that the French make no serious effort to understand his fellow-countrymen. We, on our side, blame them for judging us too hastily. A speech, a newspaper article, a tumult in the street, do not necessarily express the opinion of a whole people. I should add, a Latin people. France is, there can be no doubt, pacific. Her bourgeoisie and her masses are pacific, her towns, her villages, and factories. But what the Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg said is as true in her case as in Germany's: "War is always the work of fanatical minorities."

When you live in an atmosphere of bayonets and gunpowder, it is not enough to cultivate a bucolic love of peace. A pacific disposition counts for nothing if it is unaccompanied by a pacific will. It is necessary to understand that peace as well as war demands its heroic sacrifices, and that it is, perhaps, more difficult and more meritorious for

[1] It is too often forgotten that Germany has colonies and excellent ones. She possesses, including the Congo, nearly 3,200,000 kilometres, covering about the same ground as the colonial surface of France.

an obstinate man to wring his rights by justice than to conquer them by violence. It is when she has drawn up the case against her neighbour that France will begin her own self-examination. She will ask herself what good can be done by demonstrations in the press, the street, and at the theatre, the effect of which is to inflame, if not actually to trade upon, sentiments noble in their essence. Perhaps she will persuade herself that if the censure of outsiders may have the force of a verdict and obliterate a grudge, notwithstanding it is useless, whereas the censure of self implies a sanction and a duty. Patriotism no more than courage or will can usurp an arbitrary respect. Patriotism, courage, strength of will, and honour are of those essential sentiments or virtues which we have invested with dignity and nobleness, because they display that which is strongest and best within us, the claim to assert and educate our individuality physically and morally, that is to say, the instinct for conserving its life. I love my country because it presents to my view a culture, a form of civilisation, a mode of thinking and of feeling, in short, memories in which I have my direct part and lot, and if anything is subtracted from what constitutes it, the totality of my being suffers a shock from the same blow. But the sentiment of patriotism need not be accompanied by a warlike blare of trumpets and words of defiance. It is fitting that it should have the same respect for itself as it demands from others, that it should learn from its neighbour all the weaknesses and errors to which it is liable, and that finally, according to the most approved moral standard, if it wants to exercise severity, it should first of all be severe on itself.

Countries would manage things better if patriotism showed more wisdom. We should learn to regard the

excesses of the hour without emotion. The cause of peace is not lost because a passing event fills the overcharged air with clamour. Righteous voices may be heard, too, in the hubbub, of those capable of coolly discerning and distinguishing. Can contending passions and the confusion of interests, even the least offensive kind, the cacophony of appeals, even the most sincere, exempt nations from calm introspection and conceal from them the great problems offered for consideration to the conscience of Europe? If the political map is upset, who can answer for the continuity of the diplomatic? We have assisted at many critical reconciliations and paradoxical alliances—Austria and Italy, France and England, England and Russia, Russia and Japan, Greece and Bulgaria. There is no task too difficult for diplomacy to bring to a successful issue when it is at the service of a people's permanent interests.

It is not long ago that France and England were engaged in an acrimonious quarrel which, one would have said, had its roots in the very soul of both races. Two ministers, whose only punishment later was to be made the recipients of supplementary honours, took it into their heads, by raising the flag of France in the Soudan, to forestall an English expedition prepared and duly announced some time before. The reply was not slow in coming, and it was peremptory and morose. Fashoda, more even than Agadir, was galling to national pride. For two days it was uncertain whether ships would not sail out from the ports, and it was feared that the historic and national flames which had been extinguished at Waterloo might suddenly blaze up afresh.

And what followed is still a recent memory; the whole of French public opinion was inflamed in favour of the

Boers, an active campaign of insulting speeches, jeers, articles, and cartoons, in which the aged queen was daily lampooned and held up to scorn and ridicule, was carried on by our caricaturists and fanatics of patriotism; any one who looked English was attacked in the streets of Paris, a dynastical pretender, the Duke of Orleans, and a popular demigod, M. Déroulède, hurled forth inflammatory proclamations and letters, indeed, the state of public opinion against Germany after the war had not filled France with more irritation and embittered passions. Those who lived in those times will remember with what a chorus of invectives the men who dared to protest against that furious outburst of delirium were received. They themselves recall the part they played with some satisfaction, and past injustice gives them the right to ask in the same words now as were used against them then, "Who are the real and who the sham patriots?" England and France have made their peace. They have done more, they have become friends. They are allies. Who would dream at this hour of talking in their case of racial antagonism? Was it sentiment that united them? No, it was interest. And their reward was to be permitted immediately to work together for peace. England and Russia were separated by a profound disagreement of long standing. Rivals in Asia and on all the frontiers which they wanted to force for their own respective advantages, they were animated by a remarkable detestation of each other. I was at St. Petersburg in 1904, and I know what acrid accusations were launched against the English in official circles, in society, the newspapers, and ordinary conversation. Like Fashoda the Hull incident came near to causing war, which would have meant an English war for Russia on top of her war with Japan. How was France

to act in this matter, allied as she was with Russia and reconciled with England? She took the part of neither against the other, but acted in unison with both, and it was this French mediation, this resolve of France's that old scores should be buried, which helped to bring about the *entente* between Russia and England.

It is well to meditate on examples such as these. In taking lessons from the past lie the best chances of constructing a more satisfactory future. France may learn from them, at a critical hour, how to distinguish her place in the pending conflict between Germanism and Slavism. Is she going to declare that no reconciliation is possible between two great races, two great civilisations, one of which is in full swing and the other in search of its bearings? Is she going to let the sword decide, and to find no other outlet for her energies than to range herself on a field of battle? Or will she be faithful to her alliance, faithful to the traditions of her genius and the influence of her memories, and deliberately marking out her course, will she endeavour to serve them both by serving the cause of peace and reason, and by serving her own?

A politician with whom I conversed on these topics remarked dogmatically, "I am always opposed to whatever is German." What a self-satisfied conscience such a policy betrays. And is it the surest policy? France, no doubt, will know how to answer the question when the right moment comes, and perhaps that moment is nearer than any one thinks. But not France alone will be called upon to decide. While she is weighing the pros and cons of her decision, Germany will have something to ask herself too.

Face to face, with lowering brows, both stand hesitating which road to take. Both are in search of the same path,

but do not know it. It lies under their very eyes bathed in radiant light, but they see it not. Misunderstanding, bad temper, ignorance, and pride are not the guides which will lead them to it, but wisdom, truth, justice, civilisation, self-sacrifice, and concord. These are the voices worthy of the attention of noble souls. They are the voices of peace.

Germany! O Germany! why will you not hear the despairing appeal, the peaceable appeal that comes from the heart of Alsace?

APPENDIX

WHAT GERMANY SELLS US

It is said that we are invaded by German products and that France is dependent on German manufactures. Noisy campaigns have been carried on with regard to this question. There has been talk of boycotting. These campaigns have, I know, produced in Germany, not only in public opinion, but in places of authority, a very lively feeling of irritation, and certain papers have even gone so far as to talk of reprisals. So I thought it worth the trouble to look into the matter.

I consulted, for one thing, the monthly pamphlet published by the Minister of Finance on the whole movement of trade in France (*Statistical Documents on French Commerce*), and, for another, the annual reports drawn up by M. Alfred Picard, in the name of the Permanent Commission of Customs Securities.

There are no documents more complete and exact. I have thus all the figures from 1902 to 1912 inclusive.

In the year 1912 France sent to Germany 814 million francs' worth of goods, but she received more than 981 millions: that makes a difference of more than 167 millions to the disadvantage of her trade.

Before going further, let us state that France is an importing country, that is to say, that she buys more than she sells. For the same period she bought a total of nearly 8000 millions' worth of goods and sold only 6636 millions, so that she sent abroad 1300 million francs. In this total

of imports, Germany only takes the second place: England stands at a little more than 1000 millions, the United States at 874 millions, little Belgium at nearly 525 millions, Russia at 416 millions, the Argentine Republic at nearly 323 millions, etc. The only countries to which France sent more than she received are England, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. It is none the less true that 167 millions of French money went to Germany. In analysing this fact, what do we find?

France is an agricultural country; she produces little coal; she has not as yet appeared as a mining country. Now, Germany possesses a sub-soil rich in coal, and the land is in many parts poor; hence the greater part of her energy and strength is thrown into industry.

Here are the consequences roughly given in a few figures. Since France produces little coal, she was obliged, during the period we have taken, that is from January 1 to December 31, 1912, to buy coal to the amount of 458 million francs. Her principal and, in fact, her only contractors are England, Germany, and Belgium; the amounts bought are as follow: from England, 206 million francs' worth; from Germany, 136½; from Belgium, 105½; that is, from Belgium about 23 per cent. of the whole consumption, from England 45 per cent., from Germany nearly 30 per cent. England has no grounds of complaint, for coal from the neighbouring countries, Belgium and Germany, cost France less than English coal.

German industry, having its coal on the spot and paying less for it, produces at a lower cost and develops in proportion; this is an economic law against which all attempts, whether social or individual, are unavailing. The result is that while France only sells Germany 8,634,000 francs' worth (an increase of 300,000 francs on 1911) of machinery

and 5,600,000 francs' worth of tools and metal manufactures, she buys from her nearly 132 million francs' worth of machines and nearly 41,000,000 francs' worth of tools, whether agricultural machines, engineers' tools, locomotives, dynamos, sewing machines, weaving looms, etc. We are powerless. Only lately was not the government obliged to order locomotives in Germany which French manufacturers found themselves unable to produce in the prescribed time? We have no copper, either. Germany sells us nearly 13,000,000 francs' worth.

At this point let us pause and make a calculation. France buys from Germany and cannot help buying from her, and were she to abandon her, would only be obliged, so long as new conditions, such as the exploitation of the sub-soil, do not allow of any change in her industries, to buy elsewhere.

Coal	136,000,000	francs
Machines	132,000,000	,,
Implements . . .	41,000,000	,,
Copper	13,000,000	,,
Total . .	322,000,000	,,

Three hundred and twenty-two millions at least, which must be subtracted from the total, since for that sum nature herself, and not improvidence on the one side or astuteness on the other, makes us dependent. But that is not all. In losing Alsace we not only lost one of the brightest constellations of French intelligence and sagacity and one of the most charming regions of the country, but one of the richest sources of French industry was suddenly taken from us. Germany sends us 55,500,000 francs' worth of textile manufactures and demands from us only 27,300,000

francs' worth; the origin of this deficit of 27,000,000 is not far to seek: it comes largely from the Alsatian spinning-mills, the work of which has continued and accrued to the advantage of the conqueror. These 27,000,000 must be added to the preceding total; that makes 349 millions which appear irreducible under existing conditions.

Again, what are the chief articles sent to us by Germany? They are cereals (grain, flour, malt), tobacco, hops, cellulose paste, beer, gold, platinum, tin, linen goods, hemp, alpaca, musical instruments, whalebone, meerschaums, all the goods for which French exports have no equivalent. Among those which we exchange with them, the Germans have the advantage in some, we in others. In the first category I may mention potatoes, stone, cast iron, iron, steel, wood, furs, articles in skin and leather (shoes, fancy leather work, belting, gloves, etc.), clockwork, furniture, indiarubber goods, scientific instruments and apparatus. Some make an impression on the public mind because we come upon them in daily life; to this class belong imitation jewellery, gilt and silver objects, which we import to the value of 39,500,000 francs, although we only sell 2,600,000 francs' worth;[1] pottery, glass, and crystal (44,300,000 against 4,889,000). When the Germans sell us 61,000,000 francs' worth of chemicals, against 34,000,000 that we sell to them, there is not a word to say, since it is a result of their wealth in coal; but why do not our glass manufactories compete with theirs, and why do our paper manufacturers allow 26,000,000 francs' worth of paper and paper articles to come into France, while they only sell 8,000,000 to Germany?

Such are the causes and such the deduction for the

[1] In 1903, France imported 7,500,000 worth of gold- and silversmiths' work, jewellery and plate; in 1912, nearly 85,000,000. Ah! the love of glitter.

superiority of Germany in her trade with France. On the whole, our commerce bought from Germany in 1912 goods to the value of 167,287,000 francs in excess of what we sold her. In 1911 the difference was 185,127,000 francs, that is 18,000,000 more. But in 1910 it was only 56,464,000 francs. It is then evident that our neighbours have made a great effort, and that that effort is continuous. We have enumerated the principal articles in which Germany shows her superiority. But there is another side of the question.

Out of the sixty-six articles which compose our general exports, there are twenty-two which France supplies without receiving anything in exchange from Germany. For example, horses, fresh, dry or salted gut, silks, dessert fruits (13,369,000, and the total of French foreign exports is 30,870,000 francs!) vegetables, fodder, oil-cakes (18,446,000 francs), mushrooms, aluminium, millinery. There are other commodities in which the superiority of France is conspicuous. Here are the figures: more than 55,500,000 francs' worth of undressed skins and furs sold by France, against 19,000,000 purchased; woollen goods and waste products, 70,000,000 against 19,000,000; wool and cotton fabrics and waste products, 66,300,000 against 4,400,000; mineral ore of all sorts, 25,500,000 against 8,700,000 francs; thread, 18,357,000 against 4,821,000; ready-made clothes and other articles, more than 11,000,000 against 5,500,000: [1] carriages, automobiles, bicycles, more than 17,000,000 against a little more than 6,000,000. It is true that we buy from Germany 3,902,000 francs' worth of beer, but what is that against the 33,245,000 francs' worth of wine that we sold them during the same period? And the most striking

[1] In 1909, France exported 92,598,000 francs' worth of women's clothing; in 1910, 117,756,000 francs' worth; in 1911, 132,636,000 francs' worth, that is, says M. A. Picard 3 per cent. increase in two years.

figure of all still remains to be seen. The Germans sent us postal packages to the value of 11,484,000 francs; at the same time they received from us 128,503,000 francs' worth, which resolves itself into the following figures: nearly 23,000,000 for silk stuffs, nearly 105,500,000 for other goods. What goods? Partly flowers and early fruits, etc., which are sent by truck to Germany; but the majority consists of manufactured articles.

Who talks of an economic invasion? Because we are forced by necessity to buy 136 million francs' worth of coal from Germany in one year, and because this debt imposed by nature involves another, which, without excess, may be estimated at nearly 200 millions; because the poor buy rolled-gold watches; because our glass and paper manufacturers allow themselves to be outdistanced in international competition; because the manufacture of machines, implements, and chemicals has made great progress in a coal-producing country; because Alsatian textiles have not forgotten the way to the old country, should we close our eyes to evidence and deny the plain facts?

The Customs tell us and prove to us that French manufactures and French commerce, far from being swamped by Germany in Franco-German trade, still reap the real benefits of the neighbourhood of the two countries. No laws, no league will ever make France a coal-producing country. But the laws which may be made against her elsewhere, the leagues which may prejudice another people against her, would seriously affect her prosperity. Do we think about that?

Do we realise the sort of speech a German propagandist might make on the subject of French competition?

This horse that you harness to your carriage, he would say, this silk with which you clothe yourself, these vege-

tables which you feast on, this wine which you drink, these luxurious furs, all these come from France. The sunshine which these grapes reflect on your table is the sunshine of France. The odour which you smell bending over this vase is the perfume of French flowers. Will you go on sewing with French thread? If you are patriotic, madam, should you deck out your body in French lingerie; should you step into a French automobile, in a French hat, a French dress, and French ermine? Should you read this book, which is also French, and will you not do away with all the French furniture in your apartments, with all these French kickshaws, with everything that calls itself of French manufacture?

Even if he refrains from expressing himself with such vehemence, do we forget that a mere accident—a truck-load of flowers, poultry, or fruits left rather too long in a siding—is enough to spoil a whole load; and this accident has only to happen five or six times in order to ruin the trade by alienating the buyers?

This does not mean that French trade need not look to itself. It is undoubtedly growing, in a state, as M. Picard says at the end of his last report, of "commercial activity." In 1911 France bought 53,000,000 francs' worth more coal than in 1910; her production was also greater—a proof that her manufactures had increased. In 1903 she spent 107,000,000 on machines of foreign manufacture, and in 1912 more than 301,500,000; but whereas in 1913 she had sold machines to the value of nearly 57,000,000 francs, the total of her exports in 1912 was more than 115,500,000. In 1903 foreign countries bought from her manufactured articles to the value of 2150 million francs, in 1912 they bought 3352 million worth; and the postal packages rose from 263 millions to 501,500,000.

These are good signs, but they cannot prevent us from affirming that French trade advances with a less rapid stride than her rivals'. M. Alfred Picard furnishes us with figures on this subject, the dry eloquence of which reveals a lamentable state of things. Not so long ago we were second only to England in the extent of our foreign trade; to-day we are fourth among the nations, outdistanced by Germany and the United States. Between 1902 and 1911, while the Germans increased their imports by 4833 millions, their exports increased by 4228 millions; in other words, they left abroad only 605 millions; but during the same period, France, whose imports were increased by 3671 millions, and her exports by only 1824 millions, sent out of the country **1847 millions.**

In these ten years German exports to France increased by 561 millions, but French exports to Germany by only 307 millions.

Finally, in the same number of years, the total foreign trade of Germany (imports and exports) increased by more than 9000 millions, and the trade of France by 5496 millions.

It is not only with regard to Germany, but with regard to all the other nations, that we show this lamentable falling-off. How many times have the reasons been pointed out! Of these causes "the most active and the most poignant," writes M. Alfred Picard, "is the decline in the growth of the population." The former vice-president of the Council of State often refers to it with sorrow in his reports of 1911 and 1912. He shows that the decline in the birth-rate hampers both our productive powers and our growth, and he finds the reason for it in the diffusion of wealth, the progress of industry, and the development of civilisation. "A time will come," he adds, "when our

neighbours will, in their turn, have to go through the hard experience that we are now enduring. But that day is far off, above all for the Germans, and in the course of the many years that intervene, millions of inhabitants will have sprung up. France has the sad privilege of being the first to submit to the inevitable law of nature, the first to set foot on the slope down which all nations which acquire wealth are doomed to slide." As though in echo to these melancholy words, Marschall von der Goltz declared not so long since before the Prussian House of Lords: "In the very near future we shall be on the same level, perhaps even lower than France, as regards our birth-rate."

Need we, however, despair? In the last two or three years an increase in activity has been noticed in France. This is shown by indisputable figures. In ten years, 1903 to 1912, the import duties collected have risen on iron, cast iron and steel, from 3,846,000 francs to 12,174,000; on engines and machinery, from 13,176,000 to 33,272,000; on implements and metal work, from 5,436,000 francs to 14,429,000. These figures bear wtness to an important industrial development. In addition to this, the results of the first three months of the year 1913 show a vigorous trade in exports, and promise, if they continue, an exceptionally good year. Let us rejoice at this. It is we who must make the effort, not blaming manufacturers, who, already producing in large quantities, continually seek new markets for their produce. It is not too late to make this effort, and, as we have seen, it has already begun.

Here my examination terminates. Although to the calculations already made, to the 814,000,000 of German money which entered France in 1912 (who can determine the figure?), should be added yet another sum. I mean

the millions that German travellers bring into our country, and which mingle with the general circulation. This form of import is a living thing which cannot possibly be estimated, but which has a real value. France is certainly hospitable for other reasons than the monetary one; but, for all that, it is a question which counts in the social economy of the nation. There was a time when the behaviour of certain French people induced the English to boycott Paris, and we remember what it cost our trade. Do we wish to run afresh the risk of being boycotted, with even more serious results?

We now know that the newly discovered resources of our sub-soil will soon make France one of the richest countries in the world in iron ore. The whole of French industry will be transformed, and all our economic power readjusted. Perhaps we may no longer have to buy 173,000,000 francs' worth of machines and implements from our neighbours. And perhaps France, endowed with new life by the enormous acquisition of capital and industrial power which lies buried in her soil, may be in a position to regain little by little the ground that she has lost, and from being the country of imports that she has been for the last fifteen years, may become once more a country of exports.

AN ARTICLE FROM THE *BERLINER TAGEBLATT*

In Chapter XVII. we quoted certain remarks from an article by M. Theodor Wolff. This article, published in August 1912, in the form of an open letter addressed to M. Jean Finot, with regard to an article which had just appeared in the *Revue*, of which he is editor, is interesting, inasmuch

as it shows us the point of view of the large majority of Germans. We think it best, therefore, to reproduce it, only omitting certain paragraphs which have no direct bearing on this subject. It should be borne in mind that the article is significant, not merely on account of the personality of the author, but because of the importance of the paper in which it appeared. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, the Radical organ, is one of the foremost German papers, both as regards its sale and its general standing. Moreover, it has always risen above violent German partisanship, preached calmness and moderation, and expressed its opinions on the French problem with effective sympathy.

". . . Our ills are to be healed, not by war, which sends the best part of our population to the frontier, but by a pacific policy, which will break down barriers and serve the whole people instead of only one section. We need hardly point out the clap-trap superficiality of a theory which bases its predictions of war on birth statistics. It would be quite as true to say that lowness in the birth-rate drives a country to annexation! Within the last forty years, Germany with her growing population has only come into conflict with the Herreros: but France, in spite of her scanty population, has made war on Tonkin, Madagascar, and Morocco.

" They say, too, that German policy is 'suspicious and sensitive.' We all know that German policy in Morocco is the result of a series of grave errors, and that her vacillations, hastiness, and her obscure methods lent themselves to all sorts of suspicions; but even those who drew down upon themselves the curses of the patriots by predicting the failure of such a policy, must in common justice recognise that it was purely pacific. . . . The scheme of

working together which had been planned (by the agreement of 1909) was rendered impracticable by France; instead of an understanding, aggressive criticisms followed, and the press added fuel to the flames. Think of the articles of the . . . of the . . . of . . . and so many other papers, which gave a particular significance to the march on Fez, and then ask yourself if each line did not contain a jeer at Germany. Did they think we were too blind to see what was thrust, morning and evening, before our eyes? Too deaf to hear the stinging scoffs borne to us on the west wind? Opinions might be divided as to the course to be taken; but even the most peaceful among us saw the necessity of answering these attacks. And we were not only actuated by the feeling that a powerful nation ought not to let herself be treated like a set of schoolboys; an irrevocable settlement of the question was absolutely necessary, as the only means of avoiding a serious danger of war.

"You may object that the German press has not given up noisy and injurious outbursts, and that these heavy onslaughts are quite as out of place as the irony and bravado of the French papers; those who know the business can tell you that both sides are sometimes lacking in tact, and lose their sense of fitness and responsibility. But surely that clear-headedness, which all Parisian psychologists claim as the prerogative of French genius, should compel recognition of the fact that the difference between coarseness on the one side and so-called wit on the other is really only a superficial one. Should not love of truth make them admit that the German people, as a whole, is more inclined to reconciliation than the large majority of the French nation, which calls herself the friend of peace? Such a reconciliation may appear easier to the Germans than to the French, who are still over-

whelmed with memories: but the fact cannot be denied. In Germany, as soon as the heroic bands of patriots become too noisy, they are disowned and refuted on all sides, while in France no government or paper has yet been found to blame similar excesses. The Germans always welcome any word likely to improve relations; but no President of the French Council dare set foot on German ground, for fear of unpopularity. In Germany, everything that comes from France is received with hospitality; French fashions are at home in Berlin; while in France even the paper with the largest circulation has nothing but sarcasm for 'German trumpery' and 'the German invasion.' When your countrymen, full of all they have heard at home, visit Germany and inquire into our 'bellicose tendencies,' they return with quite different opinions; but if they do not play chorus to the fanatics of patriotism and announce at least that Germany is preparing a surprise, people shrug their shoulders in scorn at their accounts. . . . The national awakening of France, so noisily proclaimed, which has, in certain respects, brought about an increase of the effective force of the German army, is altogether as it should be; Germany appreciates the spectacle of a nation proudly guarding its rights; but side by side with the pride that will not yield, is the pride that openly defies. When your collaborator, M. Raymond, writes that Germany with her over-population and fierce ambition, is the great factor of international unrest, he would appear to flatter the Germanophobe views of the international gallery, but he shows a certain failure to grasp the truth.

". . . We must guard against false views, and see that we do not look for the factors of international unrest in the very quarter where the reconciliatory tendencies are most indisputable. . . . The German business world wants

commercial treaties, not conquest and war. The German family asks, not for new frontiers, but for open frontiers, cheaper bread, and the increase in her population corresponds to the natural employment of her forces. The maintenance of peace really depends much less on the quantity than on the quality of the character and the species. It is the adventure-loving patriots, the popular heroes intoxicated with fine talk, the intriguing profit-hunters, who hinder and hamper the work of peace. France is behindhand in her birth-rate, and yet produces many such persons."

A LECTURE BY M. JACQUES PREISS

On February 17, 1913, M. Jacques Preiss, former deputy of the Reichstag for Alsace-Lorraine, who was one of the most vigorous protesters at the time of the war, gave a lecture, in the hall of the Geographical Society at Paris, on "Jacques Kablé and Alsace-Lorraine since 1870." The orator found occasion to make certain important statements, referred to in Chapter XVII. We think it well to reproduce the most significant.

". . . Alsace-Lorraine wants autonomy. She adopts the motto: 'Alsace for the Alsatians.' She claims to be put on an equal footing with the other parts of the empire. She wants her own government and her own legislative body, both to be independent in the same degree as those of the Grand-Duchy of Baden, of Mecklenburg, and of the little principality of Reuss, the younger branch. She wishes to govern herself, to regulate her home affairs in her own way, to live her own life, according to characteristic

tastes and traditions. She wishes her particular individuality to be respected, just as that of Baden, Bavaria, and the other states of the empire is respected. We have the same duties and the same burdens as the other parts of Germany, and we ought in common justice to have the same rights and the same liberties.

"At home no one listens to us, no one understands. That is why we have decided to bring our just claims before the pacific tribunal of European public opinion, which has so strongly asserted its great ideas of justice and solidarity with regard to the Balkan peoples. And no one shall hinder us from expressing ourselves wherever we may think it useful and necessary. It ought to be known in the civilised world, that in the centre of modern Europe there is an oppressed people, who, although of an ancient and highly civilised race, and passionately addicted to peaceful industries, is yet deprived of the essential conditions of a normal and honourable existence.

"The German Empire holds Alsace-Lorraine in virtue of the Treaty of Frankfort, concluded between France and Germany. Alsace-Lorraine has never adhered to this treaty. Her word has never been pledged in favour of this treaty. Her consent has always been withheld. Not only has Alsace-Lorraine never accepted or ratified this treaty, but she has formally protested against her cession to and incorporation with Germany. These are the plain and simple facts.

"There are lawyers who declare with much learning that all that counts for nothing, that there is no Alsatian question, that it has been definitely settled by the Treaty of Frankfort. Let us leave these good people to their gentle babblings and stick to facts. The protestation of Bordeaux and Berlin is an historical fact. This his-

torical fact is so clear, so striking, so dazzling, and so charged with moral significance, that in any case it would need an equivalent action on the part of the people of Alsace-Lorraine: an equally clear, obvious, and open manifestation, showing a will and sentiments entirely opposed, in order to efface it, and blot it out of our history.

"After forty-two years of domination, we should feel it a point of honour, before our own conscience and before that of Europe, to prove to the whole world that the annexation of 1871 was a good and not a bad action. Let the annexed populations then be consulted! Let us adopt the simple, honest, and just proposal of our eminent compatriot, M. Auguste Lalance, of Mulhausen, former deputy of the Reichstag, in a recent letter addressed to the *Journal d'Alsace-Lorraine:*

"'To-day, what really count are the actual feelings of the people. Let the people of Alsace-Lorraine then be consulted as to their nationality, and, provided they have a free vote, we shall accept this as a sovereign decree. Once this vote has been taken, we can look for the beginning of better relations between France and Germany.' And he adds, 'When shall we have a free vote? When shall there be a treaty of alliance?'

"When we declare that above all written law and formal treaties imposed by force of arms, there is the natural right of a people to decide its own nationality, the Pan-Germanist leaders accuse us of agitating for war. We protest against such an insinuation. In the first place, it will never rest with us to decide as to peace and war in Europe.

"Further, we do not hesitate to declare that we do not wish to be the cause of war, with all the mourning and disaster that it brings in its train. We do not appeal to

have our rights and liberties defended by violence or threats of any kind.

" We do not require war in order to secure to our country sooner or later a position conformable to our wishes in civilised Europe. We know how to wait, we are waiting. We are convinced that immanent justice must inevitably bring about a fresh discussion of the Alsace-Lorraine question, a discussion in which the whole of Europe, Germany included, must and will hear us. The question of Alsace-Lorraine, as is allowed by sincere, enlightened, and unprejudiced men in all countries, is the nightmare of Europe. The mistake made by Germany in 1871 is the cause of the ruinous armaments of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. On the question of Alsace-Lorraine depends, and will depend more and more, the balance of Europe. The day will come when all the European Powers —Germany again included—will feel the imperative, irresistible need of finally settling this burning question, which prevents the whole of Europe from breathing freely, and devoting herself without fear to the fruitful works of peace.

" In these days of rapid changes, even the most deliberate opinions and the most deeply-rooted convictions change quickly. The events that have taken place in the Balkans during the last few months go to prove this. Every one has been forced to recognise that, even among peoples less cultivated than ours, peoples that we are accustomed to treat as only half civilised, national sentiment and the right of nations to decide their own destiny can no longer be considered as empty words. It has been proved to the most sceptical that not even centuries of subjection suffice to settle a conquest on solid foundations, when external conquest is not accompanied by the moral conquest of the oppressed peoples. The example of the Balkans and the

Great Powers of Europe—Germany included, I repeat—in these latter times, is a consoling one for all who are oppressed in Europe. . . .

". . . The general cause of civilisation is closely allied with the drama that is going on in Alsace-Lorraine. We have our part to play in the history of humanity! We have been the victims of the principle 'Might is right,' respected in the old days. We refute it with another principle, which is the boast of modern times, 'Right is might.' And we venture to hope that one day history will say: The cause of true civilisation that relies, not on brute force, but on justice and truth, on the will, the aspirations and the liberty of nations, has never had nobler nor more worthy defenders than the people of Alsace-Lorraine."

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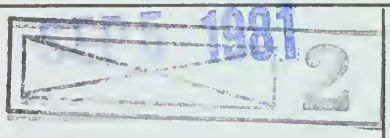

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